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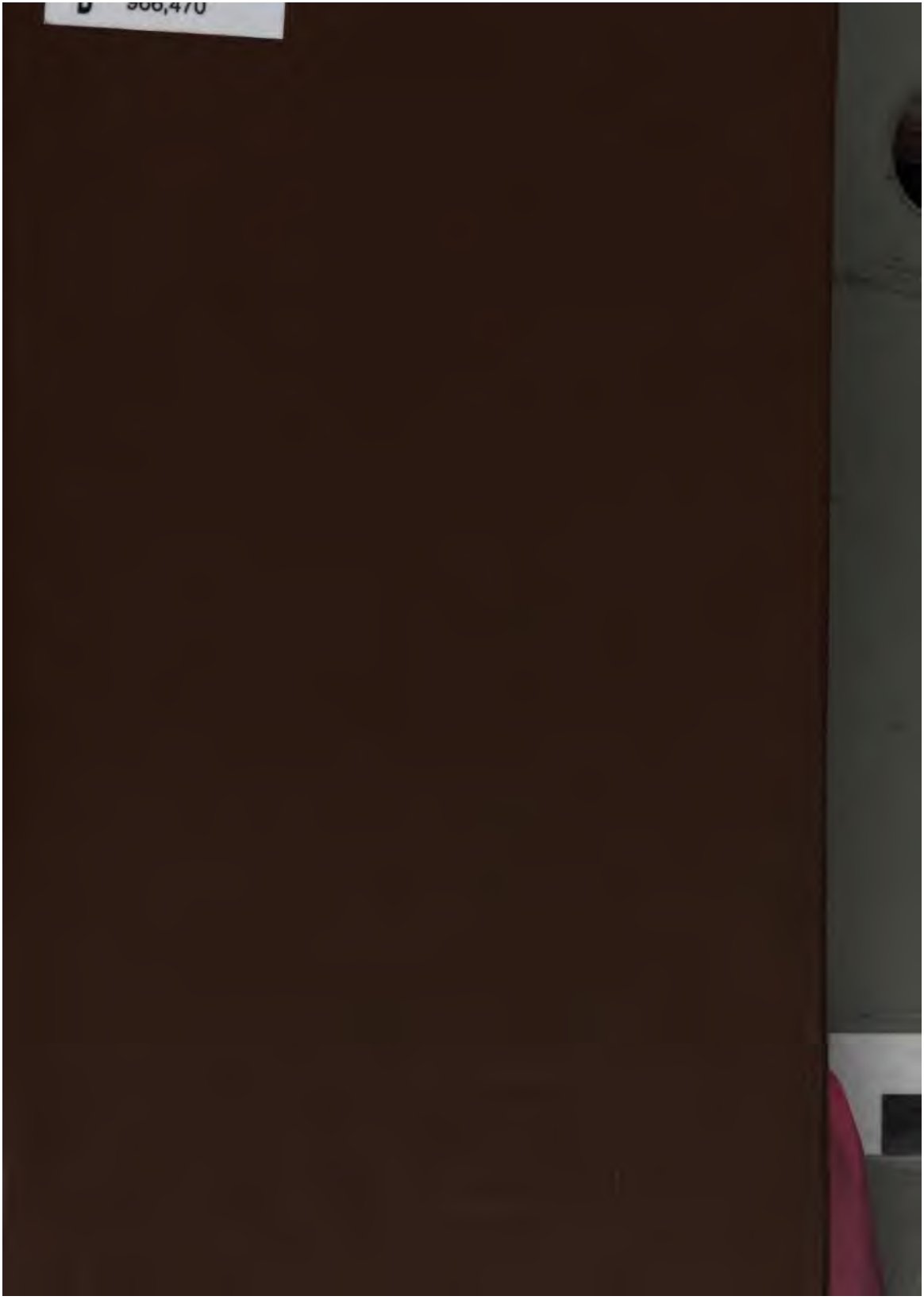

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M.DCCC.LIX.

JULY TO DECEMBER.

(1859)

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THE ECLECTIC.

JULY, 1859.

I.

ROMAN CATHOLICISM IN GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

This affair of Popery is "no new-erected business," to use the words of John Bunyan with reference to Vanity Fair, "but a thing of ancient standing." It is older than the oldest man now living. It is older than the oldest kingdom now on the earth. It was set up before a stone had been laid in that city which has been vainly and somewhat impiously styled "Eternal." Its origin goes back to a remoter antiquity, even, than that of the long-perished kingdoms of Nineveh and Babylon. It preceded, as it has survived, these kingdoms. While they were still young, it was comparatively old; though it did not in those days bear the same name, and had not become the perfectly-developed and fully-organized system which it is in these latter times. In truth, Popery is about as old as the world itself; for, as there has ever been but one Gospel on the earth, so there has ever been but one Idolatry on the earth. And as the system of Truth traces its beginnings to Eden, and in its progress downwards to modern times has passed through various and successive dispensations, or developments, as the phrase now is—rising ever higher and higher, from the symbolical and the typical to the spiritual and the real; so the system of Error, which too had its rise in the earliest times, has passed through successive developments, displaying itself to the world in ever-increasing breadth and ever-growing stature, till, from the comparatively simple and rude system of early times, it came to be that terrible combination of political and spiritual power, of physical and moral force, unmatched in complication and cunning, and unrivalled in bold, defiant, and imperious power, which stands revealed in these latter days. The two systems have advanced by analogous stages. Nearly coeval in birth, they have been nearly contemporaneous in their grand epochs of development and progress.

Idolatry has reached its perfected development in the Papacy.

The reader may start, and may hesitate to acquiesce in a conclusion that appears to conflict with all his previous ideas respecting Popery. He has been accustomed to hear it spoken of, and he himself has always thought of it, as a sort of corrupt Christianity—as not belonging to the family of the *idolatries* at all—as standing separate and apart from Paganism, as much so nearly as Christianity itself. Yet, no: it is the lineal descendant of old Paganism. It has Pagan blood in its veins, and is itself a genuine Pagan. Popery is the matured Paganism of early times. The stripling of eastern lands has grown to manhood in the Popery of European kingdoms, and, like other full-grown persons, it is the rightful heir of all the possessions of its ancestors. It inherits their fraud, their deceit, their truculence, their insufferable pride, their insatiable ambition, their love for the mysterious, their hatred of light—nay, their very crimes, with the vengeance due to these crimes—all have descended as a hoarded inheritance to the Papacy.

The thoroughly Pagan lineage of the Papacy it were not difficult to trace; but to do so at any length would lead us away from our subject proper. Nevertheless, we may devote a few minutes to the matter. A few rapid strokes will suggest, though they cannot trace the line. In Chaldea, then, beside the original seat of the human family, idolatry arose. There it was the worship of the GRAND and the SUBLIME. Lifting his eyes to heaven, yet fearing to enter it and appear before the Eternal Majesty, man saw outside of it no unmeet representative of His glory; "his heart was secretly enticed" to pay homage to the sun as he looked down from his noontide height—or the moon, as she walked in brightness through the midnight firmament. Idolatry next travelled westward into Greece, and there it became the worship of BEAUTY and PASSION. All lovely things in nature, and all the passions of the human soul, were deified. By this step idolatry, as it were, came down from heaven to earth—from the celestial bodies to earthly forms; and the sensuous clime, which suggested this form of idolatry, supplied in abundance the fitting deities. The landscape abounded in forms of loveliness; its hills and valleys were perfect in their contour and voluptuous in their grace, and the race that inhabited them was ardent, susceptible, and passionate. Principles became persons—impulses appeared divinities: wherever the Greek saw a lovely form, or a powerful emotion, there he saw a god, and knelt in fervent worship. They became vain in their imaginations, and their foolish heart was darkened. The subtlety and creative power of their genius misled them, seducing them into the worship of the creature rather than the Creator, "who is blessed for evermore."

But empire moved westward, and idolatry accompanied it: for

it has ever been fain to entwine itself around power. Idolatry has ever planted its seat near to where authority had planted hers. An alliance founded on reciprocal benefits has ever existed betwixt the two; the throne reflecting addititional prestige on the altar, and the altar lending additional sanctions to the commands of the throne. Quiting Olympus, idolatry now fixed its abode on the Capitol, and there it became the worship of ORDER and GOVERNMENT—but an order and government that took the form of conquest and subjugation. The race was getting older, and therefore soberer and more practical. Dismissing the idealistic creations of the Greek, the Roman betook himself to the more substantial acquisition of dominion. His gods were like himself (as ever happens to fallen and unrenewed man), they were martial, ferocious, sanguinary. They revelled, in the heavens, in the same battles and contests for dominion, which man, after their example, carried on, in a very diminutive scale as compared with theirs, on earth. But in Rome idolatry had lost the poetic colouring, the garb of beauty and grace which it wore in Greece; it had become a grosser thing, it tended more earthwards: in due time it embruted and demoralized the Roman, as it had previously emasculated the Greek, and then the Roman empire fell. The Goths rushed in; and these hardy sons of the North, fresh from their native forests, wrested from hands now palsied with superstition and vice, the sceptre of the world. But though the empire of Rome fell, the empire of idolatry did not fall. On the ruins of Pagan Rome, stood up Papal Rome. It was the body only, the political frame-work, which the swords of the Goths had slain: the spirit still lived. The same idolatrous spirit which had possessed old Rome crept back again into the new political organization. The Roman empire was never thoroughly christianized. It is, indeed, true that there existed in it numerous churches which held the faith in sincerity and truth, and it is also true that genuine believers, sound in knowledge and holy in life, were scattered here in little companies, there in large bodies, all over the empire, but Christianity seems never to have universally or thoroughly pervaded the masses of the people. And when the Goths overspread the empire matters became worse. The new comers were received into the church without instruction, or any adequate initiation into the truths of the gospel. They were baptized in the majority of cases, though retaining their Pagan beliefs and their Pagan practices. Here was a soil favourable in the highest degree for the revival of the old idolatry. It did revive: the same earthly, groveling, debasing worship of the creature, the same sensuous and polluting worship whose cradle had been rocked by the astrologers and star-gazers of Chaldea, whose youth

had been passed amid the olive groves, and the temples of voluptuous Greece, and whose manhood had been reached amid the stern contests and martial sounds of Imperial Rome revived anew. Only the sorceress, no longer young—like her prototype Jezebel, strove to hide her withered charms, by decking herself with Christian ornaments. Her Pagan lineage, however, could not be concealed; her instincts and propensities, which could not be changed, broke forth and betrayed her. Hating Christianity, as Paganism hated the one true religion of old, she expelled it to the extremities of the empire. The old rites were restored; the old festivals were re-enacted; the flowers, the incensings, the lustral water, the very gods but with new names; in short, everything down to the very vestments returned, and had an old Pagan risen from the tomb, he would not once have suspected that any change had taken place. And now the identity of modern Popery and ancient Paganism has been completed and openly proclaimed in the decree of the "Immaculate Conception." That dogma is the proof—plain, manifest, and unanswerable—that the worship of Rome is a system of creature-worship—an idolatry which, though associated with the Christian name, wears it only as a mask. It invests Mary with the attributes of divinity, and it places her as the supreme, and almost the sole object of worship on the altars of Romanism.

This amazing vitality with which idolatry is endowed, may well seem strange. It lives on through all changes. Dynasties go down to dust; kingdoms and nations pass away; but this system appears to defy death. Entombed, as men believe, it returns from the grave to occupy its old place, and assert its old dominion over the world. In one sense, this is strange; in another, it is not: for has it not as its parent one who never dies, even "the dragon, that old serpent"?

This terrible system, exiled for a while by the blessed Reformation, has come back again to Britain, and is clamouring for restoration to its ancient place and power. From Italy, now a land of dungeons; from Spain, now a land of brigands and beggars; from France, where a grim tyranny sits watching a sullen and infidel anarchy, the Papacy comes seeking permission to tread our free shore. As it has ever done, so now, it veils its hostile and criminal designs under the most plausible and innocent professions—the demon strives to transform itself into an angel of light. "From me," it says, "your liberty, your literature, your commerce, your property have nothing to fear. All will I leave untouched. Only let me pitch my tent and dwell among you after the old fashion. I come not as the enemy, but as the friend of your constitution. I come not as the enemy, but as the friend of your sovereign. I protest I will not encroach, no not by a

hair's breadth, upon your rights, civil or religious. I will defend liberty not less resolutely than yourselves." So speaks the deceiver, and the rulers of our land have guilelessly listened.

Since the year 1829, the era of Catholic emancipation, Romanism has been making steady and great progress in Britain. Since that period everything that has transpired has helped it onward—the even poise of political parties, the rise and the fall of ministries, revolutions abroad,—events the most opposite—have all worked together as if fate had decreed that this system should rise once more to its old ascendancy among us. At the same time it becomes us to remember that this progress of Romanism is far indeed from being the result of mere desultory efforts on the part of its friends, or of intermittent and random sallies on Protestantism. It has been pushed forward according to a settled plan, contrived with a skill as masterly as it has been steadily and successfully prosecuted. The first and initial step was to select a little band of young devotees, of whom Cardinal Wiseman was one, and to send them to Rome to be thoroughly trained for their glorious work, as they accounted it, of bringing the British isles once more within the sacred enclosure of the true fold. Cardinal Wiseman has confessed as much in his "Recollections of the Four Last Popes." Completing their studies under the keen eye and skilful hand of the Jesuits at the Collegio Romano, they returned to Britain, and became the pioneers in the work of Romanizing our country. Measures were taken to prepare a larger band of workmen. Maynooth and other popish colleges were erected, and ultimately endowed. The great fountain-heads of influence in England were next laid hold upon—the Colleges and the Church. Certain chairs in the university of Oxford were filled with Romanizing priests, who thus enjoyed admirable opportunities of infusing their poisonous tenets into the minds of the youth who were to fill in after life the parliament, the Church, the army. Other embryo Romanists found admission into the pulpits of the Anglican Establishment, and originated the same movement inside the ecclesiastical pale which others were carrying on outside. Next the Press was worked. The "Tracts for the Times" began to appear, in which, under a fair guise of candour, unction, and spirituality, the seminal principals of Popery were advocated with great plausibility, with not a little literary power, and much logical acumen. The poison was imbibed unconsciously by vast numbers, and did its work. Perversions began to take place in the ranks of the Anglican Clergy; and the list of *clerical* seceders to Rome was speedily swelled to hundreds. Not a few of the nobility, large numbers of the aristocracy, and even the middle classes, followed the clergy in the abandonment of their

faith. The consequence has been a transference of no little social prestige, and great political power, and vast pecuniary resources to the Church of Rome in Britain. It is not the wont of that Church to leave advantages unimproved. These acquisitions were made the stepping-stones to higher. The Romanists demanded that the Statute-Book should be purged of all laws inimical to the dominancy of their sect. The Statute-Book was purged. The Church of Rome next demanded grants for her schools and reformatories. They were given. She demanded paid chaplaincies for her priests in the army. The chaplaincies were conceded. She demanded the same thing in jails. It was granted. Her clamour grew louder with every new concession. The more that men strove to gratify her, though at the expense of their own rights and liberties, the louder grew her outcry of oppression and wrong, and in exact proportion as Protestant submissiveness increased and Protestant grants were multiplied, Romish arrogance grew the more intolerable, and Romish demands the more numerous. And now what is the position of matters? Her priests, chapels, and flocks are rapidly multiplying in every part of the land. Monasteries, nunneries, and reformatories are springing up. A network of confraternities is being spread over the country. The ties betwixt the Catholics in Britain and their co-religionists on the Continent of Europe are being drawn closer. The Papal aggression, which found them insulated in a sort, and so far simply a British sect, constituted them a compact and marshaled body, and recognized their standing as a distinct politico-ecclesiastical community, by placing them under a foreign code, the Canon Law, and subjecting them to a foreign prince, Cardinal Wiseman. Henceforward the Church of Rome in Britain knows no authority, obeys no impulse, and prosecutes no enterprise, save the authority that resides in the Vatican, and the impulses that are propagated from thence. To crown all, this body, so separate and distinct in its character, its organization and its aims from all around it,—this body which tells us that it knows no king but the Pope, and that it obeys no law but Canon Law, which forms one body with Papists abroad, and whose train-bands are spread over all the kingdom, under the name of bishops, priests, brothers of St. Vincent de Paul, sisters, of mercy, friars, nuns, schoolmasters,—this body, we say, is now replenished from the British Treasury, with an annual endowment in the shape of grants, which of late have been steadily rising, and now amount to a prodigious sum. The least reflective, if he but give himself to the consideration of the matter, must see that the Church of Rome in Britain has attained a position of solid power; that the danger thence

arising to the peace and liberty of the country is a truly formidable one. In our opinion the attempt to dislodge that Church from her position will be found to involve one of two things—the surrender of all endowments by the Protestant bodies, or a civil war.

Let us take a survey of the past progress and present position of Romanism in Britain. We beg that our readers may not be frightened at the array of figures which it now becomes our duty to put before them. Statistics cannot be made as fascinating as rhetoric, but they are not less important, and may even be more startling and impressive. We hold they are so in this case. Let the reader patiently ponder what each figure we are now to place before him imports; let him reflect that it represents a power working at the foundations of the Constitution and seeking its overthrow, and he will find our pages still full of significance. Let us first look at the machinery with which the Church of Rome is working in Britain. And first, as regards the number of her chapels. In the year 1780, there were only 200 Popish chapels in England. In 1829, the year of the Catholic Emancipation Act, they had increased to 394. It appears, from the "Catholic Directory" of the present year, that the number of Popish chapels in England and Wales, in 1858, was 749; and in Scotland, 177; giving a total in Great Britain of 926. This is a body numerically as large as the Free Church of Scotland, nearly as large as the Established Church of Scotland; or, we should say, larger, if we compare the public functionaries of the two churches. It is instructive, too, to look at the rate of increase. Starting from the year 1780, when the number of Popish chapels in England was 200, we find that in the first fifty years thereafter, the additions were 194; whereas, in the next thirty years, that is from 1829 to 1859, the additions are not less than 477. Thus, with steady and ever accelerating steps, is Rome advancing to the position of a national establishment.

Let us look next at the rapid increase and present numbers of Romish ecclesiastics. The number of priests in Great Britain in 1829, was 477; in 1858, their number, including bishops and priests unattached, was 1222, being an increase of 745. Thus it appears, that during the last thirty years, Popish chapels in Great Britain have more than doubled; and that the priests have increased threefold. In 1829 there were no monasteries in Great Britain; now there are 34 monasteries, although, by the Catholic Emancipation Act, such are illegal. In 1829 there were no nunneries in Great Britain; now there are not fewer than 110. In 1829 there were no Popish colleges in Great Britain; now there are 11—of which number 10 are in England and one is in

Scotland. No despicable progress this, since 1829. Where, then, there was but one chapel, there are now two; where, then, there was but one priest, there are now three: while the monasteries, nunneries, and colleges, are all clear gain.

Schools are another important arm of the force with which Rome is operating on Great Britain: let us look next at these. They may be divided into two classes, *Reformatories* and *Common Schools*. Reformatories date no further back than 1854: they were established in the hope of reclaiming the outcast juvenile population of our great cities, and grants in their behalf were solicited and obtained from Government. The Roman Catholic Church, taking into account that she owned the great mass of this class of the population, saw clearly that her advantage would lie in establishing Reformatories, and claiming Government money in their behalf. Her Reformatories amount to somewhere about a score. A sentence of the magistrate consigns the young delinquent for years, it may be, to these places. The teachers in them are monks, priests, and nuns. Instead of Reformatories, therefore, they are simply nurseries of Popery, and, by consequence, of crime. For the most part, to these Reformatories large tracts of land are attached, which the inmates cultivate; and it is a very moderate calculation to say that the proceeds of their labour suffice to carry on the Reformatory, thus leaving the Government money free for the support of conventual establishments, which almost always exist in connection with these Reformatories.

Let us turn next to Common Schools in connection with the Church of Rome in Great Britain. The Committee of Education have been as liberal as indiscriminate in their grants in aid of these schools, and the consequence is, that Popish schools have rapidly increased of late years. The Parliamentary Report for 1857-8 shows that the number of such schools are as follows:—In England, 241; in Wales, 5; in Scotland, 26: making in all, 272. The number of Popish teachers, as appears from the Minutes of Privy Council on Education, is as follows:—Male teachers, 307; female, 543; making a total of 850: to which are to be added 3 Popish inspectors. The number of scholars attending these schools, as appears from the Inspectors' Returns, is—male, 17,033; female, 19,601: making a total of 36,634 youths being trained in Popish schools. To complete this view of the Romish agency now vigorously at work in England, Scotland, and Wales, we must add 73 Popish chaplains in the army in Great Britain.

But in estimating the extent and power of the Popish machinery in the country, we ought not to confine our view to this side of St. George's Channel. We must look across at Ireland. The Church there is one with the Church here. The bonds betwixt

the Romanists of the two countries are strengthening every day. They have one head: they have one object, on which all their efforts are made to converge—and that is the overthrow of Protestantism. The late elections have shown with what decisive effect the Popery of Ireland can act upon the policy of statesmen and the fortunes of political parties. It can make or unmake ministries; and, to a large extent, mould at will the policy and destinies of the country. The position of the Church of Rome in Ireland is, therefore, an element that enters most deeply into the consideration of our subject. The number of chapels in Ireland is 2284; giving a total of Popish chapels in Great Britain and Ireland of 3210. The number of priests in Ireland is 2925; giving a total of priests in Great Britain and Ireland of 4147. The number of Popish schools in Ireland receiving grants from Government is 4251; making a total of Popish schools in Great Britain and Ireland (exclusive of private schools) of 4523. The number of Popish teachers in Ireland is 6048; making a total of Popish teachers in Great Britain and Ireland of 6898. In Ireland there are 31 Romish colleges, 220 convents and nunneries, 111 monasteries, 36 chaplains in the army, 130 chaplains in Poor-Law Unions, and 56 chaplains in various prisons and asylums. Let us look at Dublin alone. The "Christian Doctrine Confraternities" of that city have under them 1642 teachers and 20,430 pupils. There are besides, in and near Dublin, 40 nunneries, with 639 "religieuses," besides chaplains and prioresses, having under them 7500 pupils; and all in addition to the National Schools, under the control of priests and Popish teachers. How vast and pervasive the Popish Propaganda in this one city! What must be the state of the whole country!

Who can survey this vast and powerful machinery but with feelings of astonishment and alarm! Here is a complete equipment of chapels, colleges, schools, convents, monasteries, erected avowedly, not only for changing the faith, but for subjugating the independence of the country. This apparatus is directed by a cardinal, archbishops, bishops, priests, monks, nuns, Jesuits, schoolmasters, and a host of emissaries under various designations. Such is the army entrenched in the land in Rome's behalf, and such is the instrumentality it possesses for carrying on the war. That war goes vigorously and successfully forward. Not for a day are operations intermitted. Now Rome is seen working in the light, but more frequently in the dark. Every week she is sending forth her publications to seduce the unwary and destroy the simple and ignorant. She is training the youth by thousands in her schools; she is corrupting the principles and lowering the virtue of the people, and propagating vice, pauperism, and crime. She

is distracting our national councils, and, partly by threats and partly by cajoleries, she is coercing our statesmen into a line of policy hostile to the home interests of the country, and dangerous to its foreign relations. She is banding her members in secret societies to the hazard of the public peace; and is inoculating them with sentiments inimical to the rest of the community and the government of the country. She is working quietly, patiently, laboriously, and most hopefully, in a view of a not now distant time, when her numbers and position shall entitle her to demand, *first*, that she shall be made one of the established churches in Britain, and *next*, that she shall be declared *the* established church in Britain. These two things attained, the last and convincing step will soon follow: she will then seize upon the government of the country.

It were bad enough did such a state of things exist independently of Protestants, in spite of our efforts to the contrary. It were bad enough had Romanism got this footing of influence and power in the country solely in virtue of its own energy and resources. But this is far from being the case. We have opened the citadel of our constitution to this army of invaders; and not only so, we have pensioned and supported it. It is our money that maintains the war. Not only have we been apathetic and indifferent, which in such a cause were culpability enough, but we have conspired against ourselves by subsidizing the enemy. Without British gold, lavishly and criminally bestowed, there would have been no such array as we now behold in Britain, of chapels, schools, nunneries, and monasteries, and no such army of bishops, priests, monks, and Jesuits. Within these few years back grants to Popish agents and Popish institutions have suddenly mounted up from hundreds to thousands, from thousands to tens of thousands, and from tens of thousands to hundreds of thousands. Nor is there the least likelihood that the grants will stop where they are. They are still rising. The Popish clamour is as loud as ever: the disposition to concession among statesmen is as great as ever, and to what yet more portentous amount these grants may rise, no one can say. It is here that our guilt and our infatuation lie, that we are courting our own undoing, and forging with our own hands the weapons meant for our destruction. Let us go a little into particulars.

From Parliamentary returns, and from the careful and very accurate statistics compiled and published by the Scottish Reformation Society, it appears that the Church of Rome in Great Britain is in the annual receipt of endowments from the British Government to the following amount:—For schools in Great Britain, £36,314 7s. 3d.; for schools in Ireland, £102,842 18s. 9d.;

for College of Maynooth, £30,000; for chaplains in the army, at home and abroad, £7,229; for 186 chaplains, at £50 each, in workhouses, prisons, and asylums in Ireland, £9300; for 6075 Douay Bibles to the army, £451 10s. 2d.; for 700 Popish prayer books ("The Garden of the Soul"), £27 13s.: making a total of £186,165 9s. 2d. And to these are to be added sundry grants which are made by our Government to priests and schools in India, in Australia, and other colonies, as well as at home, the exact amount of which cannot be ascertained. Taking these into account, we feel that we cannot be in error when we say that the sum given annually by the British Government for the support of Popery, cannot be less than Two HUNDRED THOUSAND POUNDS.

Our attention is solicited not only to the fact of these grants, and their truly formidable amount, but also to their portentous rate of increase. This vast Popish endowment is the growth of a few years; it has sprung up with the rapidity of the prophet's gourd; and should the same rate of progress be maintained for a few years to come—and why should it not?—what will be the position of the Romish Church in Britain? It will be that of an established church so far as money goes. Already it nearly equals, in point of endowment, the Established Presbyterian Church, it will then far surpass it; and as regards the wealth of its revenues, and the number of its priests and dignitaries, it will have become the rival of the Anglican Establishment. Let us take, for example, the Popish appointments in the army, and see how both chaplains and salaries have multiplied of late years. In 1854, the number of Popish chaplains in the army, stationed in Great Britain, was twenty-four; and the amount paid as salaries £744. In 1855 the number of chaplains was twenty-three, and the amount of salaries £897. In 1856 the number of chaplains was thirty-seven, and the sum paid £1486. It will be observed that betwixt 1854 and 1856, the salaries to Popish army chaplains had doubled. But the increase of chaplains and salaries did not stop with the year 1856: it went on; and now we find, from the last Parliamentary Return, that for 1858, the number of Popish chaplains is seventy-three; and the aggregate of their salaries (including the pay of nineteen commissioned chaplains) £4938. The result presents us with this very formidable fact—namely, that during the past four years, the Popish chaplains in the army have increased three-fold, and their salaries nearly seven-fold. Not to weary our readers with details, and to state all under this head in a single sentence—in the whole British army at home and abroad we had in 1853 a band of seventy-nine Popish chaplains, while in 1858 the number had risen to 145. And as regards the money paid for the valuable commodity of their instructions, we

gave in the former year £750; whereas in 1858 we gave no less a sum than £7229—that is, the sum paid in the latter year was nearly ten times greater than that paid in the former year; so prodigious is the growth of the grants. Equally rapid and startling has been the increase in the grants to Popish schools. The sum is already portentously large (in Great Britain £36,000; in Ireland £100,000 in round numbers), and has by no means reached its limit. It is larger this year than it was the last; it will be larger the year after than it is this year; and the year after that it will be larger still. In short, limits to its increase there are none. Popish avariciousness will continue to beg, and Protestant indifferentism will continue to give.

We call on all to ponder these facts. We call on every man who thinks that the Revolution of 1688 was a blessing, and that the rights and privileges it conferred on the nation ought to be maintained, to ponder these facts. They will show him that what was done then is in course of being undone; that the victory it cost us so long a struggle to win, is being insidiously snatched from us; that our rights are being frittered away; and that a course has been entered upon which can have no other termination than that of national humiliation and disaster. We call on every man who values his Protestantism, and regards it as the palladium of our liberties and the source of all that ennobles our country, to ponder these facts. They exhibit a line of policy which goes to the overthrow of the Constitution of the country, the destruction of its liberties, and the demoralization of its people.

We protest against this policy as unconstitutional. It is directly in the face of the fundamental principle which we solemnly adopted as a nation at the Revolution. That principle was that the Constitution should be Protestant. What did that mean as a *political dogma?* It meant that the Pope was not to have jurisdiction or power in the country. And we accordingly proceeded to bring into harmony with this principle the framework of our Government. We declared that no one but a Protestant could occupy our throne, and that no one but a Protestant should have the making of our laws. The Nonconformists of this country have abetted the change in the Constitution which annulled the latter disability, on the ground which they have ever maintained, that no religious opinions *should* interfere with the enjoyment of political rights. But while, on this broad ground, and in honour of a principle which is most sacred to them, they have thus, in *recent* years, contended honestly for their Romanist fellow countrymen, they must *now* protest, when they find the public money, of which they do not partake, *lavished* so abundantly

upon the establishment of a system which they conceive to be not only a portentous religious falsehood, but a political curse. The Nonconformists number more than half the population of *Great Britain*, and they demand to know why privileges should be conferred, and money given, to this religious body, whose principles are so hostile to the free institutions of our country, while they neither ask nor receive such honours, or subsidy, in support of their churches? Why should their money be nefariously appropriated to uphold a creed which they believe to be damnable in its delusions and obnoxious to their own and the country's interests? They object to the support of one religious establishment, as an injustice not only to themselves, but to that *truth* which it professes to conserve. Now, they are urged by every recollection of their history, and every principle of their faith, to arouse themselves to uproot the young and malignant sapling which threatens, with such prodigious growth, to overshadow the land with a most deadly umbrage; and protect their country not from a *second religious* establishment, but from a second establishment which will establish irreligion and idolatry in its subtlest and its strongest form. If they have fought with Roman Catholics, though detesting their religion, for *their* political liberty, they must now, and with most decisive vigour, fight against them on behalf of their own. Will they endure another burden in support of others' creeds, especially the Papists'? Is their magnanimity so great, or their spirit so supine?

The evil principle involved in the establishment of religion is now brought into most painful prominence, and we trust will be seen by many who hitherto have been blind to it. It is argued, if soldiers must have religious instruction and consolation, the Catholic soldiers must have it from their own priests; and, therefore, the Government must send and pay them. So of our jails; and now the cry is likewise raised for our workhouses. It is that deduction "therefore" which Nonconformists pronounce a "*non sequitur*," and demand that it shall not be put into force; and, where it has been, that it shall be rescinded as wrong in logic and fatal in policy. For any dullard may see that, by this reasoning, you must support lamas for your Buddhist, and gurus for your Brahmin soldiers; and if the Government provide religious instruction and consolation for those in jails, workhouses, reformatories, &c., according to the peculiar persuasion of each individual, a mighty host of spiritual directors will be required!

While, however, this general question of establishments is in debate, Nonconformists may render illustrious service to their country, as they have done before, and save the constitution from the plague of a Romish establishment, by requiring that the Catholics be treated as themselves, and refusing to bear fresh

burdens of taxation for subsidies to them, which they scorn to receive.

There is one lesson, great above most others, which the Reformation teaches, in connection with the very question we are discussing. A glance over the Europe of three centuries ago shows us that to whatever height the Reformation attained in any of its countries, if it did not carry the governing power with it, it failed to render itself permanent. Of this France is a striking illustration. At one period, the one-half, if not the majority of the nation, was on the side of the Reformation; but it failed to carry the throne with it, and so France fell back again into Popery. Britain is a not less striking illustration on the other side. We were never able to make the Reformation stable and permanent in this country till the reigning family had become really Protestant. The Court and the Parliament evinced an incurable tendency to lapse in Romanism, and did so on more than one occasion, dragging the nation back with them. It cost us a struggle of 150 years to reform the throne, and we were able to do this only at the Revolution. Since the Revolution, the Reformation has been stable in Britain. But now we begin to discover strong symptoms of a disposition to lapse back into Romanism; and why? because the governing power has changed its policy. Though from very different causes, it is substantially the policy of JAMES. It is the very same anti-national, time-serving, truckling course which landed the country in all the humiliations, disasters, and disgrace, from which we were happily rescued by the opportune appearance of the Prince of Orange on our shores. The same course will to a certainty conduct to the same issue.

We protest against this course as fitted to forfeit the favour of Heaven. What an ennobling spectacle do the Protestant nations exhibit, as contrasted with the Popish States of Europe; and especially Britain, the head of the Reformation, as compared with continental countries. Blessed with peace, enriched with com[illegible] merce, adorned with art and industry, the abode of liberty an[illegible] letters, and crowned with social and domestic virtue, our count[illegible] rises a sublime monument, in the midst of the earth, of the val[illegible] of Protestantism; while Italy and other Popish lands, ravaged [illegible] war, torn by faction, scourged by ignorance and vice, and a pr[illegible] to all the evils of beggary and slavery, lift an equally empha[illegible] protest in the face of the world against the Papacy. Sha[illegible] reject that with which God has so visibly connected his ble[illegible] and shall we choose that which he has so visibly and a[illegible] branded with his curse? What, in that case, can we expe[illegible] that we shall be forsaken of Heaven?

We protest against the policy, which the facts we have

indicate, because it is demoralizing the country. There can be no dispute here that Popery is *false*. We as a nation (our statesmen included) profess to believe that Popery is idolatry. But can that which is *false* benefit anyone? The plea of our rulers is that it can, and that therefore they are justified in giving annually £200,000 to have it taught throughout the nation. We say nothing here of the innate absurdity of believing in the efficacy of falsehood; we simply deny their assertion. We say Popery cannot possibly benefit any human being. Nay, its effect is destructive: and, in proof, we appeal to the state of every nation where it exists, and to the state of our own nation, to the extent to which it exists. It is a wrong done the Papist. Let him, if he likes, support his own religion, but let us not volunteer to uphold for him a religion which we believe robs him of truth and sinks him into a condition of mental slavery and social degradation. It is a wrong done the Protestant; because it burdens him with taxes demanded by the very poverty and crime the Popery propagated by the State has caused. The £200,000 annually given by our Government in support of Popery is not only wasted, it is accomplishing great positive mischief. It is lowering the intelligence of the country, deteriorating its morals, weakening its industry, and endangering its peace. We protest against their policy as a gross and monstrous perversion of the very first end of their office, which is to diffuse through the nation what is true and wholesome, not what is false and noxious.

We call on every lover of his country to bestir himself. The matter is urgent: the evil is great. It is growing from one day to another, and from one year to another. It will be more difficult to remedy to-morrow than it is to-day: and more difficult the day after to remedy than to-morrow. We shall have more Popish colleges endowed, more Popish chaplains appointed: we shall soon see a priest in every ship of war, a chaplain in every regiment of the line, and in whose hands will the power of the army and navy then be? We shall soon see the Popish church established in Ireland, and the Act of Settlement set aside, preparatory to a Popish Advent, provided the country keep quiet. "A little further, and then we shall stop," say the Government. So have they said from the beginning. What a delusion! The attempt they are now making is as foolish as it is criminal. They are attempting to satisfy an avariciousness that is literally insatiable, and gratify a lust for power that will never be content till it results in full and uncontrolled dominion. What the Papist wants is Britain: not a part of it, but the whole. He wants the sovereignty of the Queen, that he may give it to his Holy Father, the Pope: he wants the revenues of our religious establishments,

that he may give them to his bishops: he wants the estates of our nobles that he may endow therewith his monasteries and convents: he wants our *Magna Charta*, that he may make a bonfire of it.

II.

THE ROMAN QUESTION.

La Question Romaine. Par E. About. Bruxelles: Melines, Cans et Cie., Libraires-Editeurs, Boulevard de Waterloo, 35. 1859.

More than three hundred years ago, a noble knight of Franconia, well acquainted with Italian affairs, and an accomplished scholar, poet, and orator, published at Mayence an attack upon the Papacy, entitled "Trias Romana," in the form of a dialogue, in which the interlocutors are the author—Nebrich von Hutten—and his friend Ehrenhold. The former relates what had been told him of the Court of Rome by a traveller named Vadiseus; and these stories take the form of triads,* frequently interrupted by the exclamations of Ehrenhold, and by the reflections which he and Hutten interchange. The "Trias Romana" is remarkable for the stinging pungency of its satire, the power of its invective, and the fearless boldness of its language, and proved a most powerful instrument in furthering the cause of the Reformation throughout Germany, by opening the eyes of the Germans to the monstrous abuses of the system to which they and their forefathers had for centuries submitted. But in these days the Papacy had long arms, and the success and popularity of Nebrich von Hutten's satire roused against him a host of enemies, whose persecution at length drove him to die, in misery and solitude, on the little island of Neffnan, in the Lake of Zurich. Since the publication of the "Trias Romana," there has appeared no more terrible *exposé* of the follies, corruptions, and crimes of the Papal system than M. About's "La Question Romaine." The invective of the great knightly reformer is more terrible, his passion more concentrated, his satire more bitter; while M. About is more polished and graceful, not so passionate or abusive, equally witty, and far less coarse. Nor are these differences to be wondered at. In the sixteenth century, toleration was not understood even by the Reformers themselves.

* For example—"Three things are brought from Rome by those who go there: a bad conscience, a spoiled stomach, an empty purse," and so on.

The right of private judgment in religious matters was unknown, and heretics were tortured and burned as the worst and most dangerous of criminals. In the nineteenth century, on the other hand, heretics—whatever may be their fate in the other world—have often the best of it in this; and have only to dread the editors of the *Univers* and the *Tablet*, or perhaps the perversion of a wife or daughter by a female Jesuit in the disguise of a lady's maid, or the abduction of a child by some proselytizing priest. Hutten, driven from place to place, and at last dying in the flower of early manhood, worn out with persecution, and enfeebled by disease, is a type of the reformer of the sixteenth century; while M. About, obliged to discontinue his articles in the *Moniteur Universel*, by the complaints of the Pontifical government, and to seek a publisher in Brussels instead of Paris, is a type of the reformer of the nineteenth; and these different circumstances may well account for the unsparing invective, the concentrated bitterness of the one, and for the playful wit, the epigrammatic smartness, the measured indignation of the other. But, in spite of these differences of sentiment and style, it is astonishing how much resemblance there is in the substance of the complaints of both against the Pontifical government. It was the worst government of Europe in the early part of the sixteenth century, and it asserts the same bad pre-eminence in 1859; while almost the same elements of evil now fall under the lash of M. About, that then received the strokes of Hutten. The latter denounced the profligacy, venality, luxury, and pride of the Romish priesthood—their forgetfulness and wilful violation of the precepts of the Gospel; and the former still finds the same vices debasing the character of the priestly caste who reign with absolute power over modern Rome. Both the German and the Frenchman consider a complete and radical change to be absolutely necessary. Hutten proposed a revolution of the whole system,* and M. About sees no other effectual remedy for the present state of things than the abolition, or at least the restriction, of the temporal power of the Pope.

We shall now endeavour to place before our readers the facts which have induced M. About to come to such a conclusion, requesting them to keep in mind that the present work is no party sketch—no crude collection of ill-digested observations and hurried notes of travel. M. About's first articles appeared in the *Moniteur Universel*, and were stopped on the reclamation of the Papal government; upon which, the author threw his sketches into the

* Hutten's words are: "superstitionum postergationem, officiorum abolitionem, universi ibidem status conversionem."

fire, and, after a year of reflection, assisted by an attentive study of the best Italian authorities, and by the conversation and correspondence of several illustrious Italians, produced the present volume. He tells us that he has studied the Roman Question in the Pontifical States, which he has traversed throughout, examining everything with the utmost attention: he does not pretend to have judged the enemies of Italy without indignation, but he denies having ever uttered a single calumny against them. His book contains twenty-one chapters, in which the Roman Question is considered in all its bearings; and we cannot help thinking that he completely succeeds in demonstrating that the radical evil is the possession of absolute political and temporal as well as spiritual power by the Pope and the priestly caste; and that, so long as this continues, it will be vain to hope for any amelioration of that despotism which for a thousand years has been the scourge of the Roman States and the plague-spot of Europe. The vices and oppression of the Pontifical system are the logical and necessary results of the degradation of the laic and the exaltation of the clerical class; and as long as political as well as spiritual supremacy belongs to the latter, there can be no improvement. All attempts to apply a remedy, under such conditions, have been, and must ever be, utterly useless. "Must our diplomatists," says M. About, "renew in 1859 this trade of dupes? A French engineer has shown that embankments raised along the course of rivers are costly, unprofitable, and always requiring repair; whilst a simple dam at the source prevents the most terrible inundations. To the source, then, diplomatists! Ascend, if you please, up to the temporal power of the Popes." *

The Roman Catholic Church, M. About tells us, consists of 139,000,000 of individuals, without counting the little Mortara. It is governed by 70 cardinals, in memory of the twelve apostles. The Cardinal Bishop of Rome, the Vicar of Jesus Christ, or the Pope, is invested with absolute authority over the consciences of the 139,000,000 Catholics. The Cardinals are named by the Pope, the Pope by the Cardinals, and, from the day of his election,

* Such also was the opinion of the Roman Republicans in 1848, as lately recorded by one of themselves. "In common with many patriots," says Luigi Bianchi, "I saw no means left to us of storming the tide of evils about to overwhelm the country, but this of depriving the Pope of his kingly office; and we resolutely set our hands to the work. In the resolution to effect this object, the ultra-democrats consented to unite with the moderate party. The different factions held secret meetings to consult on the measures to be adopted, and, after much discussion, all agreed that the temporal power of the Pope must cease, and all faithful Italians were summoned to lend a hand to effect this great end." (See *Incidents in the Life of an Italian Priest:* by Luigi Bianchi. London: James Nisbet and Co., 21, Berners-street. 1859.)

in the opinion of the most orthodox Catholics, he becomes invested with infallibility. The Pope has obtained, from the devotion and folly of princes of the middle ages, and by subsequent intrigue and violence, the position of a temporal as well as of a spiritual prince, so that, in 1859, Pius IX. is the temporal sovereign of some 10,000,000 of acres, and of 3,184,608 subjects, who complained loudly of the evils of his government. They complain that the authority to which they are subjected is the most thoroughly absolute that has ever been defined by Aristotle, that the legislative, executive, and judicial functions are combined, confounded, and embroiled in the same hand, contrary to the custom of civilized states; that they cheerfully recognize the infallibility of the Pope in all religious questions, but that it is difficult to submit to it in civil matters; that they do not refuse to obey, since no man has a right, in this world, to follow the dictates of his own caprice, but that they would wish to have laws to obey, and that the pleasure of even the best individuals is not worth so much as the Code Napoléon; that, though the reigning Pope is not a bad man, the arbitrary government even of an infallible priest will never be anything but a bad government. They say, besides, that, in virtue of an ancient custom, which nothing can uproot, the Pope joins with himself, in the temporal administration of his realm, the chiefs, sub-chiefs, and spiritual employés of his church; that the cardinals, bishops, canons, priests, plunder right and left; that one and the same caste administer the sacrament to the provincials, confirm little children and decide law suits, regulate sub-deacons and arrestments, minister to the dying and draw up captains' commissions. That this confusion of the spiritual and the temporal, places in all the principal positions a number of men—excellent, doubtless, in the eyes of God, but unsupportable in the sight of the people; often strangers to the country and to the management of business, and always ignorant of domestic life, which is the basis of society; without children, which makes them indifferent to the future of the nation; without wives, which renders them dangerous for the present; finally, without any inclination to listen to good counsel, because they believe themselves to be sharers in the Pontifical infallibility. They further complain that these men pardon more easily an assassin than him who complains of an abuse of power; that they mismanage the finances of the State—wasting on basilicas, churches, and convents, what should be spent on railways, roads, canals, and embankments; that faith, hope, and charity receive more encouragement than agriculture, commerce, and manufactures; that public simplicity is developed at the expense of public instruction. Again, they say that justice and the police occupy

themselves too much with the care of souls, and too little with the care of bodies; that they hinder good citizens from the sin of blasphemy in reading improper books, or in frequenting the society of those who entertain liberal opinions, while they do not hinder scoundrels from assassinating good citizens; that properties are as badly protected as persons, and that it is hard not to be able to reckon upon anything except a seat in paradise. They are compelled to pay more than 10,000,000 francs a year for the support of an army without virtue or discipline, of doubtful honour and courage, and destined never to make war except against the citizens; and it is humiliating, when one must submit to be beaten, to have to pay for the stick. They are forced to accommodate foreign armies, and especially the Austrians, who have a heavy hand. Lastly, they complain, that this is not what the Pope promised in his *motu proprio* of the 12th September; and that it is very sad to see infallible personages fail in their most solemn engagements.

Such is the heavy indictment against the Pontificial government which M. About puts in the mouth of the Roman people; and we believe that he is near the truth when he says that, except those who have an immediate interest in the conservation of the system, and the very lowest and most imbruted dregs of the populace, the whole Roman people are malcontent. And well may they be so. The Papacy has been a greater curse to Italy even than the Austrians. Dante, Petrarch, Campanella, Sarmarola, Quicciardini, and many other illustrious men, have united in denouncing it as the ruin of their country; and that acute Junius, Machiavelli, somewhere says "that the destinies of Italy are unhappy because they depend upon the Papacy."

While examining the question of the necessity of the temporal power of the Pope, M. About points out that the greatest triumphs of the Catholic religion have been achieved before the Pope became a temporal prince, and that from the time when the spiritual and temporal powers were linked together, like Siamese twins, the more august of the two necessarily lost independence. The sovereign pontiff is constantly compelled to choose between the general interests of the Church and the particular interests of his own kingdom, and it is scarcely to be expected that he shall always be so disengaged from terrestrial affairs, as to sacrifice the earth which is close to him, for the heaven which is at a distance; and history shows us that the Popes have again and again, since their acquisition of temporal power, allowed the attractions of earth to eclipse the glories of heaven. The confusion of the two powers, which would gain by being separated, compromises not only the independence, but the dignity of the Pope. Bailiffs

ject in the name of the Pope; judges condemn an assassin, and the executioner beheads him in the name of the Vicar of Jesus Christ. Nay, there is even the *Pontifical Lottery;* and what must the 139,000,000 of Roman Catholics think when they hear their spiritual sovereign, by the mouth of his Minister of Finance, congratulating himself that vice is on the increase, and that the lottery has yielded a good return?

In his chapter on the patrimony of the Papacy, M. About says, "I have never cast my eyes over that poor map of Italy, rent capriciously in unequal fractions, without making a consoling reflection. Nature, which has done all for the Italians, has taken care to enclose their nation by magnificent barriers: the Alps and the sea protect her on all sides and isolate her, while they seem to unite her into a distinct body, and destine her to a separate and personal existence. To crown the bounties of nature, no internal barrier condemns the Italians to form various nationalities. The Appennines themselves, an obstacle easy to vanquish, permit them to unite. All the existing divisions are arbitrary, traced by the brutality of the middle ages, or by the trembling hand of diplomacy which defaces each day the work of the previous evening. Only one race occupies the soil; the same language is spoken from north to south; all the inhabitants are united by the glory of their ancestors, and the remembrances of the Roman conquests fresher and more lively than the party hatreds of the fourteenth century. That spectacle has induced me to believe that the Italians will one day be independent of others and united among themselves by the force of geography and of history, two powers more invincible than Austria."

The author afterwards proceeds to give a sort of statistical account of the Papal States, showing what they might be were the bounties of nature taken advantage of, and what they are, owing to misgovernments and neglect. He points out the prodigious fertility of the plains, the variety of crops suitable to the soil and climate, the excellence of the buffaloes and cattle, the aptitudes of the country for producing everything necessary for the clothing and food of man, and concludes by asserting that, if the inhabitants want bread or shirts, nature cannot be reproached for their indigence. He afterwards computes the real capital value of the agricultural domains subject to the Pope, at 2,610,000,000 of francs—certainly a very large sum, considering the limited extent of the country. But then he also shows how the magnificent resources of the country are neglected. From Rome to Civita Vecchia, a distance of fifty miles, the country is almost a desert, and the environs of Rome are no better. The roads and means of communication are few and detestably bad, especially on the Mediterranean side

of the Apennines. On the Adriatic side, things look better, and, in truth, it may be truly affirmed that the activity and prosperity of the subjects of the Pope increase in the direct ratio of the square of the distance that separates them from the capital. M. About mentioned his observations and reflections on the state of the country to an ecclesiastic belonging to the Roman Church, who answered him in the following terms: "The country is not uncultivated, and, if it is, it is owing to the fault of the Pope's subjects. They are naturally idle, although 21,415 monks preach to them the necessity of work."

Having considered the temporal patrimony of the Pope, the author next proceeds to examine its inhabitants—the nobility, the middle class, and the plebeians. He asserts that the Italians, when not exposed by the neglect of their governors to the noxious influences of malaria, are handsome, strong, and healthy, and that their minds are the most richly endowed in Europe. But during many centuries their sphere of action has been confined to a narrow space by small despotic governments, which have urged them into miserable quarrels and paltry wars. But, take away the barriers which separate them, and they will soon be united. The chief of these barriers are the King of Naples, the Duke of Tuscany, and the Pope. M. About notices the allegation that the Romans will not make good soldiers: he shows that they furnished many good soldiers to Napoleon the Great; and he affirms that the same passions which make crimes against the person in Rome bear so large a proportion to other crimes, would, if rightly directed, make good soldiers of the criminals. The statistics on this point are curious. In Rome, in 1853, there were judged by the courts, 609 crimes against property, and 1344 against the person; while in France, during the same year, the Courts of Assize sentenced 3719 men for thefts, and only 1921 for crimes against the person. The Roman States are among the most thickly peopled in Europe, but they increase very slowly. The population has gained only a third between 1816 and 1853, while Lucca, for example, though under a bad government, in the 21 years between 1832 and 1853, has tripled its population.

The subjects of the Holy Father are divided by birth into three classes, between which the distinction is very strongly marked—the Nobles, the Bourgeoisie, and the Plebeians. The Gospel has forgotten to consecrate the inequality between man and man, but the Popes have amply supplied the deficiency. There are bottomless abysses between the Roman noble and the bourgeoisie, and between them and the plebeians. These distinctions, thanks to the care of the Popes, are especially felt at Rome: the plebeian prostrates himself before a man of the middle classes

and he again before a noble, who, in his turn, abases himself, as all must do, before the sovereign clergy. Twenty leagues from Rome this adulation of rank diminishes, and, on the Adriatic side of the Apennines, it is scarcely seen. The absolute value of men of each class goes on increasing with the square of the distances from the capital. You may be almost sure that a Roman noble is worse educated, of less mental capacity, and less free, than a gentleman of the Marches or of Romagna. The middle class, with some exceptions, is infinitely more numerous, more rich, and more enlightened, to the east of the Apennines, than in the capital and its environs; and the plebeians themselves have more honesty and morality, when they live at a respectful distance from the Vatican. The plebeians of Rome are but overgrown, badly brought-up children, whose cry is still, as in the days of the decline of the empire, "*Panem et circenses.*"* They pay few imposts, and may indulge in immorality and assassination, provided always they are good Christians, bow down before the priests, communicate at Easter, and speak respectfully of saints. But if they attempt to vindicate their liberty, revolt against an abuse, or manifest any of the pride of manhood, for them there is no pardon. We ought not to judge them too severely, when we reflect that they have learned nothing, that they have never been beyond Rome—that they have examples of luxury in the cardinals, of misconduct in the prelates, of venality in the functionaries of government, and of waste in the Minister of Finance; and especially when we consider that everything has been done in order to root out of their hearts, like a noxious herb, the noble sentiment of the dignity of humanity, which is the foundation of all the virtues. The peasants of the Roman States are severely taxed. On the border of the Mediterranean, they are ignorant, hospitable, and superstitious, and full of faith in their priests and their religion, which, though it does not prevent them from giving a stab with a knife when inflamed by wine or passion, never permits them to eat meat on Fridays. On the Adriatic side of the Apennines, on the other hand, there is the material for a magnificent nation in the towns and villages: they are less superstitious, and more progressive. On the coasts of the Mediterranean, you will see inscriptions at the corners of the streets of "Vive Jesus!" "Vive Marie!" whereas, at Bologna and Faenza, you will see instead, "Vive la

* A similar remark is made by an able writer, in speaking of the religious fêtes of Rome. He says: "It is a satisfaction given to a people greedy of spectacles. It is an answer to the famous cry, *Panem et circenses;* or rather, it is an answer to the second of their demands; for the first, after the extravagant luxury, does not become more easy to satisfy." (See *Des Beaux-Arts en Italie au Point de Vue religieux.* Par Arth. Coquenel, fils. Paris, 1857).

Ristori!" "Vive Verdi!" "When I went," says M. About, "to visit, near Ancona, the holy house of Loretto, which was brought from Palestine in the arms of angels, I saw a troop of pilgrims enter the church, who walked on their knees, pouring forth tears, and licking the pavement. I fancied that these honest peasants belonged to some neighbouring community, but a workman of Ancona, who happened to be present, informed me that I was mistaken. 'Sir,' said he, 'the unfortunates whom you see, live on the other side of the Apennines, since they still make pilgrimages. It is fifty years since we have made any: we work.'"

The middle class—forming the link between the aristocracy, who pride themselves on doing nothing, and the plebeians, who work that they may not die of hunger—form the nucleus of every well-constituted state; but in Rome the ecclesiastical caste, who prefer the fatal principle of temporal power to the dearest interests of society, consider it the wisest and most useful policy to debase and ruin them. Upon them falls the burden of the taxes, while they are excluded from all lucrative and honourable offices in the State; and nothing can equal the disdain with which the prelates and princes—nay, even the very *laquais* of Rome—speak of the middle class, or *mezzoceto*. Yet, among the advocates, artists, doctors, and those extensive cultivators who farm out the Campagna, who all belong to this despised class, there are many men of eloquence, learning, and skill in the management of affairs, who would do honour to their country, if only the opportunity were afforded them. The artists of Rome are now, for the most part, mere copyists, because they have no exhibitions, no prizes, no aid from government, no public encouragement, no intelligent criticism to assist and direct them. In the Mediterranean provinces the middle class is but little more elevated than in Rome; but it is far otherwise on the other side of the Apennines. There, all are hard workers, and dare to think for themselves; and all the different elements of the middle class—advocates, doctors, merchants, farmers, artists—boldly exchange their discontents and their hatreds, their fears and their hopes. That barrier of the Apennines which separates them from the Pope, unites them to Europe and to freedom. "I have never," says M. About, "conversed with a bourgeois of the Legations without rubbing my hands, and saying to myself, '*There is an Italian nation!*'"

As to the Roman nobility, the picture which M. About draws of them is the reverse of flattering; it would require a very powerful microscope to discover the granules of nobility in their blood. There are thirty-one princes or dukes in the Pontifical States, a great number of marquises, counts, barons, and chevaliers,

and a multitude of noble untitled families. A vast extent of seignorial domains; a thousand palaces; a hundred galleries, small and great; a tolerable revenue; an incredible prodigality in horses, carriages, liveries, and armorial bearings, some fêtes of royal magnificence every winter; some relics of feudal privileges: such are some of the most striking features which distinguish the Roman nobility, and entitle them to the admiration of all the Cockneys in the universe. Ignorance, idleness, vanity, servility, and absolute nullity are the slight defects which place them below all the other aristocracies of Europe. Their priestly education accounts for their ignorance and dullness, their piety and their impassibility. Take a Seminarist from St. Sulpice, polish him up properly, dress him at Alfred's or Poole's, bejewel him at Mortimer's or Castellain's, give him a smattering of music and equitation, and you will have a fair average specimen of a Roman prince.

The ninth chapter of M. About's volume treats of the absolute temporal power of the Pope. His authority is limited only by his own private virtues, and the present Pope shows no disposition to release his supremacy. "Has he renounced," says M. About, "his title of irresponsible curator and administrator of the patrimony of the Catholic Church? Never. Is the management of affairs exclusively reserved to prelates? Of right, no; in fact, yes. Are the different powers still practicably confounded? More than ever, the governor of the towns continue to judge, the bishops to administer. Has the Pope in any degree abated his infallible pretensions? In nothing. Has he given up his right of quashing the sentences of the Courts of Appeal? Not at all. Is the Cardinal Secretary of State no longer the reigning minister? He reigns, and the other ministers are his lackeys rather than his coadjutors; you will meet them in the morning in his antechamber. Is there a council of ministers? Yes, when the ministers come to take the orders of the Cardinal. Is the conduct of the public finances made public? No. Does the nation vote the taxes, or does she suffer them to be taken from her? Just as in the past. Are the municipal liberties extended? Less than in 1816. To-day, as in the palmiest times of the Pontifical despotism, the Pope is all; he has all, and can do all; he exercises, without control and without check, a perpetual dictatorship."

Two chapters are devoted to Pius IX., the reigning Pontiff, and to his all-powerful minister, Cardinal Antonelli—"Le Pape blanc" and "Le Pape rouge." Old age, dignity, private virtues, and misfortunes lend a factitious lustre to the character of Pius, which induces many to forget how terribly false he has been to his duties as sovereign of the Roman people. He began his reign as a reformer, and afterwards fled from and betrayed the people

whose aspirations after liberty and reform he had himself encouraged. On two occasions, he was false to his sacred engagements; and, on his return to Rome, where he now reigns by the grace of French bayonets, he restored the Inquisition whose destruction had been decreed by the Republicans, and fettered the press which they had enfranchised.* He called upon Catholic Europe to come to his assistance when deposed by his oppressed and indignant subjects, and thus brought the Spaniards, Neapolitans, French, and Austrians in arms against his country. M. About admits his exemplary private life, and his disinterestedness in regard to his own family, which he has never attempted to enrich, like the majority of Popes, at the expense of the State. The members of the secret societies impute to him all the misfortunes and bondage of Italy. It is certain that the Italian question would have been greatly simplified had there not been a Pope at Rome; but the hatred of the Mazzinists against Pius personally is to be condemned. They would inevitably kill him, were he not protected by French soldiers. That murder would be as unjustifiable and not less useless than that of Louis XVI. The guillotine would take the life of a good old man; it would not destroy the evil principle of the sacerdotal monarchy.

But if M. About deals tenderly with the age and feebleness of Pius, he pours the vials of his wrath on the head of his unscrupulous and unpopular minister, the Cardinal-Secretary Antonelli. He was born, he tells us, in the thieves' quarter of the Papal States—the village of Sinnino—more celebrated in the history of crime than all Arcadia in the annals of virtue.† This village was the capital of the brigands, among whom, in 1806, was born Jaques Antonelli, now prime minister of the Pontifical States. He was educated at the grand seminary of Rome, but he has never taken priest's orders. He has never said mass nor confessed any one; nay, it is even doubtful whether he has ever gone to confession himself; but he obtained the friendship of Gregory XVI., which was more useful to him than the possession of all the cardinal virtues. He became prelate, magistrate, prefect, secretary, General of the Interior, and Minister of Finance; and

* In this he but followed the example of his predecessor, Gregory XVI., who, in his evangelical letter of August, 1832, affirms that it is eminently injurious to the Church, and utterly absurd, that anyone should assert that some improvement and regeneration is necessary for her conservation and increase; and warns all such persons that the right of pronouncing upon the ancient rules belongs to the Pope alone. In the same letter, the liberty of the press and of thought are stigmatized as a fatal thing, which cannot be held in too much horror.

† For an interesting account of Sinnino and of brigandage in Italy, see "Léopold Robert, sa Vie, ses Œuvres, et sa Correspondance," par M. F. Feuillet de Conches. Appendix No V.

the stupidest finance-minister in the Papal States makes more money in six months than all the brigands of Sinnino in twenty years. Under Gregory, Antonelli had been reactionary, to render himself agreeable to that pontiff; but, on the accession of Pius, he, for the same reason, professed liberal opinions. A cardinal's hat and a portfolio were the rewards of his new convictions. What a lesson for the inhabitants of Sinnino! One of their number driving in his carriage in front of the barracks, and the soldiers presenting arms instead of shooting him down! He soon obtained boundless influence over Pius, who had no secrets from him, especially after his exile at Gaëta. As President of the Council of State, he proposed reforms, which, as minister, he postponed; and no one was more active, first in preparing, and afterwards in violating, the Constitution of 1848. Since the restoration of the Pope, Antonelli has had the whole power of the State in his hands, and he enjoys the esteem and confidence of the Austrians, the chief upholders of the Pontificate and the sworn enemies of Italian liberty. He hinders intercourse between Pius and his subjects, shuts his ears against all liberal ideas, all projects of reform, and clings to power, careless of the future, abusing the present hour, and every day augmenting his fortune *à la mode de Sinnino*. Here is his portrait sketched by a master hand. "In 1859, he is fifty-three years old. He has preserved the appearance of youth. His person is strong and elegant, and his health that of a mountaineer. The breadth of his forehead, the brightness of his eyes, his aquiline nose, and the dignity of his whole appearance, inspire a certain astonishment. There is a glance of intelligence upon that swarthy and somewhat Moorish visage. But his heavy jaw, his long teeth, his thick lips, express the grossest appetites. He is a minister engrafted on a savage. When he assists the Pope in the ceremonies of the Holy Week, his disdain and impertinence are magnificent. He turns himself from time to time towards the diplomatic bench, and looks gravely at those poor ambassadors whom he mocks from morning till night: your admire the actor who braves his public. But, when he stops, in a drawing room, near a pretty woman, when, standing quite close to her, he glances at her shoulders, and darts his eyes into her bosom, you recognize the man of the woods, and think, with a shudder, of post-chaises overturned by the side of the road." This amicable minister, M. About tells us, is universally detested; his private character is profligate, and he has amassed immense wealth. A Roman prince who had furnished the author with a list of the revenues of the Roman nobility, said to him, "You observe two families whose wealth is indicated by points: it is infinite. The one is the family Torlonia,

the other the family Antonelli. Both have made a fortune in a few years, the first by speculation, the second by power." Antonelli has four brothers, all of whom he has created counts, making one Governor of the Bank, another Director of the Mint de Piété, a third Conservator of Rome, and giving to the fourth valuable commercial monopolies. Besides this, he has placed his cousin Count Dandini at the head of the police. But this all-powerful cardinal-secretary has one great fear and weakness, unworthy of the descendant of the brigands and assassins of Sinnino. He fears death exceedingly, and takes assiduous precautions against it. A comparison has been made between Antonelli and Mazarin, who, like him, was born among the mountains of Sinnino; and, in some points, it hold good. Both loved money, had a wholesome fear of death, and governed without scruple. "However," says M. About, "it would be injustice to place them on the same level. The selfish Mazarin dictated to Europe the treaties of Westphalia and the Peace of the Pyrenees; he founded by his diplomacy the greatness of Louis XIV., and transacted the affairs of the French monarchy without, however, neglecting his own. Antonelli has made his fortune by the injury of the nation, the Pope, and the Church. We may compare Mazarin to an excellent but rascally tailor, who dresses his customers well after having taken some ells of cloth for himself; whilst Antonelli resembles those Jews of the middle ages who demolished the Colosseum in order to take the iron used in the mason work."

An interesting chapter in M. About's volume has for its title "The Government of the Priests." The Pope, being a temporal king, naturally chooses his court and ministers from among those of his own faith, his own way of thinking, and his own profession. Hence the obnoxious priestly government of Rome; and you may as well preach in the desert as preach secularization to the Pope. Laymen are systematically postponed to the clergy; a colonel in the army ranks below a sub-deacon. There are, it is true, 14,576 lay functionaries in the Papal service in employments of all kinds, particularly as gardes-champêtres. But they get merely the crumbs of power. All the ministers, all the prefects, all the ambassadors, all the dignitaries of the court, and all the judges of the superior tribunals are ecclesiastics. Yes, the Most Holy Auditor, the Secretary of Briefs and Memorials, the presidents and vice-presidents of the Council of State, and of the Council of Finances, the Director-General of Police, the Director of Public Health, and of the Prisons, the Attorney-General of the Revenue, the president and the secretary of the Tribunal for the Assessment of Landed Property, the president of the Commis-

sion of Agriculture, are all ecclesiastics. The public education is in the hands of ecclesiastics, under the dignified superintendence of thirteen Cardinals. All the benevolent institutions, all the goods of the poor, are the patrimony of the ecclesiastical directors. The Congregation of Cardinals judge of processes at their spare moments, and the bishops of the realm are so many living tribunals. No wonder, then, that three millions of laymen find it difficult to submit to a government so constituted. The Church is the only road to preferment, and hundreds of young men with no vocation for it are constantly forced into its pale by the ambition or necessities of their families.* "An ambitious man with his projects overthrown," says M. About, "kills himself at Paris; at Rome he marries."

The admirers of Papacy have often asserted that, although it is nominally a despotism, it is so gently admistered as to make it so only in name. We would recommend those who have been misled by such statements, to peruse M. About's chapter entitled "Rigueurs politiques." We need not go back to the time of Sextus V., who, when Pope, hanged one of the Pepoli of Bologna because he had given him a kick, instead of a morsel of bread, when he was a mendicant monk; or even to those of Gregory XVI., the predecessor of Pius, who granted a minor a dispensation of nonage in order that he might be able to execute him,—we have only to look to Cardinal Antonelli, who has revived in our own days the punishment of the rack. At this moment there are a great number of individuals in the Papal States subjected to what is called *precetto;* some of them are malefactors, who are confined to their own abodes for want of room in the prisons, and others are persons who have fallen under the suspicion of the Government. In the little town of Vilento, numbering 14,000 inhabitants, there are 200 persons thus placed under the surveillance of the police. It is as difficult to procure a passport as under the oppressive *régime* of the Austrians in Lombardy. A friend of the author's, rich, active, and enterprising, and engaged besides in a branch of industry very profitable to the State, has for nine years in vain solicited permission to travel; while to those who apply for passports to Piedmont, the reply of the authorities

* "No words can convey the zeal with which parents urge their sons into clerical life, as a profession affording unbounded means of gaining money. The strongest incentives to ambition are applied, and the most artful representations made to entangle them in the net by every temptation. If such means fail, cruel persecutions are resorted to, involving bodily and mental torture; the young heart is wrung by the basest suggestions to induce obedience, and if these engines fail to goad the children to yield, the parents do not hesitate to abuse their authority, by exercising force to compel them to the altar."—*Incidents in the Life of an Italian Priest*, by Luigi Bianchi.

is—"Go there, but never return!" The prisons of the Pontifical States are of two kinds, healthy and unhealthy; in the latter, perpetual imprisonment does not last very long. The French, on entering Rome, published an amnesty, and have always refused to act as the Pope's police or executioners;* but it has been far otherwise with the Austrians, who held the Legations till driven out by the recent successes of the French and Sardinian arms. On their side of the Apennines, martial law prevailed; the accused had no defender, was judged by Austrian officers, and executed by soldiers. In seven years there were 60 executions at Ancona, and 180 at Bolonga. It was not the Pope who signed the sentences; only the Austrians brought him from time to time a man whom they had shot, as a gamekeeper brings to the proprietor a fox killed in his woods.

M. About has already told us that you may cut a throat, but you must not complain of an abuse in the Pontifical States; and one of the darkest shades in his picture of Rome is the impunity accorded to real crimes. In proportion to their population, the Roman States are more fertile in crimes than any country in Europe, certainly a strong fact against the temporal government of priests. "The Papacy," says our author, "has its roots in heaven, and not on earth. It is not the Italians who demand a Pope, it is God who chooses him, the Cardinals who name him, diplomacy which maintains him, and the French army which imposes him on the people. The Sovereign Pontiff and his staff form a foreign body introduced into Italy like a thorn into the foot of a woodcutter. The three millions of men who inhabit his States are destined by Europe to defray the expense of his court. It is they whom we have given to the Pope; it is not to them that the Pope has been given." The first duty of the Pope is to say mass at St. Peter's for the 139,000,000 of Catholics, the second to bear his triple crown with dignity; and the quarrels of his subjects, so long as they attack neither the Church nor the Government, are a very trivial consideration. It is from this point of view that we must examine the apportionment of punishments in the Pontifical States. The most unpardonable crimes in the eyes of the clergy are those which offend the *priests* of God. Rome punishes ecclesiastical sins. The tribunal of the Vicar of Christ sends a blasphemer to the galleys, or throws into prison the imbecile who refuses to communicate at Easter. Shall it be said that the head of the Church does not do his duty? But the crimes which the natives commit against each

* Luigi Bianchi, a defender of Rome, and no lover of the French, bears testimony to these facts.

other affect only indirectly the Pope and the Cardinals. What does it matter to the successors of the Apostles, that the workmen and the peasants cut each others' throats on Sundays after vespers? Enough will always remain to pay the taxes. The Roman people have a bad habit of frequenting taverns and quarreling over their drink; and the inhabitants of the Campagna in this respect follow their example. Justice is slow, dear, and venal. The knife cuts short all disputes. "Jaques falls, he is wrong; Nicolas runs off, he is right. This little drama is rehearsed more than four times a day in the Pontifical States, according to the statistics of 1853. It is a great evil for the country, and also a serious danger for Europe. The school of the knife, founded at Rome, establishes branch schools in foreign countries. We have seen the most sacred interests of civilization placed under the knife, and all honest men in the universe have trembled, not excepting the Pope." A few examples of severe and righteous punishment are all that are required to put a stop to this flagrant crime, but these the Papal Government does not choose to make. The assassins of the tavern are not the enemies of Government. The police, indeed, pursue these scoundrels, but they have innumerable means of escape: if they arrive on the banks of a river, the pursuit is stopped, in case they should fall into the water and die without confession; if they lay hold of the robe of a Capuchin, they are saved; if they enter a church, a convent, or a hospital, they are saved; if they put their foot on an ecclesiastical domain, or the property of a clergyman, they are saved. The Pope will not utter a word to repress that abuse of asylum which is a permanent insult to civilization; he preserves it carefully, in order to show that the privileges of the Church are superior to the interests of humanity. As with assassination, so with theft, brigandage, embezzlement, and a variety of other crimes which flourish in the congenial climate of the Papal States.

But it does not at all follow from this, that toleration is either practised or understood at Rome.

> "You'd better walk about begirt with briers,
> Instead of coat and small-clothes, than put on
> A single stitch reflecting upon friars,
> Although you swore it only was in fun;
> They'd hand you o'er the coals, and stir the fires
> Of Phlegethon with every mother's son,
> Nor say one mass to cool the caldron's bubble
> That boiled your bones, unless you paid them double."

These lines of Byron contain the gist of M. About's chapter on Toleration, which well deserves an attentive perusal, especially

that part of it narrating the horrible tyranny to which the Jews who are so unfortunate as to live in the Roman States are still subjected.

As might be expected, public education is more neglected in the Papal States than in any country of Europe. A nation the most richly endowed by the grace of God is, at the same time, the most illiterate by the will of the priests. They find the development of public ignorance agreeable to the principles of their Church, and favourable to the maintenance of the State. Elementary and secondary schools are thinly sprinkled throughout the country; and a father must send his children to Piedmont if he wishes them to learn much beyond their Catechism. But it must be remembered that the other sovereigns of Europe who strive to instruct their subjects, and even compel them to receive instruction, are laymen, married men, fathers of families, personally interested in the education of children and the future of nations. Not so the Pope. He does not study, like other princes, the temporal advancement of his subjects, and the results may be seen in the Papal States. Begging is almost a national institution. Mendicity, which mere mundane sovereigns strive to cure as a plague, is cultivated like a flower in clerical states. "One evening, between nine and ten o'clock," says M. About, "I begged along all the length of the Corso. I was not disguised as a mendicant; I was dressed as one is on a Parisian boulevard. However, from the Piazza del Popolo to the Palace of Venice, I made three francs thirty-five centimes. Had I tried the same pleasantry in Paris, I should have been taken to the police-office. The Pontifical Government encourages begging by the protection of its agents, and counsels it by the example of its monks: it does its duty."

Prostitution* as well as beggary flourishes in Rome and in all the great towns of the Pontifical States. The police is too paternal to refuse the consolations of the flesh to three millions of persons, of whom 5000 or 6000 have taken the vows of celibacy. The Papal Lottery is a great State institution at Rome; and teaches those who gamble in it a salutary lesson. The winners thank God for his munificence, and the losers are punished for having coveted temporal riches; a great profit for every one, and especially for the Government, which draws 2,000,000 francs a year from it, without reckoning the satisfaction of duty discharged. But, with all the patronage accorded to ignorance, and all the intolerance shown to heterodoxy, infidelity is not unknown even

* It seems a vice of old standing under the Papal Government. Hutten makes repeated allusions to it in his "Trias Romana."

in the Roman States.* The priestly yoke presses too heavily to make the people love the God of their masters. "A lad of Rinsini," says M. About, "who drove me to San Marino, has impressed on my memory a terrible sentence which often recurs to my thoughts. 'God?' said he to me. 'I well believe that if there is one, he is a priest like the rest.' Friend reader, reflect on this blackguardism. When I look at it closely, I recoil with terror as from these crevasses of Vesuvius which reveal the gulf beneath."

M. About's 17th chapter is devoted to the consideration of the foreign occupation of Rome. The Pope is loved and venerated in all Catholic states except his own, and it was therefore just and natural for the 139,000,000 of Catholics to lend him their assistance against the 3,000,000 of malcontents who drove him out, and to continue that assistance, unless they wish to have the work of restoration to go over every year. Such is the principle of the foreign occupation. "We are," says the author, "139,000,000 of Catholics who have forced upon 3,000,000 of Italians the honour of supporting and lodging our spiritual chief. If we did not leave in Italy a respectable army to overlook the execution of our will, we should be doing only the half of our duty." Pius called the Roman Catholic powers to his assistance in 1848; Austria, France, and Spain answered his appeal. The first reduced and occupied the places on the Adriatic, the second besieged and took Rome, the third did nothing, for the others had left her nothing to do. Napoleon III., we are told, had various and complicated motives for the occupation of Rome. He believed it necessary—though perhaps he no longer does so—for the good of Europe, and besides, he wished to show himself the champion of order; but he was also anxious to reform abuses, and introduced the Code Napoléon. In his famous letter to Edgar Ney, of 18th August, 1849, which was truly a memorandum addressed to the Pope, he promised the Romans, in exchange for their republic, amnesty,† secularistism, the Code Napoléon, and a

* "In Rome," says Luigi Bianchi, "I assert, the clergy are generally infidels, and I can bring positive proof of my assertion; for the reverence paid to the Church, which induces a blind obedience to the ordinances of her head, and a respect for his person, is not to be found among the clergy at Rome; on the contrary, irreligion and infidelity prevail among them." Afterwards he states, that he found all his superiors, whom he consulted on some religious difficulties, disbelievers of the dogma of Papal infallibility. ("Incidents in the Life of an Italian Priest.")

† Even the amnesty proclaimed by General Oudinot on entering Rome was a sham, for it excluded the priests, many of whom had taken part in the formation of the republic, and had afterwards assisted in the defence of Rome. (*See* "Incidents in the Life of an Italian Priest.")

liberal government. Not one of which things, according to M. About's own showing, have the Romans yet received. His excuse is, that it is more difficult to introduce a Brequet spring into a watch of the time of Henry IV., than reform into the antiquated pontifical machine; but why then promise what could not be performed? It is a far more intelligible motive for the French occupation of Rome, to suppose that they came forward when called upon by the Pope, in order to be beforehand with the Austrians and prevent them from acquiring, by the possession of the Eternal City, absolute power over the whole Italian peninsula. M. About contrasts the good conduct of the French during their occupation of Rome with the tyranny of the Austrians in the Legations; and, though he probably exaggerates the forbearance of the one and the cruelty of the others, we can easily believe, from the oppression of the Austrians in Lombardy, that their base and brutalizing despotism was far more felt by the Italians of Bologna and Ancona, than the comparatively enlightened and progressive absolutism of the French, by their fellow countrymen in Rome. "However," he says, "I acknowledge, with a certain degree of confusion, that the conduct of the Austrians is more logical than ours. They have come into the Papal States intending to remain there; they neglect nothing in order to assure their conquest. They decimate the population in order to make themselves feared. They perpetuate disorder, in order that their presence may be always necessary. Disorder and fear are the best arms of the Austrians. As to us, here is what we have done. In the interest of France—nothing: in the interest of the Pope—very little: in the interest of the Italian nation—less still." He then goes on to say that the French have been constantly urging reforms upon the Pope during nine consecutive years, while he has steadily kept on retrograding instead of advancing." Our persistency has at last become disagreeable to him, and he would far prefer the Austrians, who never speak of liberty." We cannot help thinking, however, that the less M. About talks about liberty the better. Austrian despotism is brutal and crushing, degrading to the dignity of man, and fatal to the progress of enlightenment; but the absolutism of the present ruler of the French nation is as complete as that of the Austrian emperor, and some of his methods of maintaining his power are thoroughly unscrupulous. Has M. About ever heard of a process much in favour with the government of Napoleon III., and known in France as "Internement"? As it may be new to most of our readers, we shall briefly explain it. A doctor, lawyer, or merchant—at Marseilles, for example—is unlucky enough to incur the suspicion of the authorities, and an official is sent to him to inti-

mate that he is believed to be disaffected, and to request—that is to order—him to transfer his business to Paris or Bordeaux. He has no resource but to obey, to break up his connections, ruin his business, impoverish his family. A man thus treated is said to be "Interné;" and we were recently informed by an accomplished French writer, that several thousand Frenchmen have been thus "internés" since the accession of the present emperor.

M. About points out, in a subsequent chapter, that, as the Papal government at present subsists, it is impossible for it to have good soldiers. The officers have no recognized rank, no position in the state, as in other European countries; besides which, they are badly paid, and the meanest member of the clerical caste ranks above them. The three closing chapters are occupied by the consideration of material interests, finance, and the author's conclusions upon the Roman Question. Agriculture, manufactures, and commerce, are the three great sources of the wealth of states—the three things that ought to be encouraged by every wise government: they are all neglected by that of Rome. The capital itself is the least commercial and the least manufacturing town in the Pontifical States, and its environs resemble a desert. Manufactures are everywhere checked by the number of privileged monopolists, and commerce by the want of good roads, and the consequent cost of the transport of merchandize. The monks resist a railway passing through their property as they would the devil himself, and the budget of public works is wasted on the building and repair of churches and basilicas, of which there are already more than enough. One recently constructed on the road to Ostia has cost 12,000,000 of francs, and is still only half finished. The enormous taxes discourage agriculture. According to an able writer,* the rural properties in the commune of Bologna pay 160 francs of taxation upon every 100 francs of rent. The Government is not content with absorbing the revenue, it also encroaches on the capital, of its subjects. In 1855, when the vines everywhere failed, the lay sovereigns of Europe universally exerted themselves to assist the unfortunate proprietors, whereas Cardinal Antonelli took advantage of the occasion to impose a tax upon the vines of 1,862,500 francs. He and his infallible master forgot that saying of a Roman emperor, "The good shepherd ought to shear his sheep, and not to flay them." Our limits do not permit us to enter upon the question of the culture and improvement of the Campagna, which M. About thinks, by a proper application and encouragement of industry, might not only be gradually freed

* "La Dette publique des Etats Romain, par le Marquis J. N. Papole." Turin: 1858.

from malaria, but also be made a source of great wealth to the state; of this, however, he has no hopes, from the efforts of the Papal government. "It suffices to say," he tells us, "that the subjects of the Pope will be as rich and as happy as any people in Europe, as soon as they shall be no longer governed by a pope." On the subject of the Pontifical finances, M. About furnishes us with some curious and startling details. A budget of 70,000,000 is levied annually upon 3,000,000 of inhabitants, and in such a manner that the heaviest burden of taxation falls upon the most useful and industrious class—the small proprietors. The province of Bologna is the most heavily taxed. It contains a population of 370,107 persons, and yet its proprietors pay 60,000 francs a year more to the Pope than those of the populous and wealthy province of Milan pay to the Austrian government. The public burdens are more insupportable under the present Pope than they have ever yet been. The taxes of the province of Bologna have been more than doubled between 1846 and 1858. The cost of collection, too, is enormous. In England it is 8 per cent.; in France, 14; in Piedmont, 16; while in the Pontifical States it reaches the enormous proportion of 31 per cent.! Twenty-five millions of the revenue go to pay the interest of the large and constantly-increasing national debt; 10,000,000 are swallowed up by the army; 3,000,000 are devoted to the repair and construction of prisons; 2,000,000 to the administration of justice; 2,500,000 to public works; 1,500,000 to the encouragement of idleness and mendicity in Rome! while only 400,000 are devoted to public instruction!

We now come to M. About's conclusion. If we approve of the temporal sovereignty of the Pope, he tells us, we must praise everything, even the conduct of Cardinal Antonelli. If the enormities of the Papal Government revolt us, it is against the ecclesiastical monarchy that we must arise. He considers, however, that there is no hope in the present state of Europe of carrying out the grand remedy—the total abolition of the temporal power of the Pope; and we must look to some more limited plan of reform. In 1814, Count Aldini, in 1831, Rossi, and in 1855, Count de Cavour—believing it impossible to restrict the authority of the Pope in the kingdom abandoned to him—proposed to Europe to remedy the evil by reducing the extent of the States of the Church. The following remarks from M. About upon this proposal conclude his suggestive and brilliant volume. "Nothing is more just, more natural, and more easy, than to liberate the Adriatic provinces, and to inclose the Papal despotism between the Mediterranean and the Apennines. I have shown you that the towns of Ferrara, Ravenna, Bologna, Rimini, Ancona, are the most important of the Papal yoke, and the most worthy

of liberty: set them free. To effect this miracle, it needs but a stroke of the pen, and the eagle quill which signed the Treaty of Paris is still cut. There would remain to the Pope 1,000,000 of subjects and 3,000,000 of acres; the whole uncultivated enough, I confess: but perhaps the diminution of his revenue would force him to administer his possessions better, and to turn his resources to better profit. He would do one of two things: either he would follow in the path of good governments, and the condition of his subjects would become supportable; or he would harden himself in the errors of his predecessors, and the Mediterranean provinces would claim independence in their turn. At the worst, and to conclude, the Pope would always preserve the City of Rome, his palaces, his temples, his cardinals, his prelates, his priests, his monks, his princes and his lackeys. Europe would aliment this little colony. Rome, surrounded by the respect of the universe as by a wall of China, would be, so to speak, a foreign body in the midst of free and living Italy, which would suffer from it neither more nor less than a veteran suffers from a ball forgotten by the surgeon. But the Pope and the cardinals—will they easily resign themselves to be only ministers of religion? Will they readily renounce their political influence? Will they one day lose the habit of interfering in our affairs, of arming princes against one another, and of quietly exciting subjects to rebel against their sovereigns? I doubt it. But princes also will use the rights of lawful defence. They will read history. They will see that the strong governments have been those who have kept religion within its proper sphere; that the Roman senate did not accord to Carthaginian priests the privilege of preaching in Italy; that the Queen of England and the Emperor of Russia are the heads of the English and Russian Churches, and that Paris ought legally to be the sovereign metropolis of the Churches of France."

III.

THE STEREOSCOPE.

THERE is probably no instance in the history of invention of an art having reached so rapidly a high state of development as that afforded by the progress of photography. The probability is that of those who may chance to read these lines, by far the greater number, if they do not recollect the first announcement that pictures could be drawn by light, remember perfectly well when photography *was not*. If photography could be extinguished now, not only would a great number of ingenious ladies and gentlemen be sadly inconvenienced for lack of occupation, but hundreds of persons would be reduced from affluence to distress, while the number of those who would be made beggars, by the loss of employment to highly-skilled workmen, must be counted by tens of thousands. Few persons, not actually behind the scenes, have any idea of the amount of trade now done in this country—and rapidly increasing—in photographic apparatus, chemicals, and productions. We could name half a dozen large print shops in London which have now practically ceased to deal in anything but photographic pictures. The business done in the manufacture of collodion, nitrate of silver, cyanide of potassium, hyposulphite of soda, and other chemicals indispensable to the photographer, is literally enormous. The demand for alcohol has increased so much as to have introduced positively a new element of complaint into the objections urged against the heavy tax to which the manufacture of spirits is subjected. In the manufacture of glass, a new branch of industry has been created. The qualities required by the photographer are very special, and the business is practically confined to one or two of the leading houses; but the demand upon them is immense, and has called for the erection of new glass-houses, on the most extensive scale, and for the establishment of entirely new departments to attend to this class of business only. The manufacture of lenses has been similarly stimulated, and the demand for fine cabinet-work is so pressing, that probably half as many more cabinet-makers than at present exist could be taken on without inconvenience. It may readily be conceived, therefore, that the number of persons dabbling or seriously engaged in photography must be prodigious, and yet the art, as of general application, is scarcely ten or twelve years old.

If we compare the first rudimentary productions of the Talbotype or Daguerreotye processes—the wrinkled brows, huge mouths, fixed and aching eyes, distorted features and general ugliness of

the earlier portraits—with the exquisite results of the best photographic artists of the present day, the progress of the art will appear not less remarkable. Every one remembers how he used to look at a "likeness" (comparatively so called), taken by a daguerreotyper of fifteen years ago—how he had to turn it and twist it about, to walk about the room and "dodge" the light before he could see anything at all, and then how sorry he was that he *could* see anything. No wonder that young ladies were loth to give their portraits to their admirers, or that ladies of a certain age refused to give them to anyone. The only consolation one had was to think that in all probability they would fade away and be entirely obliterated in a very short time. There is certainly no lack of villainous photographs at the present day; we have only to walk down any of the main thoroughfares in London to find a photographer established in the house in the street that no one else will take—the house which has been for years in Chancery, or of which the last tenant murdered his wife and children and then cut his own throat,—who will do his best to re-enact, in respect of "the human face divine," atrocities that are scarcely surpassed by the horrors of Chancery, or by the brutality of a wife-slayer. But, on the other hand, something like absolute perfection in portraits is certainly attained by the highest class of photographic artists. If we were called upon to particularize the most beautiful specimens of photographic portraits to be seen in London, we should point to those exhibited in the windows of the *Illustrated News of the World*, and from which the remarkable series of engraved likenesses published with that newspaper have been taken. It is quite true that these photographs have been laboriously stippled up by excellent artists; but it is equally true that without the aid of photography any approach to the correctness of outline, feature, and proportions here attained would have been utterly impossible.

The contrast between the earlier and the later achievements of photography is not more marked in the department of portraiture than of landscape. We never hear now, except from some artistic *obstructive*, the vehement tirades against landscape photography which used to be indulged in by every one who had, or wished to think he had, artistic taste and knowledge, and for which the most ardent defender of photography could not but admit that there was too much foundation in fact. The harsh contrasts of light and shade, the ugly brick-dust tint, the blurred foliage, the hazy distance, and the absence of aërial perspective of the earlier light-pictures, are rapidly disappearing with the use of better lenses, apparatus, new processes, and immensely more sensitive chemical surfaces, and the accuracy of the eye, to which

photography is gradually educating all classes of the public, has begun to react upon the region of art, in the old restricted sense of the term, and has extorted from the painter largely increased fidelity to nature. Even the fleeting shapes and changeful aspects of the clouds are now compelled to register themselves on the delicately sensitive medium employed by the photographer, and the artist may have an opportunity of studying at his leisure their most transient phases, such as he could never hope to obtain by any other means.

There was a higher triumph still to be achieved, however, by the united aid of photography and optical discovery; namely, the reproducing, by means of pictorial representations, the solidity and perspective of nature. Those faithful witnesses, the eyes, notwithstanding their accuracy, sometimes play us strange tricks. If we shut one eye and look at a scene in nature with which we are not previously familiar, however accurate may be our general capacity for estimating distances, we shall be sorely puzzled. We shall find ourselves quite at a loss to tell how far off a given object may be, or whether it is separated from the next object behind it by a score of yards or by a quarter of a mile; and the general effect is an approach to seeing the landscape as a flat picture. If, on the other hand, we want to do justice to the work of an artist, what do we do? We shut one eye, roll up our catalogue into a tube, gaze through it on Jones's picture, and declare that it stands out with all the relief of nature. A satyr, in whom the philosophical instinct was sufficiently developed to enable him to take cognizance of such matters, but who did not fathom the mystery, would certainly turn us out of doors as being guilty of a far more grievous inconsistency than the unhappy traveller who breathed upon his hands to warm them, and blew upon his porridge to cool it. Give us, however, a stereoscopic picture to look at, and we instantly avail ourselves of our full allowance of eyes, being fully aware that with one only we shall get little if any effect of relief.

The fact is, that when we do what we ordinarily call *seeing* a landscape, or a picture, or an object of any kind, we perform a compound operation. By the marvelous mechanism of the eye, a picture is formed upon the retina; but that is not enough. Look into the eye of a baby of a few weeks or months old; the picture is as perfect, and the organ as faithfully receives and records the visual image, as in the case of a full-grown man: but the child has no notion of relative distances; he will put his hand beyond the object he wants to grasp, will seriously attempt to lay hold of the moon, and, could he take in the idea, would have no difficulty in believing that the green cheese of which it was made was

perfectly available for the supply of his own wants. The process by which he learns to discriminate between objects at different distances is very long and very slow; it is, in fact, a regular process of *education*, greatly aided by the sense of touch, which is constantly exercised to tell the child what certain combinations of outlines and shadings pictured on the retina really mean. The man performs at once—and apparently, but only in appearance—as one, two distinct operations. He receives the visual image, and from the results of long experience and training, interprets, at once and correctly, what the visual image means. That this is so, needs scarcely more proof than the difficulty experienced by every man when placed amongst scenery of a different kind to that to which he has been accustomed, in forming any tolerably accurate estimate of distances. Landsmen are in the habit of saying that water is very deceptive as to distance; the sailor does not think so. We can testify from ample experience that it takes a long apprenticeship to the ice-world to enable the most accurate observers to judge whether a particular point for which they are making will be reached in half an hour, or in an hour and a half. Of course, where the size of the distant object is already accurately conceived by antecedent knowledge or experience, or where the indistinctness of its outline is such as experience also tells us indicates a considerable distance, the difficulty is much diminished; but in a clear transparent atmosphere, where even distant objects are sharply defined, and in scenes where we have no means of knowing beforehand the actual size of the objects we behold,—or, to speak more correctly, are unable to reduce them to comparison with some standard present, consciously or unconsciously, to the mind—we lose the benefit of previous education, and soon find out that the eye will not serve us, without the help of the mind, any more than the mind without the help of the eye.

Now, in forming the conception of solidity and of relative distances, the mind depends in great measure upon a source of information upon which we have not yet touched—namely, upon the difference between the picture thrown on the retina of the right eye and that thrown on the left. A volume of Macaulay's "Essays," closely bound, with a rounded back, stands on the table before us; closing the right eye, we see with the left "M," of Macaulay, plain enough on its back; it happens so to stand, that if we close the left eye and look at it with the right eye only, we can barely see one stroke of the "M." It is quite clear, therefore, that we do really see with the two eyes two distinct pictures, that given by each eye embracing rather more in one direction and rather less in the other, than the image rendered by its fellow. We depend—in a very great degree with some objects, in a lesser

degree with all—on the combination of these *two* images for our notions of the actual forms and relative distances of things. Take the pen with which you are writing, away from the paper: shield it from the light so that no tell-tale shadow is cast by it—shut one eye, and we defy you to say whether the pen is an inch or a line from the paper. A lamp stands upon a side-table as we write, with a glass globe encircling its chimney. It is an old acquaintance—not exactly a "friend of forty years" perhaps—but still very familiar, and we have a pretty accurate mental impression of its portly aspect to fall back upon; but as we place it in a light falling upon its surface with tolerable uniformity, and look at it with one eye through a roll of paper just narrow enough to shut out its bounding line, we cannot for the life of us say, upon the view, whether the surface is round or flat: but give us the other eye to help us, and we instantly recognize its true form. Now why is it, that when we want to admire the magnificent perspective and relief of Jones's work, we industriously shut one eye, and confine our gaze to the canvas itself, apart from the frame? It is because it suits us voluntarily to abandon *one* source of information, which would be sure to tell us with too unsparing fidelity that it was only a flat surface after all; so we give the go-by to this inconveniently truthful monitor, and look at the great artist's work with one eye only. The imagination is now free from the trammels of too much knowledge, and the mind transports us, with more or less facility, to the scene the painter has rendered, without the risk of being called back again by the matter-of-fact appeal made to us by the second eye. It is from the same desire to prevent interference with the play of imagination that we so carefully exclude the frame. Though the scene be one of oriental richness, the idea we wish to cherish would be sadly discomposed by our being called upon to fancy also that the sparkling streams and the orange groves, beneath which the enamoured damsel is disconsolately brooding over her soft sorrows, were really set in a gorgeous frame of gilded oak or plaster of Paris. With the stereoscope, on the other hand, we endeavour to reproduce, in some degree, the conditions under which we behold the scenes of nature; and we present to each eye a different picture. The right eye looks at the picture taken with the camera planted at one spot, the left eye at the picture taken with the camera shifted to the left of its former position. Thus an approach to the conditions of the actual vision of the scene represented is secured; the mind is required, as in looking as the actual object, to combine two different pictures, and it has far less difficulty in arriving at the conception of the solidity and of the differing distances of the objects portrayed. Now, when we gain our conceptions of the

true character of a distant scene by the use of the eyes merely, it is obvious that the difference between the two pictures formed upon the two eyes respectively must be very small indeed. The parallax of an object two miles off, seen first at one place and then at another, no farther from it than one eye is from its fellow, must be minute indeed. It is a proof of how admirable is the optical mechanism of the eye, that it is in general quite sufficient to give us a very fair notion of the character of the scenery we are looking at; but we are apt, not unfrequently, to be deceived—and deceived very much—as to the amount of relief possessed by a distant object. A recess on a distant glacier, which we imagine to be trifling, often turns out to be a deep inlet in the mountain chain. If we go still further off, we are quite misled by the eyes. The full moon might well be the "glorious silver shield" to which one of our sweetest poets compares it, for all the unaided sight can tell us: and this bewilderment becomes the greater in proportion to our want of previous and independent knowledge of the objects we are looking at. We need two *sensibly* different pictures to give us the true conception of solidity, rotundity, or relative distance. Hence it is that the photographer, in order to render the illusion more perfect, is in the habit of separating the two positions of his camera by a larger space than that between the two eyes. It is another illustration of the share the *mind* has in forming the conception of the object looked at, that, to a certain limited extent, it corrects this anomaly; and if the two positions of the camera are not more than four or five times the distance of the eyes from one another, no distortion, or no appreciable distortion, ensues, even with near objects. The process, however, is often carried too far: people are fond of seeing the effect of "startling relief;" but the relief is often much greater than in nature. A spherical ball is drawn out into an egg-shaped solid, with the one end pointed towards the spectator, and points of the picture at different distances from the eye are thrown farther apart than they should be. The effect upon the human face and figure is very curious, and very unpleasant, and great bad taste is sometimes shown, in this respect, in stereoscopic portraiture. With distant objects, however, we may often, by the aid of the stereoscope, get a much correcter notion of their true relative positions than we can by the unassisted eyes. Some of the best stereoscopic pictures of distant Alpine scenes are marvelously successful in bringing home to the mind the true amount of relief and indentation of the mountain ranges and recesses they represent; and we may get in this way very accurate information as to the character of scenery we can never hope to reach. In the case of a distant mountain view, the two positions of the camera would

be many feet apart; but when we come to multiply by hundreds of thousands the figures which express the distance of the object from us, how are we to get sufficient distance between the two stations of our camera, to give us the requisite sensible difference between the pictures received by the two eyes? If we wish, for instance, to test by stereoscopy the actual figure of the moon, how are we to get sufficient *parallax?*

Probably few persons of the thousands who have seen the beautiful stereoscopic portraits of the moon now to be had in London, and who have marveled at her unwonted aspect, appearing no longer as the "silver shield," but in all the full-blown dignity of her true sphericity, have any idea of the amount of mechanical contrivance and astronomical knowledge involved in this remarkable performance. To get a photograph of the moon at all is not so simple a matter as might be supposed. The photographic action of moonlight is so feeble, that despite all the improvements brought to bear by recent research on the preparation of films sensitive to light, an exposure of hours would be needed, under ordinary circumstances, to produce any appreciable result. But the moon is moving quickly through the skies, and anything beyond a momentary exposure, if it produced any effect at all, would give a blurred outline and a hazy picture. It is necessary, therefore, to call in aid the complicated machinery already existing in observatories, by which the telescope is made to follow the motions of the heavenly bodies, so that the moon or other heavenly body being once got into the centre of its field, it remains in the centre as long as may be necessary. A very large telescope will, of course, concentrate and condense very much the light of the moon, and it has been found possible, with the powerful instruments of our best observatories, actually to obtain a photograph of the moon on a prepared glass plate placed in the focus of the eye-piece in *eighteen or nineteen seconds!* But the stereoscopic difficulty still remains—viz: how to obtain two sensibly different pictures of the moon, which, as everyone knows, has the same side always turned to us. Here the astronomer calls in aid the facts that the rotation of the moon on its axis is not absolutely uniform; so that it is not *absolutely* the same *portion* of the moon that is always turned to us. If a line were drawn from the centre of our globe to the centre of the moon, the combination of the irregularities of the moon's motion and our motion gives the appearance of a slight oscillatory movement towards one side or the other side of this line; thus bringing under our eyes a little more now of the eastern, now of the western hemisphere. Another motion, in virtue of which the axis of the moon sways a little from side to side, causes a similar

slight change in the portions of the northern and southern hemispheres visible from time to time. Now all these little eccentricities are perfectly well known to the astronomer, and are calculated and laid down beforehand with the utmost nicety and precision. All that is necessary, therefore, is to select two periods when the moon is equally near to the full or to the new, and when there is a sufficient amount of difference between the portions exposed to view, and to take one half of the compound stereoscopic picture on each occasion. The result has proved as remarkable as the steps which lead to it are complicated and delicate. Not merely has the rotundity of the moon been brought out as a matter of ocular demonstration, but the irregular character of its surface; its lofty mountains and deep volcanic craters have been so graphically rendered, as probably to dispose of all future controversy as to their nature.

It is to the ingenuity and perseverance of Professor Wheatstone that this beautiful and remarkable discovery is due. The convenient instrument now in common use is not the original application of the principle, but even the ordinary stereoscope was, we believe, first constructed by the same distinguished man. In the first instance, the experiments were almost all made with diagrams, consisting of the outlines of solid figures as seen from different points of view; and some results were obtained illustrating curiously the great part taken by the *mind*, as distinguished from the mere faculty of vision, in producing the effects in question. Some of the most recent investigations in stereoscopy supply additional evidence in support of the same proposition. It has been shown that if a page of print be taken, and the type be slightly altered, so as to throw a letter or a word here and there out of place, by moving it a little to the right or to the left of its former position, and a page be struck off from the altered type, and the two then placed side by side in an ordinary stereoscope, the words or letters which have been displaced in the second page start instantly into high relief. It is obvious here that the effect is a mental one, and that the simple fact of the letters occupying places slightly different in the two pages suggests to the mind the idea of relief, for which there is no foundation in fact. It has been suggested that this phenomenon will supply a means of detecting forged bank-notes. If a forged note and a genuine one of the same date be placed side by side in the stereoscope, the eye will instantly detect the misplacement of a single stroke, or a single water-mark, by the relief into which it will be thrown. It is obvious that, if methods now available be used, and the plate be engraved by photography, the test may fail, so far as the engraved matter of the note is concerned; but as the water-marks cannot be introduced by photo-

graphic agency into the substance of the paper, any deviation in this respect from the pattern of the genuine note will probably be apparent.

What wonders photography in general, or stereoscopy in particular, may yet be destined to achieve, it would be rash to predict; but it is not too much to hope that, considering the short period over which the history of the art as yet extends, and the number of skilful and ingenious minds now engaged in photographic researches, the best productions of the present day will be completely thrown into the shade by those of future years. If photography should ever succeed in the difficult task of copying the colours, as well as of recording the differing amounts of chemical light and shade, of nature, the fancy may safely run riot without the slightest danger of exaggerating the beauty of the results we may look for. Nor will the prospect appear hopeless, when we remember that one French chemist * has already succeeded in obtaining, by photographic means, all the colours of the spectrum, though he has failed in rendering them permanent; and that another,† if he has not actually done that by which the satirist meant to suggest the highest pitch of chimerical insanity, and extracted sunbeams from cucumbers, has at all events shown us how to *bottle up light* in any convenient receptacle,—and, for aught we know, it might perfectly well be stored in a hollow cucumber—and bring it out fresh and fit for use whenever occasion may require.

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* M. Becquerel.
† M. Niépce de St. Victor.

IV.

HUMAN CALORIC.

We must be plain with our readers. It will not do to mince matters where questions of science are concerned. Dainty people will, no doubt, object to the proposition we are about to advance. Nevertheless, we persist. Fearless of the consequences—utterly unawed by the hisses which we know will ensue—we proceed to lay down the following assertion: We are all living stoves—walking fire-places—furnaces in the flesh.

The charming Duchess of Devonshire, who made such pleasant havoc amongst the electors of Westminster, in the days of Charles James Fox, by kissing refractory voters, used to declare that the finest compliment she ever received came from the lips of a dustman. Stepping out of her carriage one day, a worthy who belonged to that profession, and who was about to indulge in a little tobacco, caught sight of her sparkling countenance, and exclaimed, "Oh, ma'am, do let me light my pipe at your eyes!"

Now, we do not intend to say that anyone can kindle a cigar, or boil an egg, or even ignite a lucifer-match, at these human hearths. There have been old saints, it is true, whose piety was so ardent, that when, like St. Fechien, they plunged into a bath, the water began to bubble and seethe as if it were passing into a state of excitable ebullition. But we cannot conscientiously indorse a story of this description. Perhaps our bodies may now be in a more secular condition than formerly; certainly they are not capable of rivaling these legendary feats. Still, we repeat, they are stoves—fire-places—furnaces—if those terms can be applied to any apparatus for the express production of caloric.

Let the disgusted reader try a simple experiment. Insert the bulb of a thermometer in the mouth, and the mercury will rise rapidly until it indicates a temperature of about 98°. There it will remain, with little or no variation, however long he may devote himself to this scientific inquiry—that is to say, for a period of about ten minutes—seeing that, according to the best calculations, the tongue is generally wanted at the expiration of this time either for purposes of talking or eating. Meanwhile, the air around may be as cool as you will. Suppose it to be the month of January, when winter is presumed to be reigning in full vigour, and every inanimate object appears to have been drained of its caloric; still the human structure will exhibit a surplus of 66°.

above the freezing point. Why is this? How does it happen that, whilst a bronze statue fluctuates in its temperature with every passing breeze, the living organism maintains its standard heat unimpaired, and preserves a tropical climate within, though the air should be full of frost and the ground enveloped in snow? It is manifest that we must have some power of "brewing" caloric for ourselves.

Now, what is the philosophy of an ordinary fire-place? The oxygen of the atmosphere combines with the carbon and hydrogen of the coal, producing, in the one case, carbonic acid, in the other, water or vapour; and this is done with so much chemical fuss, that heat and flame are largely evolved. But we must not imagine that a great display of light and a lavish discharge of caloric are essential to the operation, any more than an immense "spread" and "splutter" are necessary to constitute a man a genius. The burning of a candle may seem to be a very different thing from the decay of a bit of wood; but, in truth, the latter is little else than a mild and dilatory species of combustion. It is a masked sort of conflagration, in which the oxydation is accomplished without emitting as much sensible heat as would singe the wings of a moth, or as much luminous matter as would gild a pin's head.

Just so in the body. Carbon and hydrogen are perpetually uniting with oxygen. The latter gas, inhaled with every breath, is brought into constant contact with the former elements; and if their combination is attended with calorific results in the open air, why should not similar demonstrations accompany their union in the human interior as far as circumstances will permit?

"But, pray," exclaims the reader, with a strong sense of the indignity which has been put upon him, by converting his person into a fire-place, "how and where is this combustion effected?"

Listen, affronted friend! Your twenty-four pounds of blood are sent to the lungs for aëration at the rate of two ounces for every pulsation. There it takes up a dose of oxygen, of which gas it can absorb one-ninth or one-tenth of its bulk. Passing through the heart, and propelled into the capillaries, it returns to the lungs loaded with carbonic acid. The oxygen has vanished; that is to say, it has picked up sufficient carbon in its route to convert it into the gas which enlivens champagne and soda water, but kills animals in the Grotto del Carre or the Upas Valley of Java. A small portion, it is true, does not come back in this mephitic form, but the missing quantity is supposed to have combined with hydrogen, producing water, which issues as vapour from the lungs, or is turned to account in the system itself. Here then—to say nothing of other combustible elements, such as sulphur and

perhaps phosphorus—we have the unquestionable fact that the oxygen inspired has entered into confederacy with carbon, and consequently as large an amount of heat must have been liberated as if the same transaction had occurred in a grate or a candlestick. It is in the capillary vessels, and therefore in every quarter of the frame, that this process is conducted.

Much has been said, much written, respecting the precise sources of vital caloric. Dr. Black's theory was, that the latent heat of the air—and there is enough in any apartment, were it suddenly struck out, to reduce the occupants to a cinder—was partially made sensible in the lungs, and thus communicated to the visiting blood. Some philosophers have voted for an electro-chemical origin: some have demanded for the nervous force a share at least in the management of our internal thermometer. To the latter hypothesis, indeed, some weight must be allowed. When a man is thrown into a passion—as, for instance, by an unexpected arrest; or a lady is covered with blushes, say by an unexpected offer—is not a sensation of heat suddenly experienced in the countenance? and to what can this be ascribed but a direct intervention of the nervous power? The effect, it is true, is temporary, and it does not follow that the extra caloric is drawn from special sources, because the captive's capillaries have been stung to wrath, or because the maiden's have been flushed with delight. But it has been found by experiment that whatever enfeebles the nervous energy, lessens the development of vital heat. Let the nerves be stupefied by narcotics, paralyzed by injuries done to the spinal cord, severed by the knife, or, still more, destroyed by the decapitation of the animal (for which act a very merciless philosopher is required), and in these cases the temperature is diminished, and in the latter instance totally annihilated, even though respiration should be partially prolonged. Still, whatever influence may be assigned to the nervous power, the fact that oxygen is perpetually entering the body as a constituent of common air, and returning as a constituent of carbonic acid and moisture, compels us to regard it as the chief, though it may not be the exclusive, source of vital caloric. Dulong and Despretz were of opinion that it could not explain the derivation of more than three-fourths of our bodily warmth. Sundry ugly objections have been urged to Dr. Crawford's conclusions as to the difference between the specific capacity of venous and arterial blood. But the great chemical Baron of the day, Liebig, speaks most decidedly on the point: "The combination of a combustible substance with oxygen (says he) is, under all circumstances, the only source of animal heat."

Granting, then, that our bodies are veritable stoves, the exasperated reader will desire to know whence we procure our fuel. Fortunately our coal and firewood are stored up in a very interesting form. They are laid before us in the shape of bread-and-butter, puddings and pies; rashers of bacon for the labourer, and haunches of venison or turtle soup for the epicure. Instead of being brought up in scuttles, they are presented in tureens, dishes, or tumblers, or all of them in pleasant succession. In fact, whenever you send a person an invitation to dinner, you virtually request the honour of his company to take fuel; and when you see him enthusiastically employed on your dainties, you know that he is literally "shoveling" coke into his corporeal stove. For all food must contain two species of elements, if it is to do its duty efficiently. There must be a portion which is available for the repair of the frame, which will remake it as fast as it is unmade, and which therefore has been called the plastic or body-building material. But there must also be a certain quantity of non-azotized matter, which will combine with oxygen in order that it may undergo combustion. If we take milk, the "model food" of animals, as a criterion of proportion, we shall find that three or four times as much of the latter is needed as of the former. For one pound of simply restorative provender, an energetic man requires four of digestible fuel. The ultimate form in which this fuel is burnt is that of carbon, hydrogen, and sulphur; but proximately we swallow it in the shape of fat, starch, sugar, alcohol, and other less inflammatory compounds. By far the most incendiary of these substances is fat: ten pounds of this material, imported into your stove, will do as much work—that is, will produce as much warmth—as twenty-four of starch, twenty-five of sugar, or even twenty-six of spirits.

And a pleasant thing it is to observe how sagaciously the instinct of man has fastened upon the articles which will best supply him with the species of fuel he requires. The Esquimaux, for example, is extremely partial to oily fare. He does not know why. He never heard of the doctrine of animal heat. But he feels intuitively that bears' grease and blubber are the things for him. Condemn him to live on potatoes or maize, and the poor fellow would resent the cruelty as much as a London alderman of the old school, if sentenced to subsist on water-gruel alone. And the savage would be perfectly right. Exposed as he is to the fierce cold of a northern sky, every object around him plundering him of his caloric incessantly, what he needs is plenty of unctuous food, because from this he can generate the greatest quantity of heat. On the other hand, the native of the tropics,

equally ignorant of animal chemistry, eschews the fiery diet which his climate renders inappropriate, and keeps himself cool on rice or dates, or watery fruits.

Hence we see the reason why a very stout man, if deprived of food, can keep up his corporeal fires for a longer time than a slender one. Human fat, to use a dock expression, is bonded fuel. It constitutes a hoard of combustible material, upon which the owner may draw whenever his ordinary supplies are intercepted. Should any voluminous gentleman be put upon short commons, or, worse still, upon no commons at all, this reserve fund would be silently invaded, and day by day the sufferer would dwindle down until reduced to an affecting state of attenuation. Let all plump persons therefore rejoice. We offer them our hearty, perhaps somewhat envious, congratulations. They, at any rate, are prepared to stand a long siege from cold. Blessed with such depôts of fuel in their own frames, they are entitled to crow over the spare Cassius-like figures in which no bountiful provision has been made for the season of privation. They, too, can afford to lavish their caloric when lankier mortals have none to spare. Partly in jest, but partly in earnest, a military writer mentions a corpulent soldier who threw out so much heat that his comrades contended for the pleasure of lying near him whilst bivouacking in the field. It is even playfully alleged that some of them would come to warm their hands over him; and it was certain that no man in the army could dry up a puddle by force of natural caloric with more celerity than this portly hero. Is there not something positively benevolent in obesity? Under such circumstances, who would not wish to be philanthropically fat?

For the same reason animals which hybernate, like the bear, jerboa, marmot, dormouse, bat, and others, generally grow plump before they retire into winter quarters. Upon this capital of corpulence they subsist during their lethargy, the respiration being lessened, the pulse reduced to a few beats per minute, and the temperature lowered to perhaps 30° or 40°. But when the season of torpor terminates, they issue from their caves and burrows, meagre and ravenous, having burnt up their stock of fuel; Bruin himself appearing to be anxious to defraud the perfumers of the unguent which is so precious in their eyes.*

* It need scarcely be remarked that the doctrine of Vital Heat applies to animals as well as to men. All have their stores as well as we; but, for want of space, we confine our observations to human caloric alone. It may suffice at present to say that some creatures exhibit a higher temperature than the lords of creation. Birds are the hottest; they reach about 103° or 104°. Even the duck, with all its aquatic propensities, has warmer blood than man. Most

Such then being the stove, and such the fuel, let us now advert to one or two of the peculiarities which this remarkable apparatus exhibits. It has been justly eulogized on the score of its surprising economy. None of its caloric, we may say, is wasted: the whole is expended in warming the frame, from its innermost recesses to the tips of the fingers and the extremities of the toes. To maintain the temperature of any apartment at 98° for threescore years and ten would involve a bill of some little severity at the coal merchant's. But the quantity of combustible matter actually consumed upon our human premises is comparatively small. From ten to fifteen ounces of carbon are daily expelled from the lungs, or discharged through the skin, of an adult whose stove is in full practice. The hydrogen and other trifles should also be taken into account in our budget of fuel; but as the total quantity of oxygen inhaled in a year was computed by Lavoisier at 700 or 800 pounds only, and as all chemical combinations are effected in in definite proportions, the maximum amount of combustibles employed may be ascertained with some approach to truth.* To express the results numerically, it has been said that the caloric produced in a year would raise twenty or twenty-five thousand pounds of water from the freezing to the boiling point. But perhaps a more vivid conception may be obtained by considering that the difference between the heat of the human interior and the average heat of a latitude like ours, represents the whole difference between summer and winter. If the surplus warmth of the inhabitants of this kingdom—that which we possess over and above what the climate itself affords—could be collected, it would fuse great masses of iron, or burn a town to tinder.

The case is still more remarkable in regard to the occupants of the Polar wastes. If the corporeal caloric of these barbarians could be communicated to their atmosphere, so as to impregnate

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mammifers may be quoted at 100°, though considerable differences exist. In the heart of a lamb the thermometer rose to 107°. In contradistinction to mammals and birds, reptiles and fishes have been designated "cold blooded;" but this assertion is somewhat calumnious: for though their heat varies with the medium in which they exist, their temperature is generally a few degrees higher. Even insects, crustacea, molluscs, and other invertebrate "small deer," down to the most insignificant polyp, appear to take out a license to distill caloric on their own premises. Further, certain plants, whilst absorbing oxygen and making carbonic acid, as in the process of inflorescence, become much warmer than the surrounding air; whilst the temperature of the latter was only 66°, an *Arum cordifolium* has been known to range from 111° to 128°.

* Lavoisier's estimate is certainly low. To saturate 800 lbs. of oxygen with carbon alone, 300 lbs. of the latter would be required. This would scarcely admit of a pulmonary discharge of 10 ozs. of charcoal a day, were the whole oxygen employed in producing carbonic acid, and the cutaneous respiration thrown out of consideration.

the region with the same temperature, the aspect of the locality would be completely changed. An Arctic landscape would be a scene where tropical fruits might flourish in the open air, where palms might rear their slender stems and banyans spread their awful shade, where tigers might lurk in the thickets and boas lie coiled in the treacherous foliage above, and where the waters might be employed in fanning these British conquerors with punkahs, or carrying them in palanquins on a trip to the Magnetic Pole.

But perhaps the most striking feature in this warmth-producing apparatus, is the self-regulating power which it possesses. The fires on our domestic hearths decline at one moment and augment at another. Sometimes the mistress of the house threatens to faint on account of excessive heat: sometimes the master endeavours to improve the temperature by a passionate use of the poker, with an obligato accompaniment of growls respecting the excessive cold. Were such irregularities to prevail unchecked in our fleshy stoves, we should suffer considerable annoyance. After a meal of very inflammatory materials, or an hour spent in extraordinary exertion, the gush of caloric might throw the system into a state of high fever. How is this prevented? In some of our artificial stoves little doors or slides are employed to control the admission of air: in furnaces connected with steam engines, we may have dampers which will accomplish the same purpose by the ingenious manipulations of the machine itself. But neither doors nor dampers, pokers nor stokers, can be employed in the bodily apparatus. If, on the one hand, our human fires should begin to flag from undue expenditure of heat, the appetite speaks out sharply, and compels the owner to look round for fuel. Hunger rings the bell, and orders up coals in the shape of savoury meats. Even rags and insufficient clothing contribute to make a man voracious. Or should the summons be neglected, the garnered fat, as we have seen, is thrown into the grate to keep the furnace in play. If, on the other hand, the heat internally developed or externally applied should become unreasonably intense, a very cunning process of reduction is adopted. When a substance grows too hot, the simplest method of bringing it into a cooler frame is to sprinkle it with water, the conversion of the fluid into vapour involving the consumption of a large amount of caloric. This is precisely what occurs in our human organisms. But, doubtless, when we mention the word *perspiration*, the reader, still more deeply disgusted, will tell us that this is an extremely uncouth topic, and that we ought to blush for referring to such a coarse, ill-bred operation. Not in the least! On the contrary, we venture to submit that perspiration is an exceedingly philoso-

phical process. Instead of thinking slightly of a person who may happen to be in that condition, we ought to esteem him as one who is in a highly scientific state of body. For no sooner does the temperature of the frame rise above its standard height, than the sudorific glands, indignant at the event, begin to give out their fluid sensibly, so as to bathe the surface of the flesh. Each little perspiratory pipe (and there are supposed to be six or seven millions of pores with twenty-eight miles of glandular tubing attached) discharges its stream of moisture as if it were the hose of a fire-engine, so that the skin is speedily sluiced, and further incendiary proceedings are arrested. Whenever, therefore, a man becomes overheated by working, running, rowing, fighting, making furious speeches at the hustings, or other violent exertions, he invariably resorts to this species of exudation, and his friends begin to be alarmed lest he should fairly deliquesce.

Hence too arises the singular power of bearing for a time a temperature which would parch the body into mummy were it divested of life. Bakers will venture into ovens where the heat is considerably above the boiling point. Chantrey, the sculptor, entered a drying kiln where the thermometer indicated 350°. Chabert, the fire-king, plunged into an atmosphere which ranged from 400° to 500°. Conjurors, like the old Spanish *Saludores*, the Italian Lionetti, the English Richardsons and Powells, have earned a daring livelihood by their salamandrine feats; and though in these cases impunity was generally secured by artificial preparations, yet we know that some of their marvels, such as dipping the finger into molten lead, may be accomplished with safety by any one who chooses to try the experiment.

Drs. Blagdon and Fordyce remained for some time in an apartment where the glow of the air sufficed to roast eggs and dress steaks—drying the latter indeed so as to put them out of the pale of mastication; yet the blood in their veins was not put on the simmer. You would have expected them to suffer like Master Phaëton, when "nec tantos sustinet æstus; ferventesque auras velut e fornace profundâ, ore trahit." But no, their breath chilled their nostrils in the act of expiration: it sank the mercury in the thermometer several degrees; it cooled their fingers if directed upon them; and this it did, though the atmosphere around them acted like a sirocco when set in motion; and though a fan, instead of producing a pleasant breeze, would have compelled the strongest-minded lady to faint, however determined her nerves. What protected these fire-proof men? Simply, their sudorific glands. The sweat poured down their frames, and if any of our dainty friends had stood in their places, they would doubtless have been ashamed of the pools of perspiration which were formed on the floor.

What shall we say then, good reader? Speaking seriously, and looking at the question from a mere human point of view, could any project appear more hopeless, than one for burning fuel in a soft delicate fabric like the human body—a fabric composed for the most part of mere fluids—a fabric which might be easily scorched by excess of heat or damaged by excess of cold? Does it not seem like a touch of Quixotism in Nature, to design a stove with flesh for its walls, veins for its flues, skin for its covering? Yet here, we have seen, is an apparatus, which, as if by magic, produces a steady stream of heat—not trickling penuriously from its fountains, but flowing on day and night, winter and summer, without a moment's cessation from January to December. Carry this splendid machine to the coldest regions on the globe—set it up in a scene where the frosts are so crushing that nature seems to be trampled dead—still it pours out its mysterious supplies with unabated profusion. It is an apparatus, too, which does its work unwatched, and in a great measure unaided. The very fuel which is thrown into it in random heaps is internally sifted and sorted, so that the true combustible elements are conveyed to their place and applied to their duty with unerring precision. No hand is needed to trim its fires, to temper its glow, to remove its ashes. Smoke there is none, spark there is none, flame there is none. The pulmonary chimney is never clogged with human grime. All is so delicately managed that the fairest skin is neither shrivelled nor blackened by the burnings within. Is this apparatus placed in circumstances which rob it too fast of its caloric? Then the appetite becomes clamorous for food, and in satisfying its demands the fleshy stove is silently replenished. Or, are we placed in peril from superabundant warmth? Then the tiny floodgates of perspiration are flung open, and the surface is laid under water until the fires within are reduced to their wonted level. Assailed on the one hand by heat, the body resists the attack, if resistance be possible, until the store of moisture is dissipated: assailed on the other by cold, it keeps the enemy at bay until the hoarded stock of fuel is expended. Thus protected, thus provisioned, let us ask whether these human hearths are not entitled to rank amongst the standing marvels of creation? for is it not startling to find that, let the climate be mild or rigorous, let the wind blow from the sultry desert or come loaded with polar sleet, let the fluctuations of temperature be as violent as they may without us, there shall still be a calm, unchanging, undying summer within us?

V.

A GOSSIP ABOUT EDINBURGH.

A PERFECT library of books has been written about Edinburgh. Defoe, in his own matter-of-fact, garrulous way, has described the city. The follies of its society are reflected in the inimitable pages of "Humphrey Clinker." Certain aspects of city life, city amusement, city dissipation, are mirrored in the clear, albeit somewhat shallow, stream of Ferguson's humour. The old life of the place, its citizens rejoicing in cocked hats and powdered hair, immense paunches and double chins, and no end of knowing wrinkles in the worldly-wise faces of them, and hints of latent humour, striking gold-headed canes on every pavement—are to be seen in "Kayes' Portraits" by the dozen. Passing Scott's services to the city—the magnificent description in "Marmion," the broils of the nobles in "The Abbot," the "high peaks" in "Guy Mannering" —he has, in "The Heart of Mid-Lothian," made immortal many of the city localities; and the central character of Jennie Deans is so unassumingly and sweetly "Scotch," that she seems as much a part of the city as Holyrood, the Castle, or the Crags. In Lockhart's "Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk," we have brilliant sketches of society nearer our own time, when the "Edinburgh Review" flourished, when the city was really the Modern Athens and a seat of criticism giving laws to the empire. In these pages we are introduced to Jeffrey and Craig Crook; John Wilson, in his fervid and glorious youth, the Ettrick Shepherd, and Dr. Chalmers. Then came "Blackwood's Magazine," the "Chaldee Manuscript," the "Noctes," and "Margaret Lindsay." Then the "Traditions of Edinburgh," by Mr. Robert Chambers; then, after, the celebrated "Einburgh Journal." Since that time we have had Lord Cockburn's delightful and chatty "Memorials" of his time. But the other day, Dean Ramsay's Two Lectures, full of pleasant antiquarianism, and notices of the men and women who flourished half a century ago. And the list may be closed with "Edinburgh Dissected," written after the fashion of Lockhart's "Letters"—a book containing pleasant enough reading, although it wants the brilliance, the acuteness, and the eloquence, and possesses all the ill-nature of its famous prototype.

Scott has certainly done more for Edinburgh than all its great men put together. Burns has hardly left a trace of himself in the northern capital. During his residence there, his spirit was soured, and he was taught to drink whisky-punch—obligations he repaid by addressing "Edina, Scotia's darling seat," in a copy of his

tamest verses. It was the great magician who discovered that the city was beautiful; he sang its praises over all the world, and put more coin in the pockets of its inhabitants than if he had established in its midst a lucrative branch of manufacture, of which they had a monopoly. Walter Scott's novels are to Edinburgh what the tobacco trade was to Glasgow about the close of the last century. Scotland before Scott was like Australia before the gold discoveries. Scotland was a great scroll, with strange matters written all over it in invisible, sympathetic ink; Scott was the fire that made the writing legible—patent to all the world. Although there were several labourers before him in the field of the border ballads, he made fashionable those wonderful stories of pathos and humour. As soon as the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" appeared, everybody was raving about Melrose and moonlight. He wrote the "Lady of the Lake," and next year a thousand Cockneys descended on the Trosachs, watched the sun setting on Loch Katrine, and began to take lessons on the bagpipes. He improved the Highlands as much as General Wade did when he struck through them his military roads. Where his muse was one year, a mail-coach and a hotel were the next. His poems are quoted down into guide-books, and the driver of the coach from Callander to Loch Katrine recites you passages from the "Lady of the Lake;" and points out, in the belief that they are historic facts, the place where Fitz-James and Roderick Dhu fought, and the slope of the hill where, at the whistle of their chief, the warriors of Vich Alpine started out of the brackens and ferns. Scott won his immense popularity lightly and laughingly, and in his heart did not value it highly. He turned aside from no man in gloomy scorn. His lip never curled with a fine disdain. He never ground his teeth, save when in the agonies of toothache. He was a great, simple, sincere, warm-hearted man. He loved society; loved his friends, his dogs, his domestic. At Abbotsford he knocked off a chapter of the "Bride of Lammermuir" before his guests were up, spent the day with them, and told the shrewdest and pawkiest anecdotes at dinner. When in Edinburgh, anyone might see him on the streets or in the Parliament House. He was loved by everybody. No one so popular among the souters of Selkirk as the *Shirra*. George IV., on his visit to his northern kingdom, declared that he was the man he wished most to see. He was unquestionably the greatest, deepest, simplest man of his time. No one can read Byron after thirty; Scott is always welcome, as white bread and clear water are always welcome. The mass of his greatness takes away from one a sense of its height. He sinks like Ben Cruachan, shoulder after shoulder, slowly, till its base is twenty miles in girth. Scotland is emphatically Scott-land. He

is the light by which it is seen. His genius was universal in its nature and in its effects. He has proclaimed over all the world Scottish story, Scottish humour, Scottish feeling, Scottish virtue; and he has put money into the pockets of Scottish hotel-keepers, Scottish tailors, Scottish boatmen, and the drivers of the Highland mails.

Every true Scotchman believes Edinburgh to be the most picturesque city in the world; and, truly, standing on Calton Hill at early morning, when the smoke of the newly-kindled fires hangs in azure swathes about the Old Town, which from that point reminds one of a huge lizard—the Castle its head, the church spires spikes upon its scaly back—creeping up from the crags to look out upon the morning world—one is quite inclined to pardon the enthusiasm of the North Briton. The finest view from the interior is to be obtained looking west from the corner of St. Andrew Street. Straight before you, the Mound crosses the gulf, bearing the white Royal Academy buildings; beyond, the Castle lifts, from grassy slopes and billows of summer foliage, its time-worn and weather-stained towers and fortifications, the Half Moon Battery giving the folds of its gay standard proudly to the wind; while right opposite and across the ravine, from the railway embankment in the hollow to the coronet of St. Giles reposing in mid-heaven, the Old Town climbs up, tier on tier, with gable, chimney, and grey rocky wall. Verily, a wonderful sight; and the oldest inhabitant, familiar with it from childhood, pauses on these fine mornings as if struck for the first time with a sense of its beauty. Quite another aspect of the city is presented from the Granton Road. Walking city-ward, the New Town stretches before you—a wilderness of cold grey building. On the right you see the graceful flowing lines of the Pentlands; midway, the great bulk of the Castle; on the left, Calton Hill, with the pillars of the national monument gleaming white against Arthur's Seat, and the Crags towering behind; and if your position is commanding, and the atmosphere clear, yet farther to the east the picture is made all the lovelier by the introduction of a new element—a stretch of azure sea, whose restless lightnings almost pain the eye. But, above all, Edinburgh is wonderful at night. When darkness falls, it becomes a city of Chinese lanterns. There is a perpetual illumination, as if for a great victory or the marriage of a king. Princes Street blazes with street-lamp and gay shop-window; the Old Town gleams out a mass of twinkling lights; the Mound lifts up its starry coil; the North Bridge, leaping the chasm, holds its lamps high up in murky air; crimson and emerald lights glow in the railway station; there are lights on Calton Hill, lights on the Castle top. The city is in a full blossom of lights—witching

at midnight, and all dead ere dawn. Every variety of nature seems congregated around Edinburgh. The Forth comes widening down to it from Stirling; waves from the German Ocean roll into Musselburgh Bay. Arthur's Seat stands above the city, haunting every street. On its south-eastern slope, and in the valley separating it from Salisbury Crags, every trace of a great city is shut out: no hum of wheels, no stain of smoke, no hill of masonry. The place is silent as a Highland moor; you walk over heather and rude crag; the very sheep feeding there get out of your way, then turn to contemplate you with a certain feeling of curiosity, plainly intimating that the human figure is an unfamiliar sight. A saunter of a quarter of an hour brings you to the mouth of the "Hunter's Bog," and the Lothians are in view, where the soil is deep and fertile as that of Sussex or Kent, and where the finest wheat-crops in Britain are produced. Summer, too, dwells within the city. The gorge running between Princes Street and the Old Town is laid out in gardens and smooth spaces of grass; the lilac hangs out there in masses of scented bloom; there the laburnum pours its golden showers. Nor are clumps of foliage wanting for noonday shade. The great base of the Castle Rock waves with trees. The space between Queen Street and Heriot Row and Abercrombie Place is a perfumed belt of gardens; the centre of every square is a garden; rooks caw and build their nests in Randolf and St. Bernard's crescents. The streets sloping northward carry the eye out of the view of the city down into a green country, sprinkled with villas, to the broad blue belt of the Forth, with the passing steamer, and to the shores of Fife, in whose nooks and indentations quaint old seaports nestle, that boasted of "schippes," and traded with France and Holland, while the Jameses sat in Holyrood. Most grateful from the noise of the streets are these escapes of the eye into a far-off soft green nature —most pleasant are these belts of verdure amid the houses. The Hibernian's desideratum—of a town in the country—is fulfilled in Edinburgh.

From a picturesque and historical point of view, the Old Town is the most interesting part of Edinburgh, and the great street running from Holyrood to the Castle, and in various portions of its length called the High Street and the Canongate, is the most interesting part of the Old Town. The houses preserve their ancient appearance, they climb up heavenward, storey upon storey, with outside stairs and wooden panelings—all strangely peaked and gabled. With the exception of the inhabitants, who exist amid squalor and filth, and evil smells undeniably modern, everything in this long street breathes of the ancient world. If you penetrate down the narrow wynds that run at right angles from

it, you see traces of ancient gardens. Occasionally the old names are retained, and they touch the visitor like the scent of long-withered flowers. Old armorial bearings may yet be traced above the low doorways; two centuries ago fair eyes looked out of that window now in possession of the Irish sot and scold. Could we but know it, every crazy tenement has its tragic story, every crumbling wall could a tale unfold. The Canongate is Scottish history fossilized. What ghosts of kings and queens walk there. What strife of steel nobles. What wretches borne along in the gaze of peopled windows to the grim embrace of the "maiden." What hurrying of burgesses to man the city walls at the approach of the Southern. What lamentations over disastrous battle days. James rode up that street on his way to Flodden. Montrose went that way on the hurdle, and smote with quiet disdainful glance his foes gathered on the balcony. Jenny Geddes flung her stool at the priest in the church yonder. John Knox came up to his house here after his intercourse with Mary at Holyrood, grim and stern, unmelted by the tears of a queen. In later days the Pretender rode down the Canongate, the crown of his fathers glittering in his eyes, while bagpipes skirled around, and Jacobite ladies with white breast-knots looked down from the high windows, admiring the beauty of the "Young Ascanius" and his long yellow hair. Down here of an evening rode Dr. Johnson and Boswell, and turned in to the White Horse inn. David Hume had his dwelling, in the street and trod its pavements often enough meditating on the Wars of the Roses and the fates of English kings and queens. One day a burly ploughman from Ayrshire, with swarthy features and wonderful black eyes, came down here and turned into yonder churchyard to stand, with bared forehead and cloudy eyes, beside the unmarked grave of poor Ferguson.

"My brother in misfortunes
By far my elder brother in the Muses."

The poet Burns standing there with a heart sad enough! Did he think then of that scene in Dumfries when Jean and his children came weeping out into the narrow street and the townsmen knew that the greatest poet of their race was dead? Did he think that, seventy years after, not only Edinburgh, not only Scotland, but the round planet would hold the Centenary of his birth? Down the street, too, often walked a little boy, Walter Scott by name, destined years after to write its "Chronicles." The Canongate once seen is never to be forgotten. The visitor starts a ghost at every step; now, however, it has fallen from its high estate. Nobles, grave senators, had once here their abodes. In the old

low-roofed rooms half way to the stars, philosophers talked, wits corruscated, and Tom and Jerry, sowing wild oats in the middle of last century, drank claret jovially out of silver stoups. Quite another race of people are its present inhabitants. The vices to be seen here are not genteel. Whisky has supplanted claret. Nobility has fled and squalor has taken possession. Wild half-clad children swarm about the pavement. Ruffians lounge about the mouths of the wynds. Female faces worthy of the "Inferno" of Dante look down from the broken windows. Riots are frequent, and drunken mothers reel past scolding white atomies of children that nestle wailing in their bosoms—little wretches to whom death were the greatest benefactor. The Canongate is avoided by respectable people, and yet it has many visitors. The tourist is sure to pay it a visit. Gentlemen of obtuse olfactory nerve, and of an antiquarian turn of mind, penetrate its closes, and climb its spiral stairs. Down these wynds the artist occasionally pitches his stool and spends the day sketching some picturesque gable or doorway. The fever van comes frequently here to convey some poor sufferer to the hospital. Hither comes the detective in plain clothes on the scent of a burglar. And when evening falls and the lamps are lit, there is a great hubbub and crowd of people, and presently from its midst emerges a couple of policemen and a low hurly, with a poor half-clad tipsy woman, from the sister island, crouching upon it, her hair hanging loose about her face, her hands quivering with impotent rage, and with perfect impartiality dispensing her curses around. Attended by small boys who bait her with taunts and nicknames, and who appreciate highly the comic element which so strangely underlies the horrible sight, she is conveyed to the police-cells, and will be brought up before the magistrate to-morrow as a "drunk and disorderly," and dealt with accordingly. This is the kind of life the Canongate presents to-day, a singular contrast from the time when the tall buildings enclosed the high birth and beauty of a kingdom, and when the street beneath rang to the horse-hoofs of a king.

The New Town is divided from the Old by a gorge or valley, now occupied by a railway station; and the means of communication are the Mound and the North Bridge. With the exception of the Canongate, or long street leading from Holyrood to the Palace, the more filthy and tumble-down portions of the city are well kept out of sight. You stand upon the South Bridge, and, looking down, instead of a stream, you see the Cowgate—the dirtiest, narrowest, and most densely peopled of Edinburgh streets. Admired once by a French ambassador at the court of one of the James's, and yet with certain traces of departed splendour, the Cowgate has fallen into the sere and yellow leaf of furniture

brokers, second-hand jewellers, and vendors of deleterious alcohol. It is the Irish portion of the city. Edinburgh leaps over the Cowgate with bridges: its inhabitants are morally and geographically the "lower orders." They keep to their own quarters, and seldom come up to the light of day. Many an Edinburgh man has never set his foot in the street; and the manners and condition of life to be found therein are as little known to respectable Edinburgh as the habits of moles, earth-worms, and the mining population. The people of the Cowgate seldom visit the upper streets: you may walk about the New Town for a twelvemonth before one of these Cowgate pariahs comes between the wind and your gentility. Should you wish to see that strange people "at home" you must visit them. The Cowgate will not come to you; you must go to the Cowgate. The Cowgate holds high drunken carnival on Saturday evenings, and to walk along it then, from West Port, through the noble open space of the Grace-market, where the Covenanters and Captain Porteous suffered, on towards Holyrood, is one of this world's sights, and one that does not particularly raise your estimate of human nature. Your dream will pass from brawl to brawl, and crowds of hideous faces will oppress you, the dull sodden countenances of brutal men, women with loud voices and frantic gesticulations, and children who have never known innocence. It is amazing what ugliness the human face is capable of. The devil puts his mark upon his children as a shepherd puts his mark upon his sheep—that he may know them again. Many a face flits past here bearing upon it the evident defacement and sign-manual of the fiend.

But Edinburgh keeps all these evil things out of sight; like a guilty secret obtrudes them not on public gaze; and smiles to heaven with gaily bannered castle, tower, church spires, and "starry-pointing pyramid," rising into sunlight out of broad garden spaces and belts of summer foliage. The Cowgate has not power to mar her queenly beauties. The canker cannot touch the peach's golden bloom. Throned on crags, she strikes every eye with admiration. And, not content with supremacy in beauty, she claims a mental supremacy also. She is a patrician amongst the host of British cities; "a penniless lass wi' a lang pedigree." She has wit if she lacks wealth, she counts great men against millionaires. The actor pants for the applause of an Edinburgh audience, and when he gains it, deems his spurs are won. The poet trembles before the Edinburgh critics. The singer respects the delicacy of the Edinburgh ear. London may roar with applause, fastidious Edinburgh sniffs disdain and sneers reputation away. London is the great stomach of the empire; Edinburgh the quick, subtle, far-darting brain. Did not the knout of Chris-

topher North fall heaviest on Cockneys and Cockney poets? It is quite wonderful how Edinburgh purrs over her own literary achievements; how tenderly she sings her own greatness. She has never done wondering at herself. Swift, in the dark years that preceded his death, looking one day over some of the productions of his prime, exclaimed, "Good Heaven! what a genius I once was!" Edinburgh, looking back some fifty years, is perpetually expressing astonishment and delight. Mr. Moncrieff, one of the members for the city, never addresses an audience of his fellow citizens without recalling the names of Jeffrey, Cockburn, Rutherford, and other stars, that of yore made the welkin bright, to the extreme satisfaction of his hearers. On every side one hears of that brilliant society of forty years ago. The Whigs consider the "Edinburgh Review" the most wonderful achievement of human genius. The Tories give the palm to "Blackwood's Magazine." It may be said that Burns, Scott, and Carlyle are the only men really great in literature who during the last eighty years have been connected with Edinburgh. Scott lived in or near the city during the whole course of his life. Burns lived there but a few months. Carlyle went to London early, and there he has written his important works and matured his reputation. Let the city boast of Scott—no one will say she does wrong; but certain individuals there are who cannot discover the amazing brilliancy of her other literary lights. After all, their reputation is merely local: what blazes a sun at Edinburgh would, if transported to London, dwindle to a farthing candle. One may with perfect truthfulness admit that Lord Jeffrey was no common man. His "vision" was sharp enough within its range. He was unable to relish certain literary forms, as some men are unable to relish certain dishes—an inaptitude which may arise from fastidiousness of palate, or from weakness of digestion. He possessed a clear transparent style, an icy sparkle of epigram and antithesis, a little wit, and no enthusiasm. He wrote many clever papers, made many clever speeches, said many clever things. But a man who could so egregiously mistake and blunder on the "Wilhelm Meister," who hooted Wordsworth through his long and noble career, who had the superlative insolence to pen the memorable sentence that opens notice of the "Excursion" in the "Edinburgh Review," and who, when writing somewhat tardily, but really well on Keats, could pass over as unworthy of remark the "Hyperion," may be a distinguished individual, but can lay no claim to the character of a great critic. Poor Hazlit, wilful, passionate, splendidly gifted, with whose *forehead* Coleridge could converse for an hour, not without edification, has sunk away into an almost unknown London grave, and his works into unmerited

obscurity; while Lord Jeffrey—although his sun has set, the light yet hanging above the fallen orb, makes radiant the city of his birth. In point of natural gift and endowment, in point too of clear literary issue and result, the Englishman far surpassed the Scot. Why have their destinies been so different? The reason is, that Hazlit lived in London, Jeffrey in Edinburgh. Hazlit was partially lost in a crowd and crush of talent: Jeffrey stood, patent to every eye, on a comparatively open space. Hazlit fought desperately with his pen to keep the wolf from the door: Jeffrey was a lawyer in great practice, sometime Lord-Advocate, with a seat in Parliament; and, more than all, he was the chief of the Edinburgh reviewers. London is a free capital, containing within itself every class of people. It is the seat of legislature: it embraces Seven Dials as well as Belgravia. In London, class meets imperceptibly with class, from the Sovereign to the wretch in the condemned cell. In that finely graduated scale the professions take their own place. In Edinburgh, matters are quite different. A crown and sceptre lies up in the Castle, to be seen on payment of sixpence; but no brow wears the diadem, no hand lifts the golden rod. There is a palace at the foot of the Canongate, but it is merely a royal hotel for her Majesty, *en route* to Balmoral—a place where the Commissioner to the Church of Scotland holds for ten days his phantom court; with these exceptions, the year round, the old halls only echo the foot of the tourist and sight-seer. The Scottish nobility spend the season in London: the field in Edinburgh is left to law, physic, and divinity. The professions predominate. At Edinburgh a Lord of Session is a Prince of the Blood; a professor, a cabinet minister; an advocate, an heir to a peerage. The university and the courts of justice are to Edinburgh what the Houses of Parliament are to London. College and Parliament House have their traditions, their great men, their local interests. A Londoner, when he visits Edinburgh, is astonished to find that it possesses a valhalla all to itself, filled with gods—chiefly legal ones—of whose names he was previously in ignorance. The ground breaks into flowers beneath his feet. To-day he may conceive to be a little cloudy, may even suspect east wind to be abroad; but the discomfort is balanced by the reports he hears on every side of the brilliancy, warmth, and splendour of yesterday. "Ah! that society of forty years ago! Never on this earth did the like exist. Those astonishing men, Horner, Jeffrey, Cockburn, Rutherford; what wit, what genius, what eloquence! What a city this Edinburgh once was."

Canada recently invited a visit from the Sovereign, or a member of the Royal Family, and several of the London prints intimated

that one of the Princes might yet be stationed permanently in that province. Whether this idea will ever be carried out is exceedingly doubtful; whether, if carried out, any benefit would result, is almost equally so. In the event of a plethora of Princes, and a difficulty as to what should be done with them, the suggestion may be permitted that one should be forwarded to Dublin, another to Edinburgh, to keep court in these cities. Gold is preferred to paper; and, in the Irish capital, Royalty would be more satisfactory than its "counterfeit presentment."

> "A substitute shines brightly as a king,
> Until a king is by, and then his state
> Empties itself as doth an inland brook
> Into the main of waters."

A Prince of the blood in Dublin would be grateful to the warm-hearted Irish people. His permanent presence amongst them would cancel the memory of centuries of misgovernment, and would strike away for ever the badge of conquest. A Prince at Holyrood would effect for Scotland what Scottish Rights Associations and University Reformers have so long and so hopelessly desiderated. The nobility would again gather to their ancient capital, and their sons would occasionally be found in the University class-rooms. Life would become gayer, airier, brighter. Moreover, the presence of a Prince would break up the social tyranny of the professions, the atmosphere would become less legal, and a new standard would be introduced whereby to measure men and their pretensions. For the Prince himself, good results may be predicated. He would have, at the least, some specific public duties to perform, and would, through intercourse, become attached to the people, as the people would become attached to him. Edinburgh requires some little gaiety and courtly pomp to break the coldness of grey stony streets—to brighten a somewhat sombre climate—to mollify the east wind that blows half the year, and the "professional sectarianism" that blows the whole year round.

Edinburgh is at this moment in the full blaze of her beauty. The public gardens are in blossom; the trees that clothe the face of the earth are vestured in glad bright green; the "ridgy back" of the Old Town picturesquely jags the clear azure. Princes Street is warm and sunny: 't is a very flower-bed of parasols, twinkling rainbow coloured. Shop windows are enchantment; the flag streams from the Half Moon Battery; the church spires sparkle, sun gilt; gay equipages dash past, and the military band discourses music from afar. The tourist is already here in wonderful tweed costume. Every week the wanderers increase, and

in a short time the city will be theirs. By August the inhabitants have fled. The University lets loose upon an unoffending humanity a horde of juvenile M.D.'s, warranted to dispense—with the sixth Commandment. Beauty listens to what the wild waves are saying; valour cruizes in the Mediterranean; and law, up to the knees in practice, stalks red deer on the slopes of Ben Macdhui. Those who, from private and most urgent reasons are forced to remain behind, put brown paper on their front windows, inform the world by placard that letters and parcels may be left at No. 26 round the corner, and live fashionably in their back-parlour. Tweed clothed tourists are everywhere: they are driven in cabs, they are conducted by guides, they stand on Arthur's Seat, they speculate on the birth-place of Mons Meg, they admire Roslin, they eat haggis, attempt whisky-punch, and crowd to Dr. Guthrie's church on Sundays. By October, the last tourist departs and the first student arrives. Tailors put forth their gaudiest fabrics to attract the eye of ingenuous youth; streets bristle with "Lodgings to let," Edinburgh is again filled, and the story of the year repeats itself; the University class-rooms are crowded, a hundred schools are busy, and young Briefless,

> Who never is, but always to be, fee'd,

the sun-brown on his face, yet walks the floor of the Parliament House, in horsehair and bombazine, four hours *per diem*, to the reduction of his patrimony and the development of his muscles. During the winter there are parties innumerable. There is a fortnight's opera, with the whole fashionable world in the boxes. The Philosophical Institution is in full session with Latin, French, German, and mathematical classes; while a whole army of eloquent lecturers do battle with ignorance on public platforms, each appearing on the horizon like Phœbus, with his waggon-load of blazing day, at whose coming night perishes, smitten through with his far-darting sun-shafts. Neither mind nor body is neglected during the Edinburgh season.

In spring-time, when the east winds blow, and grey walls of *haar*—clammy, stinging, heaven-high, making disastrous twilight of the brightest noon—come in from the German Ocean, and when coughs and colds most abound, the Royal Academy opens its many pictured walls. From February to May, this is the most fashionable lounge in Edinburgh. The rooms are warm, thick-carpeted, so that not a foot-fall is heard, and there are abundance of seats. At this period of the year, "Love among the roses" is out of the question. Love secretes himself amongst the pictures instead. It is quite wonderful how many young

ladies and gentlemen suddenly get interested in the art! It is a charming place for flirtation, and when Romeo runs short in the matter of small talk, there is always a picture at hand to suggest a subject. Romeo may say a world of pretty things while he turns up the number of a picture in Juliet's catalogue—for without a catalogue Juliet never appears in the rooms. Doubtless before the season closes she has its contents by heart, and could repeat you it off from beginning to end more glibly than her Catechism. If many marriages are not made here, there are gay deceivers in the world, and the picture of "Ophelia" sinking in the weedy pool produces no suitable moral effect. To other than young ladies and gentlemen, these rooms are highly interesting, for Scottish art is at this moment stronger and more original than Scottish literature. Perhaps half-a-dozen pictures in each Academy are the most notable intellectual products that Scotland can present for the year. The Scottish brush is mightier than the Scottish pen. Here, year after year, are to be found Mr. Noel Paton's pictures, some, of the truest, simplest pathos, as the "Home from the Crimea," or that group of ladies in the cellar at Cawnpore, listening in freezing terror to the footsteps of deliverers, whom they conceive to be destroyers; others quite different from them, and of a much lower scale of excellence, although highly admired by the young people aforesaid, wherein clothes are painted instead of soul, where the merit consists in exquisite rendering of unimportant details, jewels, tassels, and dagger hilts, where a landscape is sacrificed to a bunch of ferns, and a tragic situation to the pattern on the lady's zone, or the richly slashed jacket and purple leggings of the knight. Then there are Mr. Drummond's pictures from Scottish history and ballad poetry; a string of wild moss troopers riding over into England to lift a prey; grim John Knox on his wedding-day, leading his wife home to his quaint dwelling in the Canongate; the wild, lurid Grass-market, crowded with rioters, crimson with torchlight, spectators filling every window of the tall houses, on the night that Captain Porteous was executed, the castle standing high over the tumult against the blue midnight and the stars; or the death procession of the great Montrose, seated on a hurdle, his beard untrimmed, his hair dishevelled, dragged onward through the crowded street by the city hangman and his steeds, as if the victorious slogans of Inverlochy were ringing in his ears, and flashing on his enemies in the balcony above the concentrated fire of his disdain. Then there are Mr. Harvey's solemn twilight moors, and Covenanting scenes of marriage, burial, and baptism; or drawing the eye with a stronger fascination than any of these,

as you pass along, the landscapes of Mr. Maculloch, who has painted as no man ever painted before,

> "Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
> Land of the mountain and the flood;"

Sketches of border moorland, with a solitary grey beel, on which the sunbeam strikes, a wreath of azure smoke rising afar from the shepherd's fire; Loch Scavaig in its wrath, the thunder gloom blackening on the peaks of Cuchullin, the fierce rain crushing straight down on white rock and shingly shore; sunset on Loch Ard, the mountains hanging unveiled in its golden mirror, a plump of waterfowl starting from the reeds and shaking the splendour into dripping wrinkles and widening rings; Ben Conacher, wearing his streak of snow at Midsummer; Kilchurn Castle, and the winding Awe, or

> "Lakes that, neath the moon,
> Flicker in silver round their woody isles."

He is the most national of our northern artists, and although he can, on occasion, paint grass and flower, and the shimmer of reed blades in the wind, he loves far more to present vast desolate spaces, the silence of the Highland wilderness, where the wild deer roam, the wide shore on which subsides the last curl of the indolent wave. He loves the crag rising up through the morning's vapoury belt, wet and gleaming in the sunlight; the rain cloud on the moor blotting out the distance; the setting sun raging out fierce lances of flame from the stormy clouds—clouds torn, but torn into gold, and flushed with a brassy radiance.

May is an exciting month in Edinburgh, for towards its end the assemblies of the Free and Established Churches meet. For a fortnight or so the clerical element predominates in this city. Every Presbytery in Scotland sends its representative up to the metropolis, and an astonishing number of black coats and white neck-cloths flit about the streets. At high noon the gaiety of Princes Street is subdued by innumerable suits of sable. Ecclesiastical newspapers let the world wag as it pleases, so intent are they on the debates. Rocky-featured individuals, from the far north, come up interested in some kirk dispute, and junior counsel waste the midnight oil preparing for appearance at the bar of the House. The opening of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland is attended with a certain pomp and circumstance somewhat at variance, it must be confessed, with Presbyterian quietude of tone, and contempt of sacerdotal vanities. Her Majesty's High Commissioner resides at Holyrood, and, on the morning of the day on which the Assembly opens, he holds his first levee. People rush to warm themselves in Royal sunshine even in this

dim reflection, and return with faces happy and elate. The military line the streets from Holyrood to the Assembly Hall. A regimental band and a troop of lancers wait outside the Palace gates, where the procession is slowly getting itself in order. The important moment arrives. The Commissioner has taken his seat. Out blazes the band, with loud noise, piercing every ear. The Lancers career; an orderly rides with eager spur; the long train of carriages begins to crawl onward in an intermittent manner, with many a dreary pause. At last the head of the procession appears along the peopled way. First come, in hired carriages, the City Councillors, clothed in scarlet robes, and with cocked hats upon their heads. The very mothers that bore them could not recognize them now. They pass on, silent with dignity. Then come a troop of halberdiers, looking by all the world as if the kings, Jacks, and knaves had walked out of a pack of cards. Then a carriage full of magistrates, wearing their gold chains of office over their scarlet cloaks, sternly eyeing the small boy in the crowd who has given vent to an irreverent observation. Then come the band, then the Lancers, riding on exceedingly troublesome horses; then a carriage occupied with high legal individuals, with powder in their hair, and rapiers by their sides. Then comes the private carriage of his Grace, surrounded by Lancers, whose steeds plunge and rear, and back, and sidle, in a remarkable manner. Then Tom, Jack, and Harry, for every carriage and cab on the line of route falls in; and so, attended by halberdiers, and soldiers, and a brass band, Her Majesty's Commissioner goes to open the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. As his Grace has to attend all the sittings of the reverend court, the Government generally select for the office a nobleman dull of hearing. He does no good; he has no voice in the deliberations. He is a mere bauble —not even ornamental. While the debate is going on below, he is not unfrequently seen, with spectacles on nose, quietly perusing the *Times*. He is allowed two thousand pounds, and his duty is— to spend it. He keeps open table for the assembled clergymen. He holds a grand evening levee, to which several hundred people are invited. The newspapers inform us that, on the last occasion, seventeen hundred invitations were issued. Think of it! Seventeen hundred individuals of both sexes bowed before the shadow of Majesty, and then *backed* in the gracefullest manner. On that evening the shadow of Majesty performed seventeen hundred genuflections. Verily, the labourer is worthy of his hire. The vale of life is not without its advantages.

But we must draw our desultory gossiping to a close. With us, above all things, a sense of the beauty of the city abides—hill, crag, castle, rock, blue sketch of summer sea, the picturesque

ridge of the Old Town, the stately squares and terraces of the New—these things once seen are not to be forgotten. The quick life of to-day, sounding around relics of antiquity, overshadowed by the august traditions of a kingdom, makes, to the resident or the tourist, more impressive than any other British city, this

Grey metropolis of the North.

VI.

TOWN AND FOREST.

CHAPTER XIII.

BROTHER AND SISTER.

How blest the sacred tie that binds
In union sweet according minds!
How swift the heavenly course they run,
Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes are one!

"ELLEN," said John Miller to his sister, as they sat together over the fire, "I think you must have observed, since your return from the country, a difference in my manner towards Bessy."

"Well," said Ellen, "I have."

"What do you think about it?" said John.

"I think her a very nice girl indeed, John. Not only pretty and pleasant, but with really good principles and a sweet temper."

"Yes, she's all that," said John. "The thing is, I don't exactly know what to say on the subject of marriage."

"If you don't, who is to?" said Ellen, smiling.

"What I mean is, I don't know whether it is well for me to think of marrying *at all*. If I *were* to think of it, there can be no doubt that Bessy would be my choice—if she would have me."

"Certainly, your clerkship is not much to marry on," said Ellen. "Still, it keeps you and me, and therefore would keep you and her."

"What, and for us to turn you adrift? Oh! oh!"

"Don't think of me for a minute, John. I shall do very well, some way or other. Who knows but I may marry too, if you set me the example?"

She laughed merrily; but in reality she had not such a thought in her head.

"Just so: you and Mr. Bolter," said John, in the same tone. Then, more gravely, "Well, but putting you out of the question, even then I should have little enough to set up on with Bessy; but suppose I had still less!"

"Why should we suppose any such thing?"

"Because I have now and then thought of giving up my clerkship."

"Oh, John! What for?"

"To try to be another Mr. Bolter."

"John! you take away my breath."

"Yes; I knew you would be surprised; but I really have had serious thoughts of it. Sometimes the wish comes over me very strongly. I almost think it is as strong a feeling, at times, as my feeling for Bessy."

"Well, they need not clash. Missionaries do not take vows to live single, like monks."

"No, but at first starting, at any rate, they would work better as single men. Moreover, the necessary preparation would place an interval between my first decision and my first start."

"John, you have surprised me so, I cannot immediately think clearly. I had no idea Mr. Bolter had so much influence over you."

"*His earnestness constrains me!* When I see such *reality* of zeal in that man, such complete devotion of himself to his work, and when I think of the indescribable importance of that work—it seems to me quite contemptible in comparison to go on casting up brewers' bills! especially when I know that labourers in the vineyard are so wanted!"

"Well, it is a very momentous step to take. I hope you will do nothing rashly."

"I promise you I will not. And, mark you, Ellen! though I feel impelled to be a co-labourer of Mr. Bolter's, I do not feel equal to doing the same work. I am ready for Hainault Forest, but not for Hopkinsville! It would be too depressing—I could not stand it."

The conversation was interrupted by the return of Mr. Bolter. Somehow, it had become quite a settled thing for him to board with John and Ellen; a very pleasant arrangement for them, as they were so fond of his company; and a wonderful advantage and comfort to him, who required the cheerfulness of a home circle on returning from his exhausting duties, and who infinitely preferred eating and drinking such things as were set before him to catering for himself. So he had made a little pecuniary arrangement with his kind friends which proved satisfactory to both.

He had now established weekly and Sunday meetings for prayer and study of the Scriptures, adult reading-classes, a savings' bank, a reading-room, and loan library; and the daily schools under the patronage of the Society of Friends, Independents, and Baptists, were progressing most encouragingly, side by side with those of the Established Church. There was so much to do that there was room for all. Unfortunately, typhus and scarlet fever, small-pox and cholera, were all at work in this pestilential district, and considerably thinning its population, besides rendering many who did not die unfit for work. Mr. Bolter visited many of these cases, and more than once sat up with the sick all night. Had he been a Xavier or a Borromeo, he would have been canonized; as he was only a poor city missionary he was not. "But he shall be mine, saith the Lord, in the day when I make up my jewels."

As he does not lead a charmed life, behold! our friend Bolter is laid low by typhus himself. There he is, quite delirious, in a little, clean, but very humble bedroom, with John beside him, and a calm, thoughtful woman dressed in dark brown, with the whitest of caps and aprons, ministering to him. It is Margaret, who is utterly fearless of infection, while Ellen, downstairs, is preparing refreshing beverages for him, and now and then wiping the blinding tears from her eyes.

Well, it pleased God to restore our good friend to something like health; though he was never again to be the man he had been before. His medical man and Dr. Grace (the latter of whom had considerably inconvenienced himself by keeping up Mr. Bolter's prayer-services as much as he could) were both strongly of opinion that his constitution had received such a shock as to render it expedient, nay, a duty he owed himself, to exchange his district for one in a healthier locality; but directly the subject was broached, Mr. Bolter burst into tears and said, "Oh, I cannot, cannot leave my poor people! Do not urge it, I beseech you! I would rather die in Hopkinsville than live anywhere else!"*

And this feeling was found to be so rooted, that there was no good in trying to shake it out of him; so that his doctor gave up the effort with a shrug, and good Dr. Grace fervently commended him in prayer to God. And that prayer seemed wonderfully answered. Mr. Bolter became better from that day. Mr. Truebury had him down to Grey Nuns, and found a lodging for him, free of cost, at his own bailiff's, where the good people made much of him, and feasted him with new milk, new-laid eggs, cream, home-made bread, home-brewed ale, and other good things, till they made him quite stout and hearty.

One day, when he was strolling among the woodlands, he came to a long, narrow, rushen basket, with a net over it, containing a live leveret, at the foot of a tall tree; and, just as he was stooping to examine it, a voice from aloft exclaimed, "Oh, my master! my teacher!" and down slid Pharaoh with prodigious swiftness, holding a squirrel by the tail, that was doing his utmost to bite him, in his left hand, while his right hand was eagerly extended to Mr. Bolter.

"To think of our meeting so near our old ground!" cried Pharaoh, joyfully. "We haven't been here long, but all's safe now. We're close at hand. Do come! do come!"

"With all my heart," said Mr. Bolter, cheerfully. "What have you got here?"

"That's a leveret," said Pharaoh, catching up the basket. "They sell well in the streets to children—mostly to little girls; they like them to run about their gardens. Only, they soon die, they do; 'cause they don't get their natural food, and are hindered of their natural habits. Besides, dogs and cats worries them, terrible. However, they fetch sometimes one shilling, sometimes two. And this squirrel's

* Authentic.

worth eighteenpence. Not a bad day's work, sir. See! he's not a bit afraid of me. Oh, he *can* bite, I believe you!"

"Well, I suppose you've forgot all your reading."

"Forgot it!" cried Pharaoh, stopping short, and looking highly injured. "You don't mean to say that? Why, haven't I made every one of 'em Christians? Even my old grandmother, that's a hundred-and-one?"

Mr. Bolter looked at him in surprise. It seemed too good news to be true. At any rate, he feared the change could be only skin-deep.

Just then they came to a tidy-looking tent, pitched, as gipsies' tents are pretty sure to be, in a picturesque spot, on a patch of greensward, with an old oak and a birch or two overhead, and a brooklet of running water gleaming close at hand.

In this brook, Zobel was washing a few clothes; while her husband, seated on the ground, was dexterously making the slight baskets used by fishmongers and poulterers. The aged woman, whom some called "Pharaoh's daughter," and others the "Queen of the Gipsies," lay just within the tent, on a pallet of straw, intently listening to Mariam, who, with her sleeping child on one arm, and her finger tracing each word she read in Pharaoh's lesson-book, was slowly repeating—

"Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out."

"O, blessed, blessed Jesus!" exclaimed the old woman, who did not see Mr. Bolter; "I love his very name!" *

"Ah! here comes our good gentleman!" cried Pharaoh's father, with pleasure and surprise; and all the family gathered round him to welcome him except the old woman, who impatiently held out her hand to him till he went up to her and took it. After a few words of affectionate greeting had been exchanged, the women took notice of Mr. Bolter's altered looks, and he mentioned his illness, which called forth expressions of interest and sympathy.

"Ah, you nearly lost your life, then, for the sake of poor perishing sinners!" cried Zobel. "What could man do more?"

"You will have your reward," said the old woman; "a crown of glory. But you didn't do it for that. No, no!"

"Sir," said the elder Smith, "I can never thank you enough for teaching my poor boy. All that *he* knows, he has taught *us*. If you will give me leave, I will repeat to you the Lord's Prayer;" which he did, very reverently, the others clasping their hands. "And now, sir, if you will have patience with me, I will read the first part in my son's lesson-book."

Mr. Bolter was astonished at his progress. He had produced his pocket Bible, and was holding it in his hand.

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* "An old mother of the tribe was heard, not long ago, to speak with delight, and to say of that Saviour whom he (the missionary) so tenderly talked about, 'I love His name!' She is on the verge of her hundredth year, has more than a hundred descendants, and is a most interesting character."—*City Mission Magazine*, Jan. 1, 1858.

"Ah," said Smith, who knew the look of it, "I'm afraid I cannot yet read *that* book; but yet I should like to try."

Mr. Bolter gave it him. He unfortunately opened on the second chapter of Numbers, and, of course, could make nothing of it. Mr. Bolter opened the book for him at the first chapter of St. John. He read several verses quite fluently; and exclaimed, with delight,

"Thank God! I am beginning to be able to read the Bible! Oh, if I could read that blessed book, I think there would be hope for me. I should then learn what I must do to be saved."*

He paused, and seemed full of thought.

"I am hindering you at your work," said Mr. Bolter, softly.

"Oh, sir," said he, starting, "I never mind my work, if I can only learn the right way."

"It is so simple," said Mr. Bolter, "that even the wayfaring man need not err therein."

"Oh, sir, read, read to us! read us the words of eternal life!"

Mr. Bolter read the 12th and 22nd chapters of Genesis, commenting as he went along; and, from the type, Isaac, directed their attention to the anti-type, the Son of God, dwelling feelingly on his love to sinners, manifested in the great sacrifice he offered in himself for sin. Their attention was riveted.† Zobel turned her head away and was bathed in tears. Her husband brushed his eyes with his coat-sleeve. Mr. Bolter concluded with prayer, and all knelt around him except the grandmother, who devoutly raised her hands and eyes.

"See!" said Smith, after they had risen, and pointing as he spoke to a pile of wood, "to-day is Saturday. I remember what you said about gathering sticks on the Sabbath, and you see I have collected enough for two days."

Mr. Bolter was touched. Many months had intervened since he spoke of it.

When he bade them farewell, they all expressed such regret at his going, that he promised he would visit them and pray with them on the following day. He left them, followed by their blessings. Pharaoh, who was on his way to town, to sell his squirrel and leveret, begged to accompany him part of the way. It had already been arranged that he was to resume his place in the class at Hopkinsville, whither Mr. Bolter was about to return to his duties on the following Monday.

"Now then," said Pharaoh, wistfully, as soon as they were alone together, "haven't I made them Christians?"

"Pharaoh, what you have done is wonderful! It has evidently had the blessing of God. My good fellow, you must leave snaring leverets and catching squirrels, and hunt men's souls!—the men of your own race. Our Lord came upon two of his disciples when they were fishing, and told them that if they would follow him, he would make them fishers of men. In like manner, my dear lad, he may, if he wills, make you an apostle to the gipsies, who may probably find

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* Verbatim. † Verbatim.

far more acceptance among them than any one not of their own race. What say you? Will you leave all and follow him?"

"Master, what have I to leave but such as these?" said Pharaoh, holding out his leveret and squirrel. "Certainly I will." And taking Mr. Bolter's meaning literally, he instantly let his little prisoners go free. Off they darted to their native greenwood.

"You're a capital fellow!" cried Mr. Bolter, laying his hand on his shoulder.

"Oh, no," said he, sighing, "I'm only a poor gipsy. And I'm afraid I didn't understand above half of what you said just now. But, as to laying down whatever I may have, to do as you bid me, *that* I'll do at any time; and all you'll teach me I'll learn as well as I can, and teach again to others; and pray to God to make them learn with all their heart—with all their might. Will that do?"

"Excellently."

Then Mr. Bolter explained to Pharaoh that, as he did not want to rob him of his only means of subsistence, poor as he was, at any rate while he had nothing better to offer him in its stead, he by no means wished to hinder him of gaining his livelihood after his usual fashion, as long as it led him to no dishonesty or injuring the property of others. But, on the whole, he thought digging up and selling primrose roots and violet roots better than snaring leverets or squirrels; and that the more time he found he could give to his schooling the better; and who could say but that eventually, if he sufficiently profited by his teaching, he might become a paid teacher to his own people, under the direction of the very Society that paid Mr. Bolter?

This was such a splendid prospect to Pharaoh, that the sceptre of Egypt could scarcely have more dazzled him. To be on anything approaching to a level with Mr. Bolter, endued with the same knowledge, inspiring the same affectionate respect, exercising the same powers of usefulness, to say nothing of wearing the same gentlemanlike coat and hat, appeared, even in remote distance, so tempting an incentive to well-doing, that his heart swelled as he thought of it.

After walking some way in silence, "Blessed be the hour," exclaimed he, "when I started out upon you, and asked you to read me 'Selling-off under Prime Cost!' That was a famous Sunday for me!"

"It was," said Mr. Bolter. "We little know what great consequences will result from seemingly small causes. A poor woman, coming to draw water, found the Lord Jesus sitting by the well, and entered into conversation with him, till not only he had convinced her that he was the Son of God, but, at her persuasion, the men of her city came out to hear him for themselves, and were savingly converted, as well as herself. In like manner may you be the instrument of eternal salvation to many of your own people. And now, God be with you! My way is through this gate."

"God be with *you*, sir."

And he went on his way, rejoicing.

CHAPTER XIV.

FORESHADOWS.

"Lord, and what shall this man do?"
Ask'st thou, Christian, for thy friend?
If his love for Christ be true,
Christ hath told thee of his end;
This is he whom God approves;
This is he whom Jesus loves.

MR. BOLTER returned to his work, invigorated and refreshed. A heavy loss, however, awaited him—his excellent and sympathizing superintendent, Dr. Grace, had been removed to a new sphere of usefulness in one of the western counties. Mr. Bolter's new superintendent was a layman—Mr. Meyrick, a wealthy, influential, gifted, and very excellent man, but one who could by no means be the efficient support to him that he had lost in Dr. Grace. Mr. Meyrick, when he came to read Mr. Bolter's report, was very much astonished to find that within some thousand yards of his own warehouses might be found a row of crazy cottages called Rabbit-hutch Row, which were constantly under water, and over water too; the water rising through the planks from beneath, and dripping through the miserable roofs above: that a few yards from this healthful and salubrious spot, a schoolhouse might be seen in nearly the same plight, with the schoolmistress under an umbrella, teaching a hundred children,* a few of whom were fortunate enough to wear pattens. Furthermore, he read that a stagnant ditch of the most odious description skirted one side of this eligible seminary, which, in order to reap the full benefit of its effluvium, had an unglazed window opening on it, only partially closed by a rickety shutter. Over this ditch, a wooden bridge with a house upon it was erected: it seemed intended for a pleasure-house in connection with an adjacent bowling-green; but the bowling-green had long ago come to nothing, and this agreeable summer-house was now actually the dwelling of some poor miserable family that could find no better.

Furthermore, he read that, in rainy weather, the state of the streets was such that Mr. Bolter frequently stuck in the mud, and once lost his shoe—not mislaid it: he never found it again.

Mr. Meyrick said all this was very horrid: it ought to be remedied. He thought an undertaker must have bought the place as an eligible investment. Mr. Bolter observed that the inhabitants had not much to lay out in coffins. Mr. Meyrick asked him what the place most wanted. He replied drainage, lighting, and paving, and a good supply of drinkable water; also public baths and wash-houses.

Mr. Meyrick, after some cogitation, determined on a very useful act of liberality. He would erect a public fountain or pump!

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* Authentic.

Mr. Bolter was delighted. It had been quite a mockery, he observed, to persuade people to give up spirituous drinks, when a cup of wholesome water was not within their reach.

So the fountain was made, and the poor blessed Mr. Meyrick.

Mr. Bolter had another thorn in his side, which it was out of Mr. Meyrick's power to remove. A new clergyman had been appointed to the parish in which Hopkinsville was included, who was not disposed to work comfortably in unison with the city missionary. The Rev. Cyril De Vere was a remarkably gentlemanlike young man, strikingly handsome, an elegant scholar, very desirous of doing good, but inexperienced and rather opiniated. Once or twice, when he and Mr. Bolter happened to meet, he treated him with marked coolness and haughtiness; so that it was evident to the poor people about them that the missionary had not the minister's support. This was, to a certain extent, injurious to Mr. Bolter as well as very uncomfortable; because Mr. De Vere really had so much good in him, and was so zealous in doing his best according to his own views, that he secured the good word of a large body of parishioners, and his disapproval of Mr. Bolter carried considerable weight. However, as Mr. De Vere was conscious he did not like Mr. Bolter, he became gradually impressed with the conviction that Mr. Bolter could not, and therefore did not, like him. This made him very ready to listen to any tattle on the subject that might reach him through evil-disposed persons; and as such persons are always to be found, it at length came to pass that Mr. De Vere made an open complaint to the Society that employed Mr. Bolter, that the missionary had, in the course of visitation, made remarks reflecting on him. This Mr. Bolter wholly and positively denied. The Society, however, expressed its readiness to listen to any proof that could be adduced in support of the charge, and a sub-committee was held for that purpose, which Mr. De Vere and his witnesses attended. The charge could not be substantiated by them, and it would have been gross injustice had the Society withdrawn its support from Mr. Bolter on such evidence. His conduct during the entire course of his connexion with them, had so secured their confidence, and his whole spirit and behaviour during this trying examination was, to their minds, so entirely that of an innocent man, and spoke so favourably for his candour, integrity, and temper, that they refused to dismiss him, and even expressed a strong encomium on his missionary career. This was excessively annoying to Mr. De Vere, who expressed himself very hotly about it among his own friends, and ever after looked very much vexed whenever Mr. Bolter's labours were alluded to; applying to his principles the disagreeable word "unsound."

Now, nothing in the world is easier than to set about an opinion that a man's doctrine is "unsound;" and nothing more difficult than to refute it, except by living it down, which is a slow process. In this instance, it was altogether a wanton, idle accusation; for Mr. De Vere knew very little indeed of Mr. Bolter's principles or practice, and

would have thought himself very hardly used, if any one had called him High Church on as insufficient grounds as he called Mr. Bolter Low Church, or no church. In that lawless kind of way which we see and hear examples of every day and every hour, he set a mark on this poor good man's shoulders which he could not immediately get rid of, by calling him "unsound."

One evening, Mr. Bolter was picking his way towards the scene of his labours, when a thin, anxious-looking little boy, about eleven years of age, plucked him by the sleeve, and said, with agitation, "Sir, I've lived three weeks on begging, and I'm hungering now; give me something to save me from starving, or I'll go and steal!"*

"Come in here," said Mr. Bolter; and, turning into a small eating-house, he gave the boy a small basin of soup and a piece of bread. The boy ate with avidity; and, when he had finished his meal, he looked up at Mr. Bolter with a tear in his eye, and timidly laid his hand upon his. They left the shop together, and Mr. Bolter then said—

"You say you have begged three weeks: what did you do before?"

"Well, sir," replied the boy, shuffling to keep up with him, and looking him full in the face, "I'm an orphant, I am, and father died afore I can remember; mother died, maybe, two year ago. She did job-work, flannels for the tailors, and such like—anything she could get. Sometimes she worked all night, for we was very bad off—we was so. At last she died, and the good 'oman as we lodged with, who had a mangle, says to me: 'Now, my poor lad, you must shift for yourself; here's an old basket and a few pence, and you'd better start in the muffin line.' Well, I did so; but it's only a winter trade, is muffins. Then I sold creeses, and then cherries, 'cording to the season, sir, you know. Well, I drawed up with a little chap called Tom: Tom had a father an' mother, and I'd none; so they lets me have half Tom's bed. Tom's father knew my mother: he's a coalheaver, but sometimes he's out o' work. He says sometimes, when he's very much down with the rheumatics, that they must all go into 'the house.' He's very ill now, and they're all pretty near starving, which makes me not tell 'em I'm starving too. If you'll believe me, sir, three weeks ago, a big boy knocked me down, and ran away with my basket. Oh, wasn't it bad of him! Since then, I've had nothing I could do but beg. But I don't like it, sir—it sticks in my throat. *Read*, sir? Ay, to be sure, I should like to learn to read; but who'd teach me? Tom would like to learn, too. *You'll* teach me—teach *both* on us? Lor' bless you, sir! Bless you for ever! Sure we'll come. Yes, I'll come with you now, sir, and see where it is, and what it's like: that soup's made a man o' me. And if you'll trust me with a couple of shillings, sir, it'll start me in trade again, and I'll repay you before the month is out."

Surely it was the artless tale of some such little outcast as this, that

* Authentic.

made poor half-crazy Blake, the artist, write his pathetic little poem of "The Chimney-Sweep":—

"When my mother died, I was very young,
And my father sold me, while yet my tongue
Could scarcely call out, ''Weep, 'weep, 'weep,'
So your chimnies I clean, and on soot I sleep.

"There's little Tom Dacre, who cried when his head,
That curled like a lamb's back, when shaved; so I said,
'Hush, Tom! never mind it, for when your head's bare,
You know that the soot cannot spoil your white hair.

"And so he was quiet; and, that very night,
As Tom he was sleeping, he had such a sight!
There, thousands of sweepers, Dick, Joe, Ned, and Jack,
Were all of them locked up in coffins of black.

"When down came an angel, who had a bright key,
And opened the coffins, and let them all free;
Then, down the green vale, laughing, leaping, they run,
And wash in the river, and shine like the sun.

"Then, naked and white, all their bags left behind,
They rise up on pure clouds, and sport in the wind,
And the angel told Tom, if he'd be a good boy,
He'd have God for his father, and never want joy.

"And so Tommy awoke, and we rose in the dark,
And got with our bags and our brushes to work;
Though the morning was cold, he was happy and warm,
So, if all do their duty, they need not fear harm."

Reader, will you hear another case? These stories are *true*. One afternoon, towards dusk, a girl offered Mr. Bolter some flowers. There was nothing importunate in her manner; she was very poor, but neat and modest. On his questioning her as he walked away, she told him her little history. She said:—

"Mother has been dead just a year this month; she took cold at the washing, and it went to her chest. She was only ill a fortnight. She took on dreadful bad, for she knew she was going, and she couldn't think what would become of me. Minister, sir? No; no minister came a-near us, nor gentleman nor lady of any sort. Nobody cared for us but our two selves. When she was gone, I hadn't a friend. A young woman as sold flowers took pity on me, and said I might do the same, and lodge where she did. And so I do: the woman is poor, but quite respectable. And she's very kind to me, sir: she gives me a dinner on Sundays. During the summer months, I clear sixpence a day. But I can only sell flowers five days in the week—Mondays, there's no flowers in the market; and, of the sixpence a-day, I pay threepence for lodging. I get a halfpennyworth of tea; a halfpennyworth of sugar; a pound of bread, threehalfpence; butter, a halfpenny. I never tastes meat but on Sunday. What I shall do

in the winter, when there are no flowers, I don't know. I can't bear to think of it."

Mr. Bolter thought this was a case in which Mrs. Truebury would be sure to interest herself. Meanwhile, he set Margaret to keep her eye upon the girl.

A great contest between the powers of light and darkness was now at hand; one of those contests which, could we foresee them and comprehend their amazing consequences, would send us to our knees to wrestle with God in prayer, night and day, till we obtained the promise of victory. Things had hitherto gone passably well in Hopkinsville; nay, considering the immense disproportion between the work there was to be done and the labourer who had to do it, the progress was highly encouraging. Many were under instruction; many were reclaimed from sinful courses, and leading more devout lives; many were drawn to divine worship; many heard the word of God in their own dwellings; many sick and dying persons were visited. This was much; but it was chiefly among those poor resident families who, as as Mr. Bolter told Dr Grace, were really too physically weak to be actively wicked. A large and most dangerous class remained unapproached and seemingly unapproachable; a class of sturdy, stalwart labourers in the docks and railways—Irish, Welsh, north-country—men of immense physical force, with absolutely no characters to lose—brawlers, drunkards, blasphemers, wife-beaters, who, as they more than once had told Mr. Bolter, would as soon knock out his brains as look at him.

Of this class there had lately set in quite a stream, that choked the small lodgings and public houses, and filled the district with clamour and disorder. Their head-quarters were at a very disreputable place called the Rat's Hole, which Mr. Bolter longed, yet feared, to approach. Here might be heard seditious *orators* loudly applauded; here drunken songs were sung in uproarious chorus, and here many a robbery was concerted.

At first, these men knew nothing of Mr. Bolter, and as he had not interfered with them, they had no motive for interfering with him; but, little by little, they began to know something of him and to hate him. Strong members of the corps were accosted and remonstrated with; one or two of them were visited by him when sick; others saw and heard him talking with their fellow lodgers. He was dubbed a blue light; he was told his life was not worth a farthing's purchase; he was shown a bludgeon bought expressly to knock out his brains; and other agreeable things of the kind.

Mr. Bolter had so much courage that these threats affected him very little; but a great burthen was laid on his soul. The awful spiritual condition of these desperadoes, their utter impenetrability to the voice of reason or persuasion, their damaging influence on the morals of the neighbourhood, weighed on him like lead. His healthy red and brown complexion had already, under the influence of Hopkinsville atmosphere, become sallow and sickly; his features were becoming pinched, and a look of deep anxiety in his hollow eyes made

it painful sometimes to meet their pathetic glance. Good-natured Mr. Meyrick was much struck by it. "Bolter," said he, "you ought to have additional aid." But Mr. Meyrick was not prepared to undertake the entire support of another missionary himself; and, just then, the Society was particularly oppressed by more appeals from various quarters than they could possibly answer. Were there no well-to-do shop-keepers, thriving men of business, men of easy fortune, that might have raised the funds, singly or together, with the utmost possible ease? Of course there were. There always are. But, as they did not come forward, and chose to think their strength was to sit still, Mr. Bolter expended his own little remaining strength in continuing to go about single handed.

John Miller had at length found out what to say on the subject of marriage. He and Bessy were engaged, and as happy as two fondly attached people could be. But alas for their prospects! One fine summer day, Bessy had made one of a gay water party to Hampton Court. The afternoon proved inveterately rainy; the wearers of thin muslins, baréges, and tarletans were drenched to the skin, and had to sit so long in their wet clothes, that the wonder was, Bessy should be the only victim. She caught a cold which settled on her lungs, and went into a rapid and fatal decline.

John now found, that instead of going to exhort the dwellers in Hainault and Epping forests, there was home-missionary work him for to do. Bessy had always been a pleasing, well-conducted girl, but she had never been a serious thinker; and now that eternity stared her in the face, she was wretched and desponding at the thought of death. John was quite appalled at the vehemence with which she clung to the things of this life; he was greatly exercised in spirit; he besought God, with groanings that could not be uttered, to change her heart by the influence of his Holy Spirit, and give her a living interest in the things belonging to her eternal peace. His prayer was heard; he was permitted to be the privileged instrument of this young girl's salvation; and no minister or missionary of the profoundest experience could perhaps have led her faltering steps along the heavenward path with more success than he was enabled to do under the powerful impulses of human and divine affection.

At length she died. Such peace, such sweetness attended her closing scene, that though John and Ellen wept, it could hardly be said they lamented.

Dear as thou wert, and justly dear,
We should not weep for thee;
One thought shall check the starting tear,
It is, that thou art free.
And thus shall faith's consoling power,
The tears of love restrain.
Oh, who that saw thy parting hour,
Could wish thee here again?
Gently the passing spirit fled,
Sustained by love divine:
O may such grace on me be shed,
And may such end be mine!

Some of us have seen a large silken bag, inflated with highly rarefied air, only prevented by a cord from soaring upward to the skies. That cord, in John's case, was now severed, and his soul sprang up to its own element. He did not immediately abandon his clerkship, but he devoted every spare minute to the studies befitting the course he meant to pursue, with such earnestness that his progress was thrice as rapid as it would have been under ordinary circumstances. His mind was wholly given to serve the Lord.

VII.

DEGENERATION.

MAN came perfect from the hand of his Maker, but he has "sought out many inventions," most of them by no means particularly to his advantage. What was the special type of this perfect man, we are not in a condition to ascertain. We, as good Englishmen, feel an instinctive, irresistible tendency to conceive of Adam as a very completely-developed countryman of our own, as to *physique:* in the two celebrated French paintings of the "Temptation" and the "Fall," he is represented as a model Frenchman, even to the well-waxed and curled moustache. And if the African troubles himself about his first parent, his fancy doubtless paints him as with a skin still blacker and more sebaceous, lips still thicker, and hair more woolly, than his own.

The earliest representations of our species are far different from all these, and also from the Grecian type of perfection, yet probably not more so than they are from the real original man; so that, in speaking of "degeneration," we have no absolute standard of comparison. Yet the most cursory glance over the varieties of our race, whether in their ethnological or their social relations, show that such degeneration has taken place, either absolutely or relatively; absolutely, in so far as the subject of it may be supposed to have fallen from a higher state of civilized development—relatively, as they have failed to raise themselves to a certain standard. Ethnologically, the comparison would be between the refined and cultivated European, and what are called the "wild people" of Ceram, or the "original people" of the Malay peninsula, who seem, objectively considered, to differ from the monkeys in little else but some unintelligible rudiments of articulate speech, and the casual accomplishment of kindling a fire. How have the differences been brought about? If we resort to the "diversity of race" theory, we only move the difficulty one short step backwards; for we are met by the consideration that, within credible historic periods, barbarous nations have become civilized, whilst these have not; and also that, in some instances, people possessing a tolerably high grade

of civilization have relapsed into almost complete barbarism, as we may see in certain Portuguese colonies.

But, considering man as one species, there are still two fundamental views of his nature and progress, which it may be well briefly to notice. We, as believers in the possibility and the actuality of a revelation, see, in the benighted, degraded condition of the heathen, the result of the original curse, operating through natural laws; by virtue of which, and in accordance with providential arrangements shrouded in the most impenetrable mystery, they are waiting, long waiting for the bringing-in of the fulness of the Gentiles. But there are those who recognize no revelation, nor even the possibility of such; and of these, a certain class of writers affect to believe that these so-called "*original people*" are samples of men almost as originally created, in whom the only believable source of improvement—*i.e.*, "*natural progress*"—has operated very slowly. We say *almost* as originally created; for by the theory he is supposed to have been turned upon the earth without speech or knowledge of any kind, and has had emphatically to "work out" his own development. The author of the "Defence of the Eclipse of Faith" gives a graphic and amusing picture of man as thus circumstanced:—

"We must fancy man feeling his way at once to the lowest elements of civilization and the most elementary conceptions of religion. And as savages make no rapid progress (*some* philosophers say they cannot, and all history shows they do not), without instruction from *without*, and as by the supposition primeval man could not have any, it is hard to say how many ages he crawled before he walked, lived on berries and acorns before his first incipient attempts at cooking, yelled his uncouth gibberish before he made (if he could ever make) the refined discovery of an articulate language, and lighted on his first deity in the shape of a bright pebble or an old fish-bone, and was in raptures at the discovery! Or, rather, it is hard to say how the poor wretch ever survived the experiment of any such introduction to the world at all. Some philosophers have defined man as a laughing animal. I am afraid that, on this theory, it was some years before he found anything to laugh at. It must have been very long before his 'differentia' appeared."

Even had we no revelation, the hypothesis of a fall from a previous higher state, through the action of various climatic and moral agencies, would present infinitely fewer difficulties, in accounting for the phenomena, than this absurd theory. But, as the whole subject of the production of varieties of mankind is much too extensive for present discussion, we propose limiting our attention to certain classes of morbid varieties, occurring in civilized societies, as true degenerations from the normal type; developed under the influence of climate, soil, habits, manners, occupation, use and abuse of stimulants, narcotic agents, &c.

The degenerations which are the subject of our observations consist, somatically, of imperfections in the development of bodily organs;

deviations from the normal type and proportions; and feebleness in the performance of the functions;—psychically, they are manifested in infirmity of will and purpose, weakness of the moral sense, general tendency to impulse, and proclivity to temptation. Bodily and mentally, they are progressive in character, transmissible from generation to generation, and tend finally to the extinction of that branch of the race. It is from this unfortunate and numerous class that disease of all kinds selects its readiest and most inalienable victims; that our "*dangerous classes*" are perpetually recruited; that our prisons are filled; that our lunatic asylums are peopled; and, when all these deductions are made, there remains an almost countless multitude of "detrimentals," against whom the efforts of religious teaching, philanthropy, and legislation are directed well nigh in vain—not, perhaps, utterly without intelligence—not altogether *devoid* of a sort of moral *sensation*—but in whom the two do not combine to form a rule for life and conduct.

In brief, our proposition is This:—there are certain physical influences which (combined in many instances with absence of moral culture) produce deteriorating influences upon both the body and the mind of individuals; the results of which are progressive and transmissible, and terminate in the production of *varieties of mankind*, as distinct from the society amidst which they live both physically and morally; and, according to their specific source as distinct from each other, as are the Hottentot, the Malay, or the Esquimaux from one another, or from the civilized European. The goitrous cretin, the perpetual worker in mines, or even factories; the habitual and hereditary drunkard, the imbecile, the race of the opium-eater; these and many others present types of degeneration from the *mens sana in corpore sano*, almost as well marked and recognizable to the practised eyé, as is that of the poor half-starved Australian from his white brother. Of these we must give in detail a few illustrations.

Three causes, according to Buffon, tend to produce changes in the animal constitution—climate, nourishment, and domesticity. Man is subject to similar influences; but for domesticity in his case, we must substitute the aggregate of manners, customs, education, occupation, and the like. Our space will not permit us to take an exhaustive view of the whole, even were such possible; we must be content to select those of which the phenomena are most marked and most ascertainable.

Climate has a powerful effect in modifying, both physiologically and pathologically, our species. We will give an example or two of both. The Quickuas (South America) are remarkable for a great development of the chest, which has a capacity much greater than proportionate to the size of the body. This is due to their habitation being about 5000 yards above the level of the sea, where the air is so rarefied, that to secure a proper supply of oxygen, a much larger quantity must be taken into the chest. Hence in infancy, and during the whole period of growth, the chest is developed out of proportion

to the other parts. Again, when men from the North migrate to a tropical climate, notable changes of constitution take place; the circulation is excited, and a superfluity of bile is produced; the liver grows enormously, and appears to supplement the respiratory function. Such are the changes which may take place when the climate, although exceptional, is healthy. Under other conditions, other and more serious modifications occur; witness the description given by Montfalcon of the inhabitants of La Bresse, a description which will apply in like manner to the inhabitants of all equally marshy climates. The Bressans, disinherited by nature, only feel the burden of life; the mournful influence of their climate is impressed upon their features; it modifies to an extraordinary extent their functions and faculties. They are born sickly, and they cease to live at what should be the age of vigour. All the elements conspire to the ruin of the Bressan. The air he breathes, the water he drinks, are both poisoned; his miserable dwelling is scarce a defence from a pernicious atmosphere; his food is coarse and insufficient; and the kind of labour which he pursues (amid humid forests and morasses) does not permit him to anticipate a brighter future. His stature is short, his bones rickety; his skin sallow, thin, and unhealthy; his muscles flabby and undeveloped, his features humid, and his abdomen swelled and dropsical. Scarcely has he quitted the breast when he begins to languish and emaciate; a large proportion die before the age of seven; those who survive do not *live*, they *vegetate*. Melancholy, apathy, a sort of idiocy is the habitual expression of a countenance rarely modified by passions. Old age commences at forty-five; they are decrepit at fifty-five; few reach sixty. "*We do not live*," said one of these wretched creatures, in answer to some inquiry; "*we do not live, we die.*" The children born of such parents are emphatically degenerate; the population is perpetually diminishing, and must become finally extinct, unless supported by emigration. Referring to another similar district, M. Melier states that for some time it could not furnish the military contingent. It often happened, that of all the men drawn for service, not one was found fit; sometimes none were found of age to be recruited—all had died, chiefly in infancy.

But we need not go far from home to seek unhealthy districts. A recent writer says that "the chamber of a person attacked with fever in an apartment in London, where the air does not circulate, is in a condition perfectly similar to an Ethopian marsh, where heaps of locusts are rotting. The poison is the same, and only differs in intensity. Nature, with her broiling sun, languishing air, and putrid morasses, manufactures pestilence on a large scale; poverty, clad in rags, and steeped in filth, excluding the air and increasing the heat, succeeds but too well in imitating nature."

But the malaria of large cities, producing these fearful results, does not act alone. The absence, insufficiency, or impurity of nourishment; the abuse of alcoholic liquors and sensual pleasures; the absence of all intellectual and moral culture; all play a fearful part in the degenera-

tive process. In some of our large manufacturing towns we find sad pictures; here is one drawn by one of our continental neighbours (M. Morel) of Wolverhampton:

"The education of children is literally nothing; the child of five nurses the child of two years; and the child of seven watches over both, and keeps the house in the absence of its parents. To facilitate this, the mothers administer to the nurslings preparations of opium. Another pathological phenomenon manifests itself, which we believe to be inevitable in the morbid degenerations of the species—*i.e.*, the arrest of development of the intellectual faculties. Their intellectual existence is limited to a certain age, beyond which not only the evolution of the faculties remains stationary; but the children who have been able to learn forget immediately the few ideas they have acquired. Children who have *appeared* intelligent, experience this intellectual *arrest*, which almost always corresponds to one of a physical nature. These children become the victims of undeserved punishment: they *cannot learn;* they are not culpable; they are only undergoing the inevitable consequences of congenital degeneration."

And so it is in after life, when they become idle, vicious and criminal; punishment, as a remedial agent, is vain and futile; being often reproved, they harden the neck; and that more from the action of general and necessary law than from any individual volitional depravity, intense as this may seem.

One of the most powerful agencies in the production of degeneration is the abuse of alcoholic liquors. The physical degradation attendant upon habitual drunkenness is well known; it is joined with deterioration and ultimate loss of intelligence, and almost entire obliteration of the moral faculties. It were well if these remained isolated facts, affecting only the individual transgressor. But the law of these degenerations is, that they are progressive and transmissible; and the *habit* of one generation becomes the almost *irresistible impulse and insanity* of the next, or subsequent one. When actual imbecility or idiocy do not appear in the offspring of the drunkard, we constantly meet with intermediate states, accompanied by aberrations of the intelligence and perversions of the moral sentiments, so remarkable as to be unaccountable on any ordinary theory of human depravity.

When habitual intoxication is persevered in, we have a train of symptoms something like this:—attacks of delirium tremens; a general trembling of the hands and limbs; disordered sensations, such as occasional blindness; troubled sleep, and disgust for food; partial paralysis of motion and sensation; vertigo and hallucinations, spectral visions, &c. Then perhaps occurs some attempt to stop the downward course, almost uniformly unsuccessful, for more than a very brief space; again the old practices and symptoms; and again a cessation and a relapse. The conclusion is drawn from the life:—

"Arrived at this sad period, there was no longer any hope of amendment. Deprived of intelligence, lost to all moral sense, his strength

diminished from day to day; and nothing could now arrest the progressive and fatal march of the symptoms. The skin became like parchment, the legs were œdematous; the delirium was continuous. He muttered unintelligibly, his look was stupid and haggard, his appearance brutal; and when death came to terminate this sad existence, consciousness had long ceased. The paralysis was general, and this deplorable victim of alcoholism had fallen into the most hideous state of degradation."

The children of parents so affected are placed in pitiable circumstances. Some inherit the same tendency, and perish in like manner; but with this noteworthy difference that in the second generation, the impulse to evil is stronger, and the will and conscience feebler. Others are born completely degenerate, idiots or imbeciles; others again live intellectually up to a certain age or development, at which they stop short, or fall back into a secondary imbecility. We present another picture also drawn from life. A——, immoral and brutish, indulged in drink to excess, until it became true dipsomania; he was killed in a public-house brawl. B——, his son, inherited the taste for drink, became a maniac, and died insane. C——, son of the last, *committed none of the excesses* of his father and grandfather; but the taint was manifested in degeneration of mind, in hypochondriacal and melancholic tendencies, with impulse to homicide. D——, the fourth in descent, was of original weak intellect, and had attacks of mania, followed by idiocy, and extinction of the melancholy line. And thus the sins of the fathers, by natural law, are visited upon the third and fourth generations.

A recent writer in the "Journal of Psychological Medicine," gives some very pointed instances of the heritages of intemperance; asserting that not only does it affect the health, morals, and intelligence of the offspring of its votaries, but that they also inherit the fatal tendency, and feel a craving for the very beverages which have acted as poisons upon their system, from the commencement of their being. The illustrations of this are striking. One gentleman mentioned was an habitual drunkard; his wife also had a "stomach complaint, for which she took spirits *as a medicine*," which medicine was never forgotten or neglected. Both died confirmed drunkards: they had several children, all of whom inherited the tendency—*and all of whom* died in like manner. After many struggles, they gave up the contest, saying, "We cannot help it—we inherit a strong love for rum or gin." One of them bound himself by a heavy penalty to abstain; but after a few months, he broke out again, saying, that the craving was actual torture, and *he could not help himself*. The next instance is, if possible, still more melancholy. The father and mother of the family in question were rarely sober; the lady died early of delirium tremens; but the father lived to see the fruits of their sin. Out of a large family of children, only one escaped the taint. The eldest son was an inveterate drunkard, and committed suicide; all the other sons came to some untimely end through drinking. Finally, the only daughter

was on one occasion brought home by the police in a state of intoxication; the shock was too great for the old man, and it killed him.

Oinomania is one of the heritages of drunkenness; the habit of the parent has become the mania, or the resistless impulse of the offspring. It is described as an impulsive desire for stimulant drinks, uncontrollable by any motives that can be addressed to the understanding or conscience, in which self-interest, self-esteem, friendship, love, religion, are appealed to in vain; in which the passion for drink is the master passion, and subdues to it every other desire and faculty of the soul. "The victims of it are often the offspring of persons who have indulged in stimulants, or who have weakened the cerebrum by vicious habits or undue mental labour."* A sketch of such an individual by M. Morel is very graphic and forcible.

"Such cases present themselves to our observation with the predominance of phenomenon of the psychical order, which I have already had occasion to mention—*i.e., a complete abolition of all the moral sentiments.* One might say that no distinction between good and evil remains in the minds of these degraded beings. They have desolated and ruined their families without experiencing the least regret: in the acute state of their delirium they have nearly destroyed all that came in their way, and preserve no remembrance of it. The love of vagabondism seems to govern the acts of a great number of them. They quit their houses without troubling themselves where they may go; they cannot explain the motives of their disorderly tendencies; their existence is passed in the extremest apathy. The most absolute indifference and volition seems to be replaced by a stupid automaton."

If a son inherits from his father, or an ancestor, the tendency to intoxication, it is entirely rare to see any cure effected; some of our most careful observers say that they have never seen one such instance.† In the most favourable cases, the habit once developed leaves its traces upon the descendants, though they may be but slight; and these are at all times ready to be fostered by other causes into serious activity.

But having thus briefly and imperfectly sketched the operation of the alcoholic poison upon individuals and families, we shall obtain a more extended idea of the importance of the subject by examining it in a national point of view, and so ascertain the intellectual, moral, and physical condition of *societies* in which such evil influences are rife. Thankful may we be as a nation, that, vast as are the sums of money expended upon strong drink amongst us (we believe nearly sixty millions annually), and growing as we fear the evil is in almost all classes of society, we are not the worst amongst the nations. Our illustration will be taken from Sweden, where the abuse of alcoholic liquors appears to have been proceeding at a fearful rate for nearly

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* "Psychological Journal," *loc cit.*

† "JE N'AI JAMAIS VU GUERIR les malades dont les tendences alcooliques avaient leur point de départ dans les prédispositions héréditaires leguées par les parents." —MOREL, *Sur les Dégénérescences de l'Espece humaine.*

a century, and where it has now attained such a pitch, that about half the population appears to consume brandy at the rate of above 150 pints each person annually: this is taken from statistical tables of the country. In 1785, Dr. Hagström, struck with the growing evil, made an energetic appeal to his fellow citizens to check a vice which was not only an outrage to religion and morals, but which threatened seriously future generations. Notwithstanding, the evil has so much increased, that Dr. Huss writes:—"Things are come to such a point, that if most energetic means are not adopted against so fatal a custom, the Swedish nation is menaced with incalculable evil. The danger is not future, or contingent; it is a *present* evil, the ravages of which may be studied in the present generation. No measures can be too strong; it is better to save at any price, than to have it to say, *It is too late.*" The same authority (the greatest accessible) states that the people of Sweden have already *degenerated* in stature and physical strength. But this is not all: new diseases have invaded the country; scrofula has increased to a frightful extent; and life is visibly shortening. The hereditary tendency to drink, combined with the constant example, produces a powerful influence: children of twelve, ten, or eight years, evince already the evil predilection. Mental alienation is considerably on the increase; and suicide is so frequent, that it is difficult not to suspect the returns of exaggeration. In ten years, the average of suicides of men between 20 and 50 years was one in 57 deaths. This is enormous; "But," says Dr. Huss, "if we reckon as suicides those who have died of the immediate effects of alcohol, in a state of intoxication, the proportion will rise to one in 30 deaths." Crime, also, is frightfully on the increase. In the year 1830, the proportion of criminals convicted of various offences was, to the entire population, as one to 143; in 1845, the ratio was one to 100.

In our own country, Mr. Thompson of Banchory, in his work on "Punishment and Prevention," as regards crime, attributes two-thirds, at least, of all crime and pauperism to drinking. "There is," says he, "an unanimous opinion of the fact—expressed in varied forms by all, without exception, who have the means of knowing—that drink is the great cause of crime; that but for drink there would be little crime; or, as it has been lately admirably expressed by Mr. Recorder Hill, 'The beer-house and the gin-shop are the authorized temptations offered by the Legislature to crime.'" And again: "Careful inquiries lead to the conclusion that drink is as much the cause of pauperism as of crime, generally in the person of the pauper himself; but if not, then in the habits of his immediate ancestors."

The observations of an already quoted writer, M. Morel, on these facts, are worthy of attention:—

"We have need of no further proof to show, that the abuse of intoxicating liquors produces the same disastrous results in nations as in individuals. The effects are the same in all latitudes; but they are produced more suddenly and more forcibly in proportion as there

exist other causes of degeneration, and as the less degree of civilization is unable to develop, as a counterpoise, the salutary influence of morals and education. Under a cause of degeneration so strong, new maladies are developed, and the old ones assume a more serious aspect. The average duration of life diminishes, sterility increases, and the viability of children is more uncertain, whilst the intellectual and moral disorders are signalized by the ever increasing numbers of the insane, of suicides, and of crimes."

By these illustrations it will now be sufficiently understood what we intend by the term degeneration, or the formation of morbid varieties of mankind. It will also be seen how grave are the evils attendant upon, and involved in, these charges. It must not be supposed, however, that all these are due to the causes just alluded to. Almost every nation, certainly every nation that has made any advance in civilization, has included amongst its acts the extraction of something intoxicating from the products of nature—something, that is, which will unduly excite or stimulate the nervous system; opium, hachisch, betel-nut, tobacco, wine, or some other narcotic. All these alike are capable of producing deleterious effects upon the individual, which are transmissible by way of generation; and in so far as they become more or less national habits, they will produce national degradation; although with regard to most of them we have not the means of ascertaining how far they have influenced the nations, with the same precision as in the case of alcohol.

M. Moreau states it as his opinion that the extract of Indian hemp, (hachisch) when long used, produces incurable dementia. "I have reason to believe (says he) that such is the case in many persons met with in the cities of Egypt, who are venerated as holy men (*santons*) by the people, but who are merely fallen into a state of dementia from the use of hachisch."

The use of opium as a narcotic and stimulant is even more deleterious than that of alcohol. "The habitual opium-eater (says Dr. Oppenheim) is instantly recognized by his appearance. A total attenuation of body, a withered yellow countenance, a lame gait, a bending of the spine, frequently to such a degree as to assume a circular form, and glassy deep-sunken eyes, betray him at the first glance." Can anything afford a stronger illustration of our views as to the production of specific morbid varieties? "After long indulgence, the opium-eater becomes subject to neuralgic pains, to which opium itself brings no relief. These people seldom attain the age of forty, if they have begun early to use opium. When this baneful habit has become confirmed, it is almost impossible to break it off; the torments of the opium-eater, when deprived of this stimulant, are as dreadful as his bliss is complete when he has taken it; to him night brings the torments of hell, day the bliss of paradise."

The moral deterioration which directly and indirectly results from the use of opium is well exemplified in the case of the two Coleridges, father and son. The former was an opium-eater; the latter inherited

the necessity for some stimulant, which in his case was alcoholic. The predominant tendency of his character was weakness of volition. When very young even, his brother wrote of him that a certain inferiority of will was manifested. He could not open a letter without trembling; he shrank from mental pain; and was beyond measure impatient of control. "He yielded *as it were unconsciously* to slight temptations, slight in themselves, and slight to him, *as if swayed by a mechanical impulse apart from his own volition.* It looked like an organic defect, a congenital imperfection." Of himself in after days he wrote,—

> "Oh! woeful impotence of weak resolve,
> Recorded rashly to the writer's shame,
> Days pass away and Time's large orbs revolve,
> And every day beholds us still the same,
> Till oft-neglected purpose loses aim,
> And hope becomes a flat unheeded lie."

M. Morel speaks of "three hundred millions of individuals, (in China) menaced, as to their dearest interests, by the most fatal and degrading habit that it is possible to conceive; that of smoking opium." In 1810, there were 2500 cases of opium sent to Canton; in 1838, there were 48,000 cases! But even in England the increase is alarming; in 1830 there were 103,718 pounds of opium received in London; in 1852, there were 250,790 pounds! In its constitutional results, in the difficulty of breaking the habit, and in the rapidity and certainty with which the pernicious effects appear, opium stands even far before the worst forms of alcoholic poisoning. The offspring of these degraded sensualists are truly degenerate, physically and mentally, as in the case of alcohol.

We shall only refer very briefly to the widely-spread habit of tobacco-smoking; and that only by quoting one opinion, as the subject has been thoroughly exhausted by discussion in journals, medical and non-medical. Our own opinion goes to some extent with the following, extracted from the *Lancet*, February 14th, 1857. "If the evil ended with the individual, who, by the indulgence of a pernicious custom, injures his own health, and impairs his faculties of mind and body, he might be left to his enjoyment, his fool's paradise unmolested. This, however, is not the case. In no instance is the sin of the father visited upon the children more strikingly than the sin of tobacco-smoking. The enervation, the hypochondriasis, the hysteria, the insanity, the dwarfish deformities, the consumption, the suffering lives and early deaths of the children of inveterate smokers, bear ample testimony to the feebleness and unsoundness of the constitution transmitted by this pernicious habit."

With regard to the degenerations resulting from the previous causes, there are certain general facts which are worthy of notice:—

1. Certain individuals unite in their own persons the morbid organic tendencies of many previous generations, and, without any errors of their own, appear to expiate the transgressions of their ancestors.

2. The inequality of development in the faculties sometimes results in exceeding prominence of some talent, amounting to a kind of brilliant phosphorescent genius—a light attendant upon the decay of the race. It is accompanied by corresponding moral or intellectual weakness in other departments, and the mental existence is circumscribed within certain limits which they cannot pass.

3. The conditions of degeneration in such individuals reveal themselves not only by typical exterior characters, but also by the most remarkable aberrations in the exercise of the intellectual faculties and the moral sentiments.

We have no space to enter into other forms of degeneration resulting from diseased or imperfect nutrition, from unhealthy occupations, from the nature of the soil, and from many of our social arrangements. Suffice it to say, that from all these, true specific types of degeneration do arise, bearing the same general characteristics as those already described. We shall conclude by one illustration alone of the operation of the *mixed causes* of degradation, resulting from physical and moral influences combined. We alluded, in an early part of this Paper, to the occasional relapse of civilized people into barbarism. Of this, the history of the Spanish and Portuguese conquests abounds with illustrations: the conquered races have almost disappeared, whilst the conquerors have greatly degenerated; and their mixture with the aborigines has produced a degraded race, which presents no element of perfectibility in the future. In Malacca, there remain 3000 descendants of the old Portuguese conquerors; their fathers were the companions of Vasco de Gama and Albuquerque; yet they are in a state of degradation, even as compared with the aborigines amongst whom they live; evinced by stunted growth, physical ugliness, default of viability in the infants, obtuse intelligence, perverted instincts, and a succession of progressive morbid transformations, reaching finally the extreme limits of imbecility. They live almost promiscuously, like wild beasts; they do not till the ground; they are without social laws; they have no priest, nor any form of legislation. The causes of this extreme degeneration are said to be the crossing of the races, and the enervating influence of the climate; but, more than all, the adoption of a system of morals and manners which belonged neither to themselves nor the aborigines at first, but has grown out of the despair or apathy of the one, and the luxurious sensuality of the other.

From all the facts discussed so briefly in these few pages, each reader will have no difficulty in deducing the moral; nor in determining how far it may be in his power to aid in ameliorating the moral and physical condition—*i.e.*, in *regenerating* the unhappy *degenerate*.*

* Some of the statements in this Paper have been previously given to the public by the writer.

VIII.

THE NEW MINISTRY.

We heartily rejoice—not that Lord Palmerston has returned to power—but that Lord Derby has received a most righteous chastisement, has been stripped of the greatness which was achieved by accident not by merit, and which was justly forfeited by an almost unparalleled display of incapacity and political infidelity. For a political party which, by its own confession, is in a minority in the House of Commons and in the country, to dethrone a Government by a *coup d'état*, and seize the dignities and spoils of office, is a species of usurpation; and the people of England will never tolerate a usurper long, unless he exhibits a transcendent genius for statesmanship.

For a time, indeed, the liberal members of the House of Commons were disposed not only to endure, but generously to assist the conservative ministry Lord Palmerston's insolence and levity had provoked or disgusted nearly every independent and thoughtful member of the House, and the courtesy, diligence, and modesty of his successors were a very welcome change. Nor was the Treasury Bench destitute of ability. Mr. Disraeli proved that during the years which had passed since he previously led the house, he had forgotten many of his follies, and learnt a wisdom which many thought he would never acquire. The habits which he had formed in the days when he spoke without the responsibility belonging to a great position and to the leadership of a powerful party, he was unable, on his first accession to office, to throw off: he was still the guerrilla chief, not the general of a great army; he could surprise an outpost, but could not plan a campaign; he was the Garibaldi, not the Napoleon or Wellington of political warfare. But last year he carried himself with greater dignity; he remembered that he was a minister of the Crown, and not merely the dexterous, brilliant, epigrammatic orator of a party; that while Europe was anxiously listening for his policy, it was necessary to forget that the House was waiting to laugh at his jokes. The honesty and industrious painstaking of Mr. Walpole and Mr. Henley, the administrative ability of the prosy and irascible Sir John Pakington, the literary genius of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, the impetuous, fiery eloquence of Sir Hugh Cairns, and the splendid reputation—ill-deserved, but as yet undimmed—of Lord Stanley, powerfully supported their chief, and justified the expectation that the Ministry might in a few months win the confidence of the legislature and the country.

But never did a government crowd into so short a period so large a number of flagrant and ruinous blunders. We pity the Tory historian whose doom it shall be to write the recent history of his party. The India Bill was too absurd to admit of apology, to say nothing of defence. Its own friends were ashamed of it; they gave it up, without

a struggle, to laughter and contempt; it perished miserably, and went down—

> To the vile dust from whence it sprung
> Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

Of the mischievous financial arrangements which, spite of the warnings of wiser and more honest men, the late Chancellor of the Exchequer persuaded the House to accept, we are likely to hear more from Mr. Gladstone, whose difficulties are immensely increased by the cowardly evasion and postponement of responsibilities of which his predecessor was guilty.

The Reform Bill was but the climax of a prolonged course of follies. It insulted every party in the State and won the approbation of none. It betrayed a total and hopeless incapacity for appreciating the true wants of the country and the means of satisfying them.

It was in this political discernment, this fine sagacity, which operates with all the certainty and promptness of an instinct, that the late Ministry proved themselves most deficient. We have acknowledged their ability. They had eloquence enough, and administrative capacity enough; but they had not a statesman among them. Lord Derby is a brilliant party chief; Mr. Disraeli has sufficient cunning, malevolence, and cleverness, to stock a whole cabinet; Lord Stanley is a cold, passionless, ambitious theorist; Sir John Pakington is a diligent, energetic man of business. But among them all there was not a single individual who could make any pretension to those qualities of which we are reminded by the names of Walpole, Chatham, Pitt, and Peel. If but one real statesman had sat at their Council Board, they might have had a long lease of office, and the broken, divided, ranks of the Liberal party would have been shut out for years from all chances of power.

But when they attempted to construct a scheme for the government of the greatest of our dependencies, they shamefully failed; and when they attempted to reform abuses in our own Constitution, they failed again even more shamefully than before. They could do routine work admirably; Sir John Pakington especially deserves large credit for the extraordinary energy and success with which the business of his department was conducted; and they could explain, defend, and glorify their doings in the House; but whenever they were called to undertake any enterprize in which there was scope for the operation of exalted political genius, they proved that although they were fit to serve, they were wholly ignorant of the spell and mystery by which great men have ruled mankind.

Their incapacity provoked the contempt and alarm of the country; but their political dishonesty was even more ruinous to them. They had been accustomed to profess loudly their faith in the old traditions of Toryism: some of them had hunted Sir Robert Peel from power, for what they called his base treachery to party obligations, and had poured out upon him all the bitterness and malignity with which a defeated, disappointed army are wont to visit

the leader who has betrayed them. To judge from their language, they were resolved to fight and to die in defence of the venerable creed into which they had been baptized by their political godfathers. No popular antagonism should tempt them, nor should the glittering prizes of power and place be ever able to tempt them, from the path they had chosen. Their course was to be as relentlessly straight as an old Roman road; no matter whether it led them over steep and weary heights, or into deep and shady valleys, or across dreary monotonous plains, they were determined to march on, with heroic, unswerving directness.

And in their case, as always, "honesty would have been the best policy." There is still a love for the past deeply rooted in the hearts of the people of this country. The castle and the cathedral have not lost their influence over the imagination and affections of Englishmen. In the House of Commons, an honest, resolute, Conservative Government would have been sustained with enthusiasm by its friends and respected by its enemies. In the nation generally, aye, even in our large towns, vast multitudes of people would have heartily enjoyed seeing "old English" principles maintained with "old English" spirit. The Conservatives do not understand the real amount of support they could secure if only they were true to their instincts and their professions. There is, and there will always be, in a country like this, a large amount of reverence for antiquity—faith in the wisdom of our forefathers—love for existing institutions, distrust of innovation, and dislike of change. But a party which bids for power by giving to the country a blank programme, and a pledge to accept and carry any measures which predominant public opinion may dictate, will sooner or later be loaded with scorn and doomed to destruction. Honesty, frankness, fearlessness, are, happily, still the virtues which Englishmen most venerate and admire; and no ministry, however strong in all the other elements of political greatness, can exist long which does not possess, or, at least, appear to possess, these manly virtues.

But from first to last Lord Derby's followers were guilty of the most humiliating and shameful apostacies. They threw out Lord Palmerston by voting against his Conspiracy Bill, which on the first reading they had heartily accepted. They inaugurated their official life by carrying a measure for the destruction of the East Indian Company, for whose existence and reputation they had exerted only a few weeks before their utmost eloquence and strength. They brought forward a Reform Bill, which, while it was too conservative to please Mr. Walpole, was too revolutionary to please Mr. Bright. The champions of the Constitution having previously conceded the abolition of the Property Qualification, proposed to organize many of the constituencies after the model of Electoral Districts, and to abolish the franchises of the most ancient order of country voters. We will say nothing of the Dissolution, though we think that the late government have not received half the lashing for it which they deserve; but it

is impossible to forget or to pass over their astounding proceedings in connection with some of the Irish elections. Whether the alliance between the hereditary and consecrated defenders of Potestant ascendancy in Ireland, on the one hand, and the Romish priesthood on the other, was the result of a general treaty, a "written engagement," or a verbal understanding; or whether it was based upon indefinite hints, and intangible promises, it is clear that an alliance existed, and that it turned the fortunes of several hard-fought battles. Yes, the resolute opponents of Catholic Emancipation, the chosen champions of that gigantic iniquity, the Established Church in Ireland, the party which does homage to Lord Derby, the Chancellor of the University of Oxford, and boasts among its followers, Mr. Newdegate and Mr. Spooner, formally or informally, conciliated the priests raised at Maynooth, fraternized with the men who venerate the shade of O'Connell, and obey the behests of the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

Cursed with a fatal gift for trickery, Mr. Disraeli signalized the re-assembling of Parliament by "a dodge" which ought to blast the prospects of any minister. It is surely impossible to doubt that his elaborate and brilliant speech in reply to the Amendment on the address, and the silence which sat on the well-disciplined ranks of his followers, were intended to make a division on the first night of the debate inevitable, and to compel the House to come to a vote, while a considerable number of the liberal members were as yet unsworn. The Conservatives obtained office by apostasy, and tried to keep it by a trick.

We have said nothing yet of the foreign policy of the Ministry; and though they do not deserve the praise of having conducted their diplomacy with even moderate ability, we are glad to discover that the suspicions and fears which had been excited by the imprudence of their chief were unfounded. It should be frankly acknowledged that although Lord Malmesbury is wholly destitute of those great qualities which should always be found in the Foreign Minister of England, he was resolute from the first in affirming that, in the present war, Austria could never have the sympathy, much less the assistance, of this country. From the very moment that the French emperor awakened the anxiety of Europe, by the treatment of the Austrian ambassador on the first day of last January, our representatives at the various Continental courts received from the Foreign Office instructions which they could not possibly mistake, to the effect that, if France and Austria plunged into a war in reference to the affairs of Italy, England would certainly assume a position of perfect neutrality. And if, on the one hand, it was pointed out—perhaps too impatiently and too frequently—that Sardinia, by affording a centre and a shelter to all the revolutionists of the Italian peninsula, and directly or indirectly fomenting discontent against the Austrian rule, had given just cause of complaint to the Court of Vienna; it was also honestly acknowledged that Austria had so abused

her power over her subject provinces, that resistance and rebellion were only the natural fruits of her policy. France was warned of the sufferings which would come upon her people, and the awful responsibility which would rest upon her ruler, if she disturbed the peace of Europe; and Austria was urged and entreated to pause before she made the war inevitable.

Lord Derby's unhappy speech in the House of Lords just before the dissolution of Parliament—a speech which had more to do with the consolidation of the Opposition and his expulsion from power than even the enormous blunders of his Reform Bill, gave a false impression of the principles and aims of his government in their conduct of foreign affairs;—an impression which we are thankful to have removed by the papers recently laid before Parliament. Although obviously anxious to perpetuate friendly relations with our ancient ally, the late Government do not appear to have swerved for a moment from that policy of neutrality which the highest principles of political righteousness, and the plainest dictates of political expediency, alike required.

We are glad, extremely glad, to be able to say this. The position of the new Ministry would have been greatly complicated, had their predecessors been betrayed into anything like a promise, explicit or implied, to assist Austria in any possible contingencies. But we rejoice, nevertheless, that the reign of Malmesbury is over. His despatches on this great question confirm all our previous impressions of his feebleness and incapacity. Never was so incompetent a man invested, in so terrible a crisis, with such great powers. He has exhibited nothing of the breadth of view, nothing of the vigour, nothing of the elevated principle, nothing even of the diplomatic acuteness which should distinguish the Foreign Minister of a free and powerful empire. With Lord John Russell in the Foreign Office, we breathe more freely. He has never been the flattering eulogist of the French emperor, and he is altogether free from any tendency to sympathize with Austria; while Italian independence has always found in him a generous and fearless friend.

What will be the fate of the New Ministry, we can scarcely venture to predict. All the profound and subtle knowledge of mankind, which is the chief strength of the veteran premier, will be necessary to secure anything like harmonious co-operation among the members of his Cabinet. It is hard to conceive how they can have been brought together—still harder to imagine how they can sit together in the same room for a month without betraying irreconcilable differences. Lord John Russell is pledged to a measure of Reform large enough to satisfy Birmingham; Mr. Gladstone proclaimed himself the proud protector of rotten boroughs in a speech which must have delighted the bluest Blue of Oxford. Church-rates, of course, and all other ecclesiastical subjects, must remain open questions: from the new Government, Nonconformists, as such, can have nothing to hope; and it will be well if our position is not injured

rather than helped by them. Lord Palmerston and Mr. Sidney Herbert will certainly not diminish, but rather increase, our military and naval establishments; Mr. Cobden is sworn to retrenchment, and is an apostle of Peace.

But whatever may be the fate of the new Ministry, we cannot but regard the recent changes as a great and incalculable blessing to the country. The audacious dishonesty of the Conservative party was a stain on the honour of English gentlemen, and was rapidly demoralizing the whole nation. It is of infinitely greater importance to us that our affairs should be administered by men of courageous honesty, than that any particular reforms should achieve success. To have a mere company of individuals in place, without conscience, without a creed, with no definite aims except such as spring from a passion for power—no real reverence for the Constitution they profess to venerate —no real trust in the people they profess to enfranchise—is a public scandal and national curse.

It is also no small gain that men like Mr. Gladstone, the Duke of Newcastle, and Mr. Sidney Herbert, should be generally separated from the Conservatives, and be seated side by side with the popular chiefs, like Mr. Cobden and Mr. Milner Gibson. Henceforth reconciliation with their old friends is impossible; and having begun to look upon the leaders of our "fierce democracy" without terror and disgust, we venture to predict that in time they will acquire an amount of sympathy with the popular party which will equally surprise their new friends and their old.

Such sympathy, however, can only be the slow growth of time; and it is impossible not to feel considerable doubt about the possibility of the hasty alliance between politicians whose antecedents are so dissimilar being permanent. The marked exclusion of Mr. Bright from the Cabinet is an omen of its weakness and a prophecy of its fall. Its true cause does not seem to have arisen from the ancient quarrels between Lord Palmerston and the most terrible of his castigators; there is reason to believe that both the Premier and Mr. Bright were willing to forget their personal hostilities for the sake of the Liberal party of the country.

Nor are we inclined to accept for a moment the report, that the slander, malignity, and calumny, with which the purest and the most severely honest of all the popular leaders which England ever had, has been pursued during the last four or five years, and especially during the last nine months, have poisoned the ear of royalty, and that the Crown refuses to accept the services of a chosen chief of the people. We cannot imagine that any counsellor of her Majesty can have had the audacity to suggest to her the exclusion from her service of one who is an able and loyal-hearted statesman, as well as a great popular orator and leader; or that her Majesty would have listened to the counsel, if any man had been foolish and wicked enough to offer it.

At present, and in the absence of all authoritative explanation, the

only probable theory is, that the adhesion of Oxford was purchased by ostracizing Birmingham. The voluminous oratory, the inexhaustible ingenuity, the dazzling reputation of the last and greatest of the followers of Sir Robert Peel, and the confidence which his presence in the Cabinet would inspire in the hearts of that large class of Englishmen whose imaginations are too fascinated by the decaying splendour of the past to permit them to pronounce themselves reformers, but whose culture, good sense, and right-heartedness, make them impatient of the absurdities and selfishness of the wooden-headed opponents of all change; these were thought worth securing by the sacrifices of the robust sense, the heroic fearlessness, the muscular eloquence, and the immense popularity of Mr. Bright. But Mr. Bright cannot be injured by the hostility or distrust of his political enemies. He will be stronger at present below the gangway than on the Treasury Bench. When he joins a Ministry it will probably be to occupy a high office, and to exert a more powerful influence than he could hope for in the present. He can afford to abide his time.

It does seem to us, however, of infinite consequence to the country, that, if possible, the present Ministry should continue in office long enough to complete the re-organization of the Liberal party. Party government is a necessity of our Constitution; and a government sustained by the vigour, support, and hearty confidence of its adherents is the necessity of our times. We may inflict irretrievable injury upon our country; we may imperil the future of freedom all the world over, if we permit the party which has just been hurled from office, to return to power before they have learnt the lessons which only adversity can teach. The storms which are desolating Europe now, seem but the heralds of a fiercer, deadlier strife than we have known for many a century; and into the horrors of it we ourselves may only too speedily be plunged.

At home we ought to prepare for the time of our trouble by reforming all serious evils in the Constitution, and in every department of Government administration; by conciliating and deserving the confidence of all classes of the community; by removing whatever traditions and prejudices may hinder any able and patriotic man serving the Crown and the nation in the highest offices of the State; by regenerating our financial system; and, while repressing all unnecessary expenditure, and discouraging a restless and warlike spirit among the people, developing, systematically and by forethought, all the physical resources of the country, that a storm of fire shall enwrap the followers of any ambitious and treacherous chief who shall venture to touch our shores. Unjustly excluded from office for many years, there seems now to be an opportunity for the Extreme Liberal party to secure a footing in the Government; and we heartily hope that there has been nothing in the regulations which have issued in the coalition, either to prevent Mr. Cobden accepting the office reserved for him, or to compel Mr. Gibson to resign the office he has

already accepted. They owe it to their friends and to the nation to prove *in office* the soundness of the principles professed by vast masses of the community who have hitherto been denied their just influence in the Government, and whose leaders have too often been evidently sneered at by men whose only title to public influence was derived from official education. For the present, it seems that to make the best of the present opportunity, is the only way of securing the most direct and principal influence of thorough Liberal principles in the policy of the country, in a period which threatens to be crowded with the most awful perplexities, and with calamities and perils such as will strain the utmost energies of our faith in God, our faith in each other, and our faith in the future of England.

Brief Notices.

KURTZ'S HISTORY OF THE OLD COVENANT. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark, George-street, 1859. Vols. I. and II.

THIS is the first issue for the present year of "Clark's Foreign Theological Library." It is a very important and seasonable addition to the many contributions with which Messrs. Clark have so industriously furnished the library of the British student. A condensed abstract of Kurtz's "Bible and Astronomy" has been most judiciously prefixed by the translator. Moses, geology, and astronomy are a very prolific theme in these days. The abstract is well worthy perusal. Without at all pledging ourselves to the details of his theory, we have long been convinced that it is the only hypothesis which is reconcileable with the Hebrew Scriptures and geological science.

The work itself—"The History of the Old Covenant"—is a thesaurus of literary reference on all the Biblical subjects which cluster around the history and exposition of the Old Covenant, and the materials are cast in the systematic mould with which all students of German Biblical scholarship are familiar. Books like these are suggestive rather than formative. We recommend them more for the sake of the questions which they start than those which they settle. It is often valuable to look at well-known truths from all the odd points and queer angles which they present on the other side of the German Ocean. It invites the earnest student to examine his ground afresh, and strengthen his positions, if true, by a more thorough and exhaustive survey of his foundations.

In all periods of theological convulsion and transition, the volcanic action always converges with tenfold fierceness about the threshold of the Old Testament. Rationalists and infidels have a pretty shrewd persuasion that if the lowermost stones of the Old Testament can be loosened, the New Testament will not be long in crumbling. Never was instinct more unerring. No man can be a theologian without solving the problems which lie on the first pages of the Bible. Christian, heretic, and unbeliever must proceed on a tacit or avowed exposition of the opening leaves of the sacred annals. A conclusion cannot long be postponed. Kurtz is a man of competent erudition and of evangelical reverence, and discusses the various questions which crowd on the student with a critical reference to the learning and opinions of his countrymen. The uninitiated English reader will sometimes be sorely taxed by tedious and dreary discussion in the most compact and lucid treatises of the Germans. The vitality sufficient to animate an insect is often embodied in the carcase of a sluggish and lumbering megatherium. The two volumes before us are above the average of perspicuity and portableness, and will amply repay the toil of the student.

THE CONGREGATIONAL PSALMIST. Part II. Edited by the Rev. Henry Allon and Henry John Gauntlett, Mus. Doc. London: Ward and Co. 1859.

THIS is just as it should be; for really good psalmody we need the combination of the spiritual instincts and culture of the minister and the science of an accomplished and profound musician. It has been a very real pleasure to us to submit the tunes in this book to a practical test, and we can bear most cordial testimony to the beauty, pathos, and power of most of them. We suppose that according to the atmosphere and temperature of

every man's religious life will be his taste and preferences in doctrine and music; and the tunes in the "Congregational Psalmist" have derived a very distinct and determinate religious character from the one editor, as well as a peculiar style of harmony from the other. All congregations will not like all the tunes; but there are very few congregations who would not feel that by adopting very many they would greatly enrich their devotional service. There is one element of excellence in the work to which we attach great value; admirable tunes which congregations will easily learn, and rejoice to sing, are provided for many beautiful hymns, which, in consequence of their peculiarities of metre, are seldom or never sung. We believe that our superstitious reverence for long, common, and short metres is passing by, and that our people are beginning to enjoy the variety of movement which many other measures supply. The objection that "peculiar metres" are difficult to sing is most unfounded. How many popular songs are L.M., C.M., or S.M.? What denominations sing better than the Wesleyans and Moravians? and yet every one at all familiar with their services will testify that for every peculiar metre hymn sung by Independents and Baptists, the Wesleyans and Moravians sing at least half-a-score. Mr. Allen and Dr. Gauntlett have done us a good service, and we earnestly recommend ministers and choirs to look through the "Congregational Psalmist," and judge for themselves whether our praise is ill bestowed.

CHRISTIANITY IN INDIA; an Historical Narrative. By John William Kaye. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1859.

MR. KAYE might have written a better book than this on the "History of Christianity in India;" but could hardly have written one more likely to be popular. Had he investigated more profoundly the religions and philosophies of the Hindoo races; attempted to estimate their real moral and spiritual condition; criticised at length, and compared with each other, the various schemes for Indian evangelization which had been adopted by missionaries of different churches in different ages; analysed the peculiarities which belong to the Hindoo type of religious life; discussed, in short, the hundred questions in reference to "Christianity in India" which interest the Christian philosopher, he might have won larger admiration from a select circle of readers, but would have failed to attract and fascinate the general public, to which he has chosen to appeal; and, perhaps, in the path he has selected he has done wisely. His strength lies in telling a story, not in philosophising about it. His admirable biographies of Sir John Malcolm and Lord Metcalfe, and his "History of the Afghanistan War," indicate a great faculty for narrative writing; and he is probably aware that in that lies his strength. As might have been expected, Mr. Kaye touches very lightly on the earlier attempts to evangelise India. He gets over in eight and thirty pages what in Mr. Hough's great work occupied two thick volumes. However, there is great clearness and brilliance in the writing; and most of his readers will probably be quite content to escape so soon from the Syrian and Jesuit Missions, and to get into a region where they will meet with objects more familiar and, to them, more interesting. The most attractive part of the book, to the majority of readers, will be the exciting narrative of the struggles and endurances of the early Protestant missionaries, and the sketches of their English supporters; the most valuable part of it to diligent students will be the very admirable account of the varying relations between the East India Government and Christian evangelisation. Mr. Kaye's knowledge of the history of the Government is very comprehensive and accurate, and he has used it to admirable purpose. He has accounted for, though not justified, much that, to many who are ill-informed in these matters, is utterly

inexplicable in the connection which once existed between the English Government and Idolatry. Sometimes, perhaps, his tone is too much that of an apologist. No circumstances can justify, no necessities of imperial policy protect from the severest and loudest condemnation of Christian men, very much that has been done in India by a professedly Christian Government. It is well, however, that those who rebuke should know the misapprehensions by which sometimes the rulers of India were misled, the temptations under which, at other times, they fell. An intelligent, measured indignation has more power in it than a blind, ungoverned anger. We most cordially recommend Mr. Kaye's book to all who wish to know the real elements of the English Government in reference to religion in India; and to all who, being unable or indisposed to plod through larger and heavier books, wish to learn something of what has been done, both in ancient and modern times, to bring India to Christ.

A THUNDERBOLT FOR ROME, &c. By C. VINES, Professor of Theology. J. F. Shaw, 36 Paternoster-row.

OUR readers should be warned that this book is chiefly title, for there is, very little else in it. The author professes to have made a "new discovery" in the argument with Romanists; and this *new discovery* is, that "there is a direct antagonism existing between popery and the Bible." (!) Also, we are told, that the Professor "professes not only to have *made this grand discovery*, but to be able to prove the same to the *satisfaction of all*."

Moreover, in the preface is the following extraordinary bit of Barnumism, which speaks for itself, with its own sonorous, unmistakeable bray:—"Here let any one turn from this preface, and read only pages 106 and 107 in this work, and we promise him such an intellectual treat in reference to the subject as he never enjoyed before; he cannot fail to be electrified and illumined beyond all anticipation." Of course, as may be expected, this comes to nothing. We can predict against the author that the unfortunate readers of these pages will be wearied and vexed beyond our most cruel wishes for any one: for a duller set of pages we have rarely seen. The fulsome puffery of this book reminds us rather of the cunning quacks who fish for foolish gudgeons by flaming and false advertisements, caught in this way: A gentleman lately sent ten shillings and sixpence, in obedience to an advertisement which "professed" to impart some "new discovery" in the noble exercise of riding. In reply the victim received as under, a marvel of lyrical sagacity:—

"Your head and your heart keep boldly up,
Your hands and your heels keep down;
Your knees keep close to your horse's sides,
And your elbows close to your own."

Caught in a similar way, another friend of ours sent up some 4s. 6d. in stamps, and received an almost equally poor return in "The Thunderbolt for Rome."

ROMANTIC TALES. By the Author of "John Halifax Gentleman." London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

THIS is the first volume of a re-issue of tales that have already been collected and published, but in a more expensive form. Since their first publication Miss Mulock has founded a popularity which will secure a far wider and more enthusiastic reception for them now than they met with before. And they are worthy alike of her great ability and fame. The simple dedication—"I offer these that were of my May-days to May"—which will be not the less touching to her who is honoured with the gift, because only a few know who may be meant by the bright expressive name "May"—tells us these tales were the opening leaves and early blossoms of her genius. They were

the light studies by which she trained herself for her great after works. As such they have a peculiar interest for us. How traceable in every page is the mind that wrote "The Head of the Family" and "John Halifax." There are the same graceful and vigorous expression, the same insight into the passions of the heart, the same nobleness and tenderness of spirit as in her other works, together with a certain freshness, a play of exuberant fancy, which may betoken the immaturity of youth, but has a charm as precious as that of pink-hued blossoms of the orchard, or the rosy flush of childhood.

In these her first essays into the realm of fiction, Miss Mulock has shown a daring spirit in the variety and sweep of subjects that she handles.

She pictures scenes from the fair unshadowed land of Greece, and embodies with a strong vitality the manes of some long-faded stories. She alights in Italy, and her pages glow with the life of the early thronging age, when the republics of that land arose, and the reddening clouds were breaking before the new light of art, science, and religion that dawned first upon it. But the north with its long starry nights—its auroras, its forests, its mystery; and the dim mediæval times, in the gloom of which we hear the movements of a vast throbbing life, but can see nothing plainly, has chiefly fascinated her early genius; and so these "Romantic Tales" are mostly drawn from these sources of inspiration.

The first story, "Avilion, or the Happy Isles," is full of that eerie sort of fancy which is peculiar to the Teutonic mind. It might have been talked at night by an old Vala woman, or by some modern representative, such as most of us have listened to in our childhood. It is full of strange, dreamy, old-world poetry, and yet it teaches in its shadowy associations a most high and holy moral. So do all her tales. Forgiveness, patience, fortitude are hallowed in her writings by the sacredness with which she shows their beauty and enforces their practice. On one point only we must emphatically protest against her teaching. That is the *universal* forgiveness of the wicked. *Her* conceptions of the Divine Being do *not* accord with those presented in the Bible, or with the facts of human experience. The evil of sin, its propagation, its deepening depravity, even under conditions most favourable to its removal—these facts are not remembered by her. Her *wish* begets her belief, which may be pleasant, but is not therefore true, and which weakens incalculably all our strongest convictions of "righteousness and true holiness."

TRUST FOR TRUST. By A. J. Barrowcliffe. 3 vols. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1859.

THE agony of this novel is I-agony, for it turns on a case of marital jealousy; but the jealousy appears without reason, and the agony never seems to rise to real passion. In reading the story we are struck with a painful sense of unreality—the figures *marionettes*, the incidents improbable—and yet the talent of the writer confest. We could not, for the life of us, persuade ourselves that the youngster of the story had fallen into the river when it was so said, nor when the alternative was suggested that he had been stolen by gipsies could we believe that he had been thus spirited away. The only thing in three volumes that approaches to true passion is an exclamation of the endangered heroine to an unmanly assailant, while she launches a stone at his head: "If you touch me—if you come a step nearer, I'll kill you!" This was said under circumstances that would almost have provoked a member of the Peace Society to resentment; and while neither classical nor poetical bears some resemblance to life. Taken as a whole, this tale, with all the mechanism of a modern novel, lacks the inspiration that alone can make fiction tolerable. Middling romances, like mediocre poets, command approval of none.

THE ECLECTIC.

AUGUST, 1859.

I.

HERO-WORSHIP OF RECENT HISTORIANS.

About the beginning of the eleventh century a rage for the possession of relics of saints invaded the Church. Everywhere these were in demand, and high prices were paid for them by whomsoever produced. This tempted the cupidity of designing persons, who, in that credulous age, found no difficulty in passing off old bones, which they had dug from graves or raked from under scaffolds, for the remains of famous saints who had died in the odour of sanctity, and whose mouldering remains yet retained a virtue sufficient to heal all manner of diseases, and entitle them to the reverent and osculatory homage of the faithful. An honest monk of the time, scandalized at the extent to which these impostures were carried, has left us a graphic description of the audacious exploits of some of these "mangones," as he calls them,—a term which we may freely render "body-brokers"—and especially of a certain "homo plebeius mangonum callidissimus," who carried his trickery so far as to impose not only on the sluggish herd and rustic mob (ignavum vulgus et quicquid rusticanæ plebis fuit), but also on margraves and princes, so that his harvest of gain was plentiful.* The plundering of the people, however, the worthy monk considers a small calamity compared with the permanent and disastrous result to the Church through this unscrupulous knavery, from its being thereby committed to the recognition of a multitude of saints whom no one had ever heard of before, and to the treating with honour and reverence of the remains of persons who, whilst alive, were found deserving only of reprobation and hatred.

The age of relic-worship, we take it, is now pretty well past—that of relic-hunting wholly so; at any rate, we believe that not

* See Glaber Radulph, iv. c. 3, quoted by Gieseler, Ch. Hist. ii. 421.

even in Spain or Ireland would the bones of a new saint be received without grave demur, whilst those that have been long in repute nowhere command that reverence which was formerly rendered to them, except perhaps from a few half-crazed enthusiasts, and some of those converts from Anglicanism, who, having in mature years made their peace with Rome, are impatient to show their repentance by greedily receiving all that she has at any time commended to her children, and having come somewhat late under the witchery of the mother of harlots, seem as if they could not drink too deeply of the cup of her abominations. But though relic-worship be on the decline, the tendency of which it was the fruit still remains. Men still love to offer undue homage to the names of the departed great. They still love to surround with attributes of unearthly splendour those who at any time have made for themselves a place among earth's notables. They still fondly look back on forms that are magnified as they stand half revealed amid the shadows of the past, and please themselves with believing that these are seen in their real proportions, and that, dwarfed as men are now, there have been giants on the earth. Nor does it need any very great distance to "lend enchantment to the view" in this case; a few generations will suffice, especially if there be a clever artist to lift up the veil, and to throw in a few tints of genius to heighten the delusion. And such are not wanting. As of old, so there are plenty still, to cry, "Populus vult decipi et decipiatur." The demand for idols soon fills the Pantheon; when the people are prepared to worship, the materials and workmanship for the golden calf are speedily furnished. To draw forth and decorate a hero is for the literary mind a congenial task; and it is one which the public are prone to render profitable. When the multitude are ready to cry out, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" the making of shrines for the goddess is sure to bring no small gain to the craftsmen. There is, therefore, a constant readiness on the part of literary men to gratify the public taste, by dressing up some ancient reputation in modern trappings, and presenting its owner afresh for adulation. Against this in itself,—that is, when the hero is genuine, and the decoration and consequent homage are not carried too far—there is not much, we think, to be said. The admiration of greatness is natural to us. Large powers of genius, successful forthputtings of strength and energy, are entitled to our respect. And it is good for men to be taught to look up and aspire, even though the object of wonder be but a man of like passions with themselves. But there is imminent danger of this being indulged to excess, to the neglect of the weightier matters of moral adjudication; and there is danger also of the public being invited to accept as heroes characters whom, in

sober truth, they ought to be taught to regard with censure, abhorrence, or pity. Lord Byron is not the only clever writer who has found himself in want of a hero,* and under the stress and pressure of such a difficulty has been induced to take to some discarded Don Juan, whose relics he has carefully gathered up, and put in order and dressed, and then presented for the admiration, and, it may be, the homage of the public. Of late years, the tendency in this direction has, we fear, been growing. An almost morbid love of hero-finding seems to have seized on our literary men. Most unexpected celebrities burst upon our view from the hitherto dim places of history. Astonishing reputations are fabricated for men on whom the censure of generations had seemed to fix an indelible stigma. Old portraits that have frowned grimly and repulsively on successive generations are carefully cleaned and curiously lined, so as to assume quite a smiling and benignant aspect. We begin to find it difficult to know where we are on the old beaten tracks of history, so many crooked things have been put straight, and so many dingy monuments whitewashed. We are almost tempted to ask whether the French king who used to request a few lies to be read to him when he wished to listen to the narrative of the historian, was not of sounder judgment in this matter than he has hitherto been esteemed to be.

Such revolutions are not by any means agreeable, especially to elderly gentlemen who, like ourselves, have for more than half a century been quietly moored by established opinions in the historical domain. At the same time, we are far from objecting to such things, provided they be fairly and honestly done. It is always pleasant to find out that men are not so bad as they have been reported to be. It is good to learn that lives spent in obscurity and apparent littleness had yet something great and serviceable in them—that flowers which have been thought only to "waste their sweetness on the desert air," have really been contributing to purify the atmosphere, and transmit gushes of fragrance around the homes of men. And, as contemporary judgments are often singularly unfair, being determined not by an impartial survey of the whole man, but by an exaggerated and often prejudiced estimate of those parts of him which accident may have caused to bulk most in the view of those among whom he lived, it is a sacred duty of history to show wherein such judgments have erred, to cleanse away the stains which have unjustly marred an otherwise fair reputation, and to restore the man to his proper place in the

* "I want a hero: an uncommon want,
When every year and month sends forth a new one."
—DON JUAN.

estimate of that posterity to whose "charitable speeches," probably, under the felt injustice of his contemporaries, he had, like Bacon, left "his name and memory." But that this may be done legitimately, it is indispensable that it be done fairly—by force of evidence, and not by mere cleverness of special pleading. The attempt to reverse the judgment of the past by "making the worse appear the better reason," is an evil of the same kind as the forming of an unfair judgment on the part of contemporaries, but far less excusable, because coolly and purposely committed, and not amid the dust and excitement of present strifes. To try deliberately to make the wrong appear right, is a greater sin than to be drawn, through prejudice or passion, to prefer the wrong to the right.

Of those who have of late erred in this way among us, the Coryphæus and chief offender is undoubtedly Mr. Carlyle. His vast literary energy is now devoted—if not exclusively, yet principally—to hero-worship, to the worship of genius. His passion for this has grown by indulgence, until it has assumed a character positively morbid. His heroes at first really were heroes, and the world could feel itself indebted to the man who, with congenial power, claimed for them the homage that was their due. But as his tendency in this direction was always to excess, so of late his propensity has assumed an altogether unhealthy and pernicious character. He has taken to make heroes of men whom so to honour,

"Non homines, non Di, non concessere columnæ."

Like the old relic-hunters, he has brought himself to attempt to pass off fools and knaves for true, and grand, and saintly worthies. He invites us to look up with wonder at the giant he has to exhibit, but in reality treats us very much as, according to his own account, poor giant "Macdoll" was treated, "who was to be married, no consent asked on *either* side, to the tall young woman, which latter turned out to be a decrepit *old* woman."* By this abuse of his great powers, and of the influence he has acquired in the republic of letters, he is, we fear, doing serious mischief; not so much by unsettling established opinions, which is but a small matter comparatively, as by teaching his readers false methods of estimating worth, accustoming them to perverted judgments of men and things, pandering to the corrupt tendency of our nature to prefer the sensuous to the moral, and inculcating the lesson which poor human nature is only too prone to learn—that *right* is, after all, best determined by *might*, and that for a man to show in a

* "History of Frederick the Great," vol I. p. 579.

decided and silencing manner that he *can* do what he *will*, is a far grander thing, and more to be admired, than for a man earnestly, humbly, and piously to *will* only what he *ought*. Mr. Carlyle is, we think, verily to blame for the reckless way in which, of late, he has been teaching such lessons. For his own reputation it would be well if, during the years that yet remain to him on earth, he would try to make a better use of his great powers. Whatever honour posterity may allot him on account of these, he must change his course before there can be justly inscribed on his monument the lofty commendation, "populumque falsis dedocet uti vocibus."*

The latest hero whom it has pleased Mr. Carlyle to decorate is Friedrich Wilhelm I. of Prussia, father of Frederick the Great. In a work professedly devoted to the life of the son, it might have sufficed to assign to the father only a passing notice; and, in so far as Frederick's character and destiny really were affected by his father's administration and treatment of him, all that needed to be said might have been despatched in a few pages. But Mr. Carlyle's imagination has been taken captive by the grim, rugged, Orson-like figure of the royal bear (we borrow his own phraseology), and he cannot pass him by without bestowing on him a long look of lingering admiration. He has at length found a true "Baresark," not amid the mists and shadows of a mythical antiquity, but within an historical epoch not quite gone by—within, in fact, somewhat less than a century and a half from the present time. Such a discovery was not to be lightly esteemed, and Mr. Carlyle seems to have determined to make the most of it. Through the greater part, therefore, of two bulky volumes, forming the first half of a work devoted professedly to another subject, the sayings and doings of this half-mad monarch are paraded with all the pomp and circumstance of Mr. Carlyle's most vivid and forcible painting. Whatever other impression the reader may carry away from the book, it will not be the author's fault if he does not henceforward reverence Friedrich Wilhelm as a chief among earth's great ones, one of the strong, heroic, self-standing spirits from whom others take their form, and to whom they owe something little short of worship.

There is no denying Mr Carlyle's courage or audacity (let the reader call it which he will) in this. A more unpromising subject to make a hero of could hardly have been found than Friedrich Wilhelm I. Ungainly in his person, harsh and startling in his speech, with a voice which Mr. Carlyle calls "plangent," which

* Hor. carm. II. 2, 19.

we interpret as one combining a ring with a roar; rude to an incredible extent in his manners, vulgar and sensual in his habits, low in all his tastes, and half-brutish in some of them; there was nothing in his mental endowments, nothing in his official administration, nothing in his dealings with other Powers, sufficient to redeem him from indifference. The only qualities by which he stood out from the mass as remarkable were, immovable force of will, inflexible adherence to the course of action prescribed, and a blazing ferocity of passion which made all who had to do with him tremble at the very thought of crossing the most trifling of his purposes. His strong will, his firmness of decision, his earnestness of purpose, his general sense that what was ordered to be done must be done, had they been under the control of a sound and enlightened judgment and some modicum of human tenderness, might have stood him in good stead in the position in which he was placed, and adorned his name with many kingly virtues and the memory of many noble and useful deeds. But no such guiding and beneficent element was in Friedrich Wilhelm's constitution. His mind, originally narrow, had never been subjected to the ameliorating influence of culture; he was ignorant to an almost incredible degree of everything connected with either literature, or science, or the fine arts; and what natural instincts he possessed, inclining him towards his fellow creatures, he had so subjugated to the tyranny of military discipline, that they were either wholly dormant or blazed forth only in fitful and sometimes very undignified ebullitions. One fixed idea dominated over his whole soul and life—the idea that the greatest thing on earth was a perfect system of drill. The universe to him appeared as only a vast parade ground, on which its denizens might be drilled. To drill, or to be drilled, he held to be the chief end of man; perfect drill the *summum bonum* of individuals, nations, the race. Hence everything throughout his kingdom was subjected to regulation. His people had to eat, walk, worship, marry, and be given in marriage, according to a scheme of minutely graduated rules. The education of his children, even to the amount of time they were to take each day to their prayers, was carefully prescribed, and could not be departed from in the minutest particular without risk of instant and disgraceful punishment. The time to be spent in public worship was strictly meted out, and no preacher was suffered to exceed an hour in his sermon under a penalty of two thalers, or six shillings sterling. Even the poor apple-women in the streets could not sit on their stools excepting as the king should direct. Everyone was liable to be stopped, should he happen to cross the king in his walks, and had forthwith to stand erect, and look his majesty in the face, and answer all questions

instantly and truthfully, on pain of a cudgeling or something worse in case of either hesitation or detected prevarication. He took upon himself the office at once of supervisor of the manners of his subjects, judge of their deserts, and not unfrequently executioner of the penalty he considered them to have deserved. Armed with a ratan, or heavy cane, he stalked abroad, peering with his sharp inquisitive eyes in all directions; and woe was to the culprit—man or woman, prince or peasant, parson or burgher—whom he detected in any unlicensed garb, condition, or act. No heads were sacred from the blows of the ratan. He beat his eldest son with it so constantly, so severely, and so disgracefully, even after he was grown to man's estate, that the prince was almost driven to despair, and knew not whether to rebel or flee the kingdom. On one occasion he sent for the judges of the Supreme Criminal Court, at Berlin, and after severely reprimanding them for one of their decisions, flew upon them and beat them over their heads and shoulders, or wherever his stick chanced to light, until they fled from his presence, carrying with them wounds all of them more or less severe. In one of his fits of passion, he struck (this time with his fist) his innocent, gentle, and beautiful daughter, Wilhelmina, till he had felled her to the ground, and then could hardly be prevented from kicking her as she lay faint and bleeding. It is but fair to say that he subjected himself to the same drill as he sought to impose on his subjects; he lived as he sought to make them live, by regulation; and only suffered himself to depart from it when grave and passing exigencies occurred —such, for instance, as the interests of his regiment of giants, the highest of all interests in his estimation. He thus sometimes did right and noble things, and followed some strict paths of virtue—not, however, from any homage he felt for the good or the pure, but simply because so it had been ordered by his superior officer, the Ruler of the universe. Far oftener, however, his frantic admiration of discipline led him to persist in deeds of cruelty, some of which are of a kind to make one's blood boil with indignation, or run cold with horror.

Such is the man whom Mr. Carlyle has undertaken to force on the admiration of the civilized world. Those of our readers who have not read his volumes may be curious to know how he has set about so apparently hopeless a task; and they may perhaps suspect that, if there has been no direct misstatement of facts, there has been, at least to a considerable length, a suppression of the truth. But it is not so. Mr. Carlyle is scrupulously careful to narrate all that he finds recorded of his hero, and exactly as he finds it recorded. He is, in fact, too thoroughly in love with him, to imagine that anything needs to be concealed that he either said

or did. According to his way of thinking, it is the man that gives its character to the action, not the action to the man. Faithfully, therefore, with painful and scrupulous fidelity, he narrates all that he can find in any authentic document relating to his subject, and having narrated it, though not always with equal fulness and force, he turns round on the world and says, "Is not that admirable? Saw you ever anything to surpass that?" Had any other man done such things, Mr. Carlyle would have poured on him a whole lava stream of sulphureous invective; but in the favoured hero he can see no sin—nay, what would be sin in others, becomes excusable, if not a virtue, in him. His singleness of devotion reminds us of a story we once heard of a lady who, having a special dislike of smoking, declared, in the most emphatic terms, she would never wed a smoker. At length a gentleman became a suitor for her hand, and to him she yielded not her hand only, but her heart, not knowing that he was addicted to the habit she had so resolutely tabooed. A companion of her own, however, found it out, and, either from pique or merely for a little fun, carried her upon one occcasion where, herself unseen, she could behold her lover indulging the hated taste. The lady looked, sighed, looked again, and at length exclaimed, "Doesn't he hold his pipe so gracefully!" So it is that love, which is not blind, as some have feigned, but only sees too much, persists in regarding its object only amid the roseate hues that emanate from its own fires.

But if Mr. Carlyle neither falsifies nor extenuates in his narrative, how, it may be asked, does he succeed in glorifying the man whom that very narrative shows to be wicked or foolish? We shall attempt to describe the process. In the first place, he sets out by proclaiming Friedrich Wilhelm "a genius," and this he takes care again and again to repeat, presenting him to the view of the reader as a man who labours under the disadvantage of not being able to find fit and easy utterance for the huge conceptions that arise within him—"a dumb poet in several particulars," who "requires the privileges of genius from those who *read* his dumb poem." This suffices to cover over many of his absurdities —his mad passion for drilling, for instance, and for gigantic soldiers—as mere eccentricities of genius; the distorted outcome of purposes and conceptions which, under more favourable auspices, would have appeared in forms of beauty or nobleness; monstrosities for which the absence of the "Lenis Ilithyia" is alone to be blamed. Then, in keeping with this, Mr. Carlyle has a habit of slipping over absurd or ugly habits and deeds of his hero, as if they were mere bagatelles, not worth a moment's notice, whilst, where he has to commend, he takes good care

that full prominence shall be given to the praiseworthy act, and the attention of the reader firmly fixed upon it. He thus succeeds in hurrying the reader over the less auspicious aspects of his subject, while he keeps him lingering over those that are more attractive, so that the effect is somewhat like that which would be produced by taking a spectator into a picture gallery, and allowing him only a hasty glance at the bad pictures, whilst the merits of the good are carefully exhibited to his view and impressed on his attention: he would go away with the impression that the gallery, as a whole, was worthy of all praise, though it may be that the bad pictures so immensely outnumbered the good, and were so very bad that, as a whole, it was next to worthless. Another artifice to which Mr. Carlyle resorts is, when he has recorded some undignified or brutal deed of his hero, to assume a tone of scornful defiance towards all who would presume to censure it; or to treat with ridicule all attempts to estimate it by the ordinary measures of right and wrong; or to claim for his hero the "pity" of his readers, as if compelled against his better nature, by outward circumstances, to act in such a way. He thus attempts to deter censure from venturing to attack his hero, or to exchange it for another and more favourable sentiment. It must be added, that whilst he cites his authorities fairly enough, he has a way of commenting upon them, or artfully insinuating something to their disadvantage when they attest anything dishonourable to the king, that has the same effect on the mind of the reader as the adroit and damaging inuendoes of an advocate, to the discredit of a witness whom he cannot openly impeach, have on the minds of a jury. And, in fine, he always takes care that Friedrich Wilhelm shall be the most striking figure on his canvas: none are invited to approach him unless they can be made in some way to act as foils to show off his superiority; or, if any must needs be brought forward by whose lustre he might be thrown into the shade, something must be insinuated to their discredit, something done to dwarf them and pull them down—be it a Leibnitz, a Voltaire, or a Francke—lest they should even for a moment eclipse his greatness. By these expedients, aided by his powers of vivid painting and strong expression, Mr Carlyle contrives so to present his hero as that an impression highly favourable to him can hardly fail to be produced on the reader, especially if he be an unthinking reader, or one who is content quietly to accept whatever impressions his author may choose to give.

It may be well to adduce some instances of Mr. Carlyle's method of dealing with stubborn facts that come in the way of his eulogistic purpose, that our readers may see with what justice

the above statements have been made. From many that might be selected, then, let them accept the following.

Of all vices, that of which Mr. Carlyle expresses the strongest abhorence is lying. "Lying," he exclaims, "is not permitted in the universe. The wages of lying, you behold, are death. Lying means damnation in this universe; and Beelzebub, never so elaborately decked in crowns and mitres, is not God." (Vol. i., p. 12.) For his freedom from this ignoble and detestable vice, Mr. Carlyle is never weary of lauding Friedrich Wilhelm, and, on the whole, the praise is deserved. Occasionally, however, the king did depart from the truth, and one might have expected that, when compelled to narrate such deflections, his biographer being so stern a moralist, he would have done so with shame, and sorrow, and censure. Far from it. So pleasantly does Mr. Carlyle narrate the king's leasings, and so gently does he comment upon them, that one might be led to think he regards lying as one of the most venial of offences. Thus, to give an instance, when the Czar Peter was expected at Berlin, the Prussian monarch issued orders that his imperial visitor was to be conveyed from the frontiers in a manner worthy so great a prince, only the expense was not to exceed six thousand thalers. "I won't allow you one penny more," wrote the king to his officials; "but," he adds, "you are to give out to the world that it cost me from thirty to forty thousand." Now, here was a lie of the meanest kind, deliberately put by the king into the lips of his servants, who were compelled to utter it to the world that he might get credit for greater magnificence or liberality than was his due. What is Mr. Carlyle's comment on this transaction? It is this:—"So that here is the majesty of Prussia, who beyond all men abhors lies, giving orders to tell one? Alas! yes; a kind of lie or fib (white fib or even *grey*) the pinch of thrift compelling! But what a window into the artless inner man of his majesty, even that *grey* fib; not done by oneself, but ordered to be done by the servant, as if that were cheaper." (Vol. i., p. 424.)

There is something almost comical in such blind enthusiasm as this. The idea of making the king's transferrence of the lie from his own lips to that of his servant a proof of his "artlessness," is especially rich. But the ludicrous aspect of this apology is lost in the grave immorality with which it is chargeable. If what the king directed his servant to utter be only "a fib," "a kind of lie," on the whole venial, what, we ask Mr. Carlyle, is that kind of lying which he says "means damnation"? Is the measure of a falsehood to be taken from the worth of the end for which it is uttered, so that a lie for a trifling end is venial, a lie for a weighty end is damnable, and a lie for a good end is praiseworthy? Is

this Mr. Carlyle's stern, high-toned morality? or is it only for strong-willed kings that he reserves such palatable and flexible modes of casuistry? Then, what does he mean by insinuating that the king put this lie in the mouths of his servants for the sake of *cheapness?* Does he not see that it was only as uttered by them that the lie could become credible to the world? or does he utter this piece of nonsense, for such it really is, for the purpose of diverting the attention of the reader from what formed one of the worst features morally of the whole affair—viz., the king's forcing others to be the vehicles of his falsehood?

This was an occasional, a solitary lie, on the part of the king; but there was one department of his administration in which he was constantly and regularly betrayed into falsehood. In his mad passion for tall soldiers he employed a system of crimping, which was extended frequently beyond his own dominions. He was thus incessantly getting into trouble with his neighbours, whose subjects he had seduced, or forcibly carried off, to swell the ranks of his Potsdam Guards, and who consequently remonstrated with him on the incompetency of such invasions of their sovereign rights. "Friedrich Wilhelm," says Mr. Carlyle, "always answered, what was superficially the fact, that he knew nothing of those violences and acts of ill-neighbourhood; he a just king was sorrier than any man to hear of them, and would give immediate orders that they should end. But they always went on again much the same, and never did end. I am sorry a just king, led astray by his hobby, answers thus what is only superficially the fact. But it seems he cannot help it; his hobby is too strong for him; regardless of curb and bridle in this instance. Let us pity a man of genius, mounted on so ungovernable a hobby; leaping the barriers, in spite of his best resolutions." (Vol. I. p. 588.) Here Mr. Carlyle has the grace to say he is "sorry" to find his hero stooping to so mean a thing as a falsehood; but mark how he extenuates the offence of his favourite! What he uttered was "superficially the fact." Was it? Could the king, with even superficial truth, say that acts done in pursuance of a system which he had himself instituted, which he supported and encouraged, and for the successful carrying out of which in every particular instance, he stood ready to pay absurdly large sums of money, were acts of which he knew nothing, and which he regretted more than any man? Was it in any sense true that he would give immediate orders that such acts should end? Did he ever issue any such orders? Did he ever intend to do so? And, if not, was not his assurance to his brother sovereigns that he would give such immediately, a promise which from superficies to subtratum was a simple falsehood? Oh! but he was a man of

genius run off with by his hobby in spite of his best resolutions! We see no evidence of his having ever formed such resolutions; we see no evidence of his having been a genius; but, granting both assumptions, we must protest against the immorality of such an apology as this. What! are truth and justice, the liberties of individuals, and the rights of sovereigns, to go for nothing, because a man is a genius and has got mounted on a hobby which he cannot control? We can understand and concede a demand for poetic license, when it is confined to figures of speech and forms of words; and we can allow much to the eccentricities of genius when they expend themselves on mere matters of costume, manner, or usage; but, when the sacred claims of rectitude are in question, genius and dolt must stand on the same footing; and the poet, be he dumb or be he articulate, must submit to be judged the same as another man.

For Friedrich Wilhelm's mad and cruel treatment of his older children, Mr. Carlyle does not offer any apology. But neither does he condemn it in any distinct or hearty way. He rather treats it as a very small matter, of which people have been inclined to make far too much; hints that the Crown Prince came ultimately to see that his father was not so far wrong in his treatment of him; reminds us that Friedrich Wilhelm was "a Spartan," and that "Nature when she makes a Spartan means a a good deal by it, and does not expect instant applauses, but only gradual and lasting;" admits that the rules drawn out by the king for his son's education form a "most dull, embroiled, heavy document; intricate, gnarled, and, in fine, rough and stiff as natural bull-headedness, helped by Prussian pipeclay, can make it," but says nothing of its foolish, vexatious, and cruel requirements; on the contrary, rather insinuates that, on the whole, it was well for the prince to be thus disciplined, to be imprisoned, beaten, half-starved, and denied every pleasant or refined pursuit, inasmuch as it is by such processes that strong characters like his are welded. When the case becomes too bad for apology or mitigation, when "the royal mind, sensitive, imaginative as a poet's, as a woman's, and liable to transports as of a Norse Baresark," blazes into fury, and its owner does such things as even Mr. Carlyle admits "are lamentable to hear of," it is not on him that the censure of the historian falls. As in former times royal urchins were accompanied to school by an unlucky youth whose vocation it was to be the princes' whipping boy, to satisfy pædagogic justice by receiving on his profane back the chastisement which it was forbidden to inflict on the sacred person of royalty, though really due to royal stupidity or negligence; so Mr. Carlyle has provided a scapegcat for his sublime majesty of Prussia in

the persons of his counselors Grumbkow and Seckendorf, by whom his mind was poisoned, "two diplomatic swindlers, clearly of the scoundrel genus, more than common pickpockets are." Them Mr. Carlyle indignantly consigns to the hangman, while for the king, he says, "pity ought not to be wanting," seeing that he, "except he was not conscious of intending wrong, but much the reverse, walked in the hollow of Gehenna all the while, and was often like to be driven mad by the turn things had taken." This truly is backing one's favourite at all odds. Here is a man who, under the impulse of the most brutal passions, inflamed by habitual intemperance, half kills his children by cruel usage, sends his wife to what almost proves her death-bed, and rages about like a wild bear, to the constant terror of all who are about him; and yet, forsooth! he is only to be pitied, because he has been ill advised, and because he manages to make himself unhappy as well as others! On this ground, we suspect there is not a felon who is placed in the dock but might urge a claim for commiseration, rather than condemnation, on his judges.

A prince thus barbarous in his treatment of the members of his own household was not likely to spare others who gave him offence. His relentless condemnation to death of Lieutenant Katte, the companion and friend of his son, the Crown Prince, for no other offence than having connived at the design of the latter to make his escape from his father's cruelty, is well known, and has never failed to evoke an utterance of indignation and horror from every one by whom it has been narrated before Mr. Carlyle. By him, however, it is dismissed, not only without censure, but with a caution to the reader to suspend his judgment of the transaction, and not supply too hastily a commentary on it, lest he may afterwards have occasion to change his mind about it. As he himself does not recur to the transaction, we know not what subsequent information he expects the reader to receive, which shall induce him to resile from the judgment which every man of right feeling and sound mind would pronounce on such a barbarous deed, the moment it was brought under his notice. From his hinting, however, that it may be found "like the doings of the gods, which are cruel, though not that alone," we presume he means that further acquaintance with the *grounds* of the king's procedure will reconcile us to the justice and equity of his sentence, just as the unfoldings of the designs of Providence help us to reconcile with the wisdom and benevolence of God many things in the administration of the universe which at the time appear dark and harsh. If this be his meaning, we can only say, that for us the promised illumination has never come: the deed appears as dark and cruel, as iniquitous and unnecessary as ever; while the mere hint that

such an instance of the inexorable vengeance of a furious tyrant may be compared with the doings of Him who is "slow to wrath and of great mercy," is utterly repulsive to every feeling of piety and reverence in our bosoms.

Another of the cruel pranks of this "just king"—less horrible in its results, but not less illustrative of the utter blindness of his passionate tyranny—is the following, which we give in Mr. Carlyle's words: "It is dangerous to have spoken kindly to the Crown Prince, or almost to have been spoken to by him. Doris Ritter, a comely enough good girl, nothing of a beauty, but given to music, Potsdam's *cantor's* (precentor's) daughter, has chanced to be standing in the door, perhaps to be singing within doors, once or twice, when the prince passed that way: prince inquired about her music, spoke a civility, as young men will—nothing more upon my honour; though his Majesty believes there was much more; and condemns poor Doris to be whipped by the beadle, and to beat hemp for three years." Now here is an outrage to make the blood boil in the veins of any man who has a man's feelings in him. A simple virtuous maiden is subjected to a punishment from which all civilized nations exempt the foulest of her sex as too degrading, subjected to it publicly in the streets and repeatedly (Mr. Carlyle slips over this part of the story), and is then consigned to a felon's cell and a felon's occupation for three years, for absolutely no crime or appearance of crime, but simply for listening to a few words of compliment on her singing from a young man, the son of her sovereign, and whom she knew to be a lover of music. One feels as if had any one seized the perpetrator of such barbarity and cudgeled him within an inch of his life with his own ratan, it would have been (to use Mr. Carlyle's language in relation to Seckendorf) "a satisfactory event." But how does Mr. Carlyle treat this escapade of his royal bear? We are sorry to say, as a very trifling affair indeed—a mere bagatelle arising out of Rhadamanthus not being "a trifle better informed"—"a sad pickle," out of which poor Doris got "on her own strength, and wedded and did well enough." We wonder what Mr. Carlyle would have said had a daughter or any female relation of his own been treated so by anyone whom he had not predetermined to bow down to and worship?

The king's insane fury, inflamed by intoxication, led him into several inexcusable acts of violence which Mr. Carlyle would fain have us call justice. But we cannot so profane this sacred word. Was it justice to beat his judges, because they sentenced one of his tall soldiers to a punishment which the law decreed, and which a nobleman, for a less flagrant offence, had actually suffered! Was it justice to condemn one of his Treasury dignitaries to be hanged,

which, in compliance with the "shrieking for mercy" of the poor man's wife, was commuted into whipping by the hangman, and perpetual imprisonment in Spandau, for some slight slip in a bargain for a tall recruit? Was it justice to send to the gallows a poor old man who pleaded that his memory had begun to fail him, worn out in the king's service, as an excuse for being unable to produce some moneys which he declared he had somewhere in safe keeping, and which were actually found after his death? These cases Mr. Carlyle admits to have been "very rhadamanthine indeed;" and he even expresses a wish that "his Majesty had been a thought more equal, when he was so rhadamanthine;" but he adheres to it, that extreme as these cases were, they were yet of the nature of justice, and that their effect was on the whole salutary and beneficent. It would have been worthier of him to have at once denounced them as among the most flagrant acts of injustice that were ever perpetrated by a reputedly civilized and Christian king. This would not have weakened, but rather fortified his undoubtedly true position, that "the soft quality of mercy" is "beautiful and blessed" only "when permissible," and that "it is on the hard quality of justice, first of all, that empires are built up, and beneficent and lasting things become achievable to mankind in this world."

These instances may suffice to illustrate what we have said respecting the expedients to which Mr. Carlyle resorts, in order to stifle or emasculate the evidence of facts when opposed to his apologistic inclinations. Into the general merits of his work we do not here enter; our design being merely to animadvert on his unhappy and mischievous endeavours to throw glory around a man who deserves far more of blame than of honour. We may say, however, that bating his forced attempts to make Friedrich Wilhelm appear a great, a wise, and a just king,—and making allowance for those eccentricities of style and method which are characteristic of Mr. Carlyle's mind, we have no hesitation in saying, that the book is a most valuable one; presenting, as it does, not only the most vivid and picturesque, but the most truthful and copious narrative extant in any language, of the rise and establishment of the great Prussian monarchy. We feel bound also to state that the general tone of morality pervading the work is good and wholesome. Mr. Carlyle flames out with becoming severity against all manner of vilenesses, always saving those of which his pet hero was guilty; though we do not quite see the need of his drawing so largely from the chronicle of scandal as he sometimes does, nor can we approve of his plan of conducting his readers to the very verge of some scene of abomination, and then suddenly letting the curtain fall, while with

averted eyes he exclaims, "There!" and intimates that the affair was too shocking for human words to describe it. Surely such things are best treated as "nefanda,"—not to be spoken of at all.

Another writer of great abilities, who has erred in the same way as Mr. Carlyle, in respect of the undue homage offered to the unworthy, is Mr. Froude, who, in his "History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth," has, amongst other strange attempts in the same line, sought to reverse the hitherto current opinion concerning Henry VIII., and to persuade the world that he was a great, a talented, a right-minded, a just, and a much-injured prince. We are not inclined to call Mr. Froude a follower of Mr. Carlyle; nor is it in any way clear to us that it is through any influence of the latter, that his mind has received its bias towards historical hero-worship. The two men seem to us as different in mental caste and habit as their style and method of narration are different. No writer can be more thoroughly free from those affectations and oddities of style that characterize Mr. Carlyle's writings than Mr. Froude; and there can be no greater contrast of the kind than between the pellucid, easy, winning flow of Mr. Froude's narrative, and the abrupt, rugged, involved, hampered, cataractic character of Mr. Carlyle's. Mr. Froude, also, we must say, treats his readers with vastly greater courtesy than Mr. Carlyle. If he is not less bent on making them join him in worshipping the image he has set up, he does not come upon them in the same fierce, Nebuchadnezzar style, leaving them only the alternative of idolatry or the burning fiery furnace; but calmly, and, as it were, benignantly, tries to reason and persuade them out of their errors into the better faith which he has found. We conclude, from these differences, that the sympathy between Mr. Carlyle and Mr. Froude, in their historical bias, is accidental, or the result of some common influence affecting both, rather than the product of imitation by the later writer of the earlier: at the same time, there is considerable affinity in the expedients to which they resort for the accomplishment of their end.

Mr. Froude, like Mr. Carlyle, is above concealing any fact that tells against his hero; indeed, he is perhaps unduly particular in his efforts to keep by his authorities, and the only parts of his work at all wearisome to read are those in which he has insisted on placing in the body of his narrative—the documentary evidence on which he rests his statements and conclusions. He seems too confident in the goodness of his case to resort to any concealment or evasion. His grand plea is, that Henry was the victim of State policy—that he was forced out of the path which otherwise he would have taken, by the necessities of his position—and that,

whilst his naturally generous and benevolent disposition was prevented, on the one hand, from yielding to its bent, he was obliged, on the other, to show, in severe and stringent measures, the strength and energy of his nature, by the unhappy circumstances in which he was placed. With this plea Mr. Froude boldly meets all the charges usually made against Henry as licentious, tyrannical, and blood-thirsty. So far, no fault can be found with him; it is a question of evidence and reason which has been mooted, and he has a right to argue his own side of it as he sees fit. Let us also frankly admit that he has in several points argued it successfully; his researches have thrown fresh light on the history of England and on the conduct of Henry; and we think he has so presented the facts of that monarch's troublous reign, as to vindicate for him a much higher place as a man and as a king than history or popular opinion has hitherto assigned to him. But Mr. Froude, not content with this, would have Henry placed "inter divos," among the canonized, and would have us to think of him as we think of an Alfred or of an Oliver Cromwell. And in order to this, he not only unduly exalts Henry's merits, and passes apologetically or cursorily over his undeniable crimes, but also unduly aggravates the offences of those who were the objects of his vengeance, unrighteously blackens characters that have hitherto shone through the ages like stars, and, with the zeal of an unscrupulous advocate, imputes to the actors, in the great drama he delineates, motives and reasons favourable to the aspect under which he wishes their conduct to be viewed, but by which there is not a shadow of evidence that they actually were influenced. The effort is as complete a falsification of history as if Mr. Froude had sat down intentionally to write the untruth.

The two acts of Henry's reign which have brought down upon him the greatest amount of popular odium, are the degradation and execution of Anne Boleyn and the execution of Sir Thomas More. "In these two direful deeds," says Sir James Mackintosh,* "Henry perhaps approached as nearly to the ideal standard of perfect wickedness as the infirmities of human nature will allow;" and with this we suspect the common opinion pretty nearly concurs. That there is in such a statement some rhetorical exaggeration, and that Henry was not quite such a monster as at first sight these acts make him appear, we are ready to allow; but the extent to which Mr. Froude carries his defence is ridiculous, whilst the attempts he makes to sully the fame of both the victims is deserving of severe reprehension. Besides being most unjust to

* "History of England," vol. II., p. 205.

them, and a departure from the truth of history, we wonder Mr. Froude did not see that, on the ground on which he has himself rested Henry's defence, such vituperation was altogether irrelevant. For Henry was either compelled, by absolutely irresistible necessity, to take the lives of his wife and his former chancellor, or he was not. If he was not, then was his deed a mere piece of cruel personal vindictiveness, not to be distinguished essentially from murder, be their characters what they might: if he was, then let his procedure find its defence in the reasons of State which compelled him, to the force of which nothing can be added by any reasons of a personal kind, such as in themselves could never justify such procedure. In short, the reproaches cast by Mr. Froude on More and Anne Boleyn are, on the ground he has himself assumed, either superfluous or irrelevant, and ought therefore to have been avoided. But it was doubtless felt by Mr. Froude that no such public reasons of State can be substantiated for Henry's justification. He saw clearly that the evidence which would convict either More or Anne of any design or act of direct or constructive treason utterly breaks down whenever it is calmly scrutinized; and consequently he has been tempted to resort to the ruse of substituting personal offences of which they are, or were alleged to be, guilty, in place of public offences, for which alone, when proved against them, they could be legally executed. He thus manages to shift his cards in the course of his play, and seeks to gain his point by drawing off the attention of the reader from the deep iniquity of the king, by dwelling so on the alleged faults of his victims, that all feeling of pity for them is enfeebled if not destroyed, and a sort of sympathy created on behalf of the much-tried and injured prince by whom they were condemned. That More was a much less estimable man than his eulogists are wont to assert, we believe may be most satisfactorily proved; that he was a cruel persecutor who thought it good to shed innocent blood for the cause of bigotry and tyranny, we have his own words to show; but what has this to do with the righteousness of the sentence which adjudged him to death for treason? That Anne was thoughtless and inconsiderate must, we fear, be allowed; that she was unfaithful to Henry can never be proved, and ought not to be insinuated, as we are sorry to say it is by Mr. Froude, in the absence of proof; but that either the honour of Henry's crown or the safety of his throne required that she should be put to death, even on the supposition of her guilt, is too absurd to be maintained. Is it right, then, we ask, gratuitously to disturb the ashes of these two illustrious sufferers, or seek, by blackening their reputation, to alleviate the gloom that hangs over that of their destroyer?

Mr. Froude, we doubt not, as well as Mr. Carlyle, would admit that truthfulness is the first virtue of an historian. Of what use, indeed, is history, or why should any one take the trouble to write it, unless it is to be truthful? The poet or the novelist can supply us with fictitious characters for our amusement, or merely "to point a moral;" but the sphere of the historian is the actual, and his great business is not to set before us a hero, or to embody in story some ideal creations of his own, but to reproduce the men and events of his epoch as they really were, so far as his sources enable him to do so. These men may have been very wicked; it is no concern of his to make them less so: they may have been very foolish or commonplace; it is no concern of his to make them assume the guise of exalted or useful characters. His business is to tell us what they really were, to show them to us living, speaking, acting, as they really did when on the theatre of life. All this, we presume, Mr. Carlyle and Mr. Froude would admit. And yet their practice is wholly at variance with this. Judging from their books, we should infer that their conception of the design of history is to force facts to represent an ideal of their own minds. To them their selected hero is what Achilles is to Homer, or the pious Æneas is to Virgil—the object which is to occupy the foreground of their picture, to which all else is to be made accessory, and on which the main interest of the whole is to concentrate; and for this purpose it is not simple historical truth at which they aim, but artistic effect, which is often best secured at the expense of historical truth. Now, against this, we think, there is good reason loudly to exclaim. Poetry is to be valued in its own place; and a good epic, of which either Henry VIII. or Friedrich Wilhelm I. should be the hero, would be deserving of all welcome; but it is not good to palm off poetry on the public for history, or to give out for fact what exists only in the artist's fancy. If one tell a good story merely for the amusement of one's audience, it may be of no moment at all that the details are due chiefly to the imagination of the narrator; but if it is solemnly given out as fact, then does all such colouring become of the nature of imposture, and the narrator, however clever, must abide the charge of being no true man.

But we have a still more serious accusation to bring against these writers. Their efforts to make such men as Friedrich Wilhelm and Henry VIII. objects of unjustified admiration, we regard as fraught with mischief to the cause of good morals. For what is it in these men that catches their imagination, and becomes in their estimation an equivalent for all goodness, an apology for all crime? It is simply *strength*—strength of character, strength of intellect, or strength of will. These men *would* have their own

way in the world; and they *had* it, though often at the expense of all that ought to be most precious in the eyes of an intelligent, social, and accountable being. It is for this, and for this only, that Mr. Carlyle and Mr. Froude would accomplish their apotheosis. Apart from this, they were simply very bad men, in some respects very contemptible men; but this, in the esteem of these writers, is such a redeeming excellence that it not only gives dignity to their characters, and atones for all their offences, but exalts them to an almost superhuman elevation, and demands for them the reverential homage of all coming ages. What a lesson is this for writers like these to teach! Had such a doctrine emanated from among the worshippers of Thor or the Grecian Hercules, no one would have felt surprised; but that it should be clothed in English speech, and put forth in the midst of a civilized community professing the Christian religion, may well excite our wondering indignation. To a right-judging mind, strength, instead of being the greatest of all virtues, is in itself no virtue at all; it is simply a physical capability which becomes a good or an evil just as it is used. A man has no more right to be respected because he is strong, than he has a right to be respected because he is handsome, or because he is six feet in height. Physical advantages are without doubt to be valued as means and instruments of moral activity; but they are not in themselves real goods, and when they come to be valued merely for their own sake, still more when they come to be held as equivalents for the absence of the higher and more worthy qualities of our nature, a wholly false estimate of our moral relations is proclaimed, and a lesson of unsound morality is taught. There is no true greatness for man but that which comes to him as the result of the right exercise of his faculties and endowments. This is the doctrine which all good and wise men will steadfastly preach; and when a writer uses his talents to disseminate any doctrine contrary to this, it becomes the duty of all good and wise men to denounce him as a man who is casting in tares among the wheat, as a man who up to the measure of his power is blunting the moral sense of the community, and seeking to roll back the wheels of civilization. *Τὸ μὴ μαθεῖν κρεῖσσον ἢ μαθεῖν τάδε.*

In this adulation of mere force to the neglect or contempt of intelligence and moral goodness, there is weakness as well as sin. It is really unworthy of men like Mr. Carlyle and Mr. Froude to fall down before a mere incarnation of strength, and, heathen-like, worship the merely terrible and fierce. Such childish and misplaced homage, were it not morally so mischievous, would be simply ridiculous. It reminds one of the ignorant savage, who

will part with the most precious things for a gilt button, not because it is a button, but because it is gilt.

In conclusion, we cannot refrain from uttering a wish that literary men, especially those who have the ear of the community, were more deeply impressed with a sense of the responsibility of their position. If the influence exercised by a popular author be enviable for the power it gives him over the minds, hearts, lives, destinies of his fellow-men, there is, at the same time, something very awful in the possession of such power, and no thoughtful man will lightly regard the responsibilities which the being put in trust with such a power entails. It is no small matter to have the willing attention of thousands of intelligent and accountable beings who, in this busy and book-loving age, seek refreshment in literature, but have little time to sift carefully the opinions that are urged upon them* by the authors whose works they read. Who can tell what an amount of diffusive and undying mischief one popular writer, who writes without regard to the claims of truth and good morals, may, in the midst of such a community, produce? We wish our literary men would seriously ponder this. Perhaps it would save themselves from much sin, and exempt the community from much pernicious, enervating, degrading, and misleading literature.

"Rigid love of truth," says Fichte, in the best of his works, "is the proper virtue of the literary man. It is his vocation to extend the boundaries of human knowledge, not in any way merely to play with it. Like all men of true virtue, he must forget self in his end. To what will it tend to have sustained shining paradoxes, or to have obstinately defended errors that may have at any time slipped from him? Only to the edification of his own egoism. This morality wholly condemns, and this must prudence also condemn; for only the true and good abides, and the false, be it never so brilliantly set forth, vanishes and passes away." *

* "System der Sittenlehre nach der Principien der Wissenschaftslehre," p. 451. Jena: 1798.

II.

WILSON OF WOODVILLE.

Memoir of the Life of James Wilson, Esq., F.R.S.E., M.W.S., of Woodville. By JAMES HAMILTON, D.D., F.L.S. London: Nisbet & Co.

WHEN we were young, there was a book of renown entitled "The History of Three Hundred Animals." It went through a good many editions, was decidedly the book for "the million" of that day, and altogether was a fair sample of popular science as it then existed. It was profusely illustrated with copper-plates, including a figure, such as it was, of every species described. We have our old well-thumbed copy before our mental eye now: it opens spontaneously at the first plate; there are three animals, not grouped (they had no notion of that ingenious device in those days), but set in a row, one over the other. First came the lion, "because he was universally acknowledged *by naturalists* to be the king of beasts;" then the lioness, doubtless as being the queen; and then the jackal (!) because he was "the lion's provider." The "system" adopted was neither the "Linnæan," nor the "natural," but the *courtly*. The editor was manifestly a loyalist in those days of rabid republicanism.

There was a portrait and description in full of the lamia, with its woman's face and breasts, and the body of a tiger; of the manticora, with a star of venomous points radiating from the tip of its tail; of the dragon, with its barbed tongue, its ribbed wings, and its scaly mail; and of the basilisk, as he appeared on the day of his coronation. Due prominence was given to these interesting quadrupeds, and a goodly array of feathered fowl were presented, with all their blushing honours, such as this:—

> "The Curlew, be she white, be she black,
> She carries twelve pence on her back;"

and, by the way, our own versatile pen had supplied the inexplicable oversight of the engraver, by representing the said twelvepence, in full tale, on the back of the bird. But, the invertebrata—the mollusca, the crustacea, the insects, the worms, the star-fishes, the zoophytes, the infusoria—those countless hosts, which at this day constitute the grand sphere of zoology,—these were the "million," the "unwashed," which were not considered presentable at court. They could not, to be sure, be wholly ignored, and so they appeared by delegate; and even the favour of one full plate was assigned to them—the last, of course. There was a figure of *the* fly, *the* spider, *the* snail, *the* caterpillar, and *the*

beetle. The worthy didascalus evidently considered that there existed in nature but *one* sort of fly, spider, and so on, and the portrait was intended to serve for that one. The beetle! well do we remember it. It seemed to have been taken from a "lay figure," and the artist had probably made his own—a ball of worsted, with an indefinite number of bent pins stuck all round to represent the antennæ, and legs, and any other organs that he supposed "the beetle" had, or ought to have!

Such was the book, which yet struck the spark that kindled the flame of science in many an infant mind. It certainly did the business for ourselves, and all honour to its venerable records; and the excellent naturalist whose name stands at the head of this article is another witness of its success. Just as the last century was closing in, when Nelson and Sidney Smith were turning the fortunes of the Orient and of the world, a child in petticoats and bib, living at 53, Queen Street, in the modern Athens, received as a present a copy of "The History of Three Hundred Animals." The child was James Wilson, and the picture-book made him a naturalist for life.

A naturalist! yes, but of which type? For there are two very distinct species of the genus, to use a phraseology in harmony with the subject? First, there is the—but stay! we will call on him. We search up an ancient building in an old-fashioned square, it does not matter whether it is in Paris or in Vienna, and knock at the rusty-hinged door. "Is Doctor Scobs at home?" "Yes, Sir; he is in the gallery." We walk through a corridor filled with glass cases crammed with furred and feathered "specimens," some displaying a shocking nakedness of skin, and sad lack-lustre eyes, till at the farther end we reach a little sanctum, in which, with spectacles on nose, the worthy doctor is seated before an open drawer. A glance, as we enter the room, shows that its shelves are covered with glass jars, in each of which a shapeless white object hangs by a thread in a clear yellowish fluid: every jar covered with dust that would grow a crop of mustard-and-cress, only that anything so fresh and green would be quite out of place here. And what an accumulation of odours! Faugh! I hope you've got your wife's vinaigrette in your waistcoat pocket! What is it? Spirit of wine, decaying flesh, camphor, musty bones, all combining into one bouquet; and mouldy, most mouldy, dust triumphant over all! The Doctor politely bids us be seated; and pushing his glasses up his wrinkled forehead, turns away from his drawer of beetles, in which we see the wood-lice literally "kicking up a dust," and breaks with a wan smile his look of care. He informs us that he has been for two days engaged in the solution of an interesting question;—viz.,

whether the tiny beetle impaled on a pin, and stuck on a little cone of cork, which he holds in his left hand, is or is not the true *Aschemonops Latiooshkoffii* of Pfeiffenhammer. He has arrived at the conclusion that it is NOT; and proceeds most courteously to demonstrate the fact to us. Setting before us the Latin description of the species in the renowned Pfeiffenhammer's folio "Jasyg. Coleopt. Synops. Meth.," he shows us that the lowest spine of the anterior tibia is slightly lanceolate instead of acuminate, that the posterior tarsi are longer by 0·012 inch than the medial instead of being equal, and that the punctures which form the striæ of the elytra next to the sutura are obsolescent. The learned Doctor now puts into our hand a long column, in which the dimensions of every limb and organ of the insect are set down in decimals of an inch, from micrometric admeasurements carefully made by himself. This paper he proposes to submit to the Coleopterical Society at their next meeting; and, adjusting his spectacles, kindly offers to read it to us in extenso. But we suddenly recollect an engagement at our solicitor's, and with some perturbation take a hurried leave; the Doctor calling us back, however, to inform us that the species is undoubtedly new to science, and that he intends to call it *A. Bamboozlianus*, in honour of his eminent friend the Professor at Staubighohle.

Now for naturalist No. 2. Where shall we look for him? Go on a summer's morning to some lakelet among the hills, while the east is still ruddy, and get there just as the summit of yon peak in the west bursts out into gold. Go down through the dewy bushes, where the sweet-gale gives out gushes of fragrance as your knees push it aside, down to the rushy margin of the quiet pool, whose mirror-like face is only interrupted by clusters of queenly water-lilies sitting on their carpets of floating leaves; and there, stretched out on his breast on the mossy bank, with his face almost touching the water, lies a young man. Let us not interrupt him, but watch him; for he is a naturalist of the second type, and this is his study.

How calm and quiet is the scene! The silvery lake is unruffled by a breath: the foliage of the poplar scarcely quivers: but the wild bee is abroad, probing the azure blossoms of the elegant skullcap, and a shrill impatient hum is maintained by bright-banded flies, which hover over the shrubs and shoot like meteors from side to side; a soft, mellow, flute-like song comes from yonder coppice,—it is the matin of the blackbird; and on the other side of the lake scores of snipes are calling and answering one another with their quivering bleating cry.

Our naturalist cautiously parts the oval leaves of the lily and the pond-weed with his fingers, and peers down into the water

beneath their shadow. We do the same: the lucid clearness of the pool, and the shade of the leaves, enable us to see the bottom with perfect distinctness, and we find it populous. Hundreds of tiny plump beetles, radiant with yellow and red, and others of a pitchy hue, scuttle out from the black sogged leaves, and in again, rowing themselves along with oary feet. A great fellow of similar form appears, suspends his motion, and rises without effort to the surface; but no sooner has his tail felt the air, than his two well-fringed oars resume their vigorous paddling, and a few strokes take him to the bottom again. Uncouth dragonfly grubs are sprawling hither and thither on their long spidery legs, and ever and anon one claps his limbs close to his sides, and shoots along by the impetus of a jet of water which he propels from a singular valvular apparatus in his stern-quarters. But, see! one has caught sight of that crimson bloodworm that writhes on yonder stone; how cautiously he creeps up toward it, and now suddenly out from his face fly a pair of folding-doors, and a huge broad arm is projected like lightning, and, seizing the hapless worm, all is as quickly folded up again. "Hech! sirs, but that's just fine!" says our naturalist, as with beaming eye he looks up to us, and sees our sympathetic admiration; and now he grows eloquent, and tells us the wondrous histories and economies of the creatures he is watching. He tells us that he is fond of insects; but that he likes much better to come and see their free and living manners, and to watch their manœuvres in forage and play, and love and war, their stratagems and cunning contrivances to elude or outwit one another, and other creatures, than to look at them stiff and stark, pinned in rows in corked drawers. And as he points out to us the movements of the curious little creatures, and explains the purport of them, we catch something of his own enthusiasm, and own that it is, indeed, "as good as a play," or rather better.

He shows us one of these very dragonfly grubs that he has just seen emerge from the water and climb up a reed, where we now see it. We watch with him; for this was the object which he expressly got up before day, and came hither, to see. In a few minutes the back skin of the creature splits, and out presses the body of one of the most elegant denizens of the sunny air, the gauzy-winged demoiselle. The wings are not yet gauzy, indeed, but soft, thick, and white, like wetted paper, but they are rapidly stretched upon their lengthening ribs, and soon acquire their filmy transparence, and their talc-like glitter, while the body as quickly assumes its gay hues; and the splendid insect—how unlike its former self!—springs on vigorous wing to hawk for feebler flies over the waters in which it was born.

Now James Wilson of Woodville was a naturalist of this second sort; one whose sympathies were with free, wild, beauteous nature; and but a few years ago you might perchance have seen the man himself stretched beside some Highland tarn engaged in observations the very counterpart of these. He was a man of a loving and genial disposition, who delighted to woo the birds and butterflies, the buds, and flowers, and twinkling leaves, in greenwood bower, or heathery mountain, by tarn, and flood, and fell, like Wordsworth, his friend and his "mind's father," with whom he could say,—

> "To me the meanest flower that blows can give
> Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

Though Edinburgh, as we have said, was the scene where the illustrious "Three Hundred" first opened on the gaze of the delighted child, yet brick and mortar had met that gaze already elsewhere. Wilson was a "Paisley body," having first "seen the light" in that dull and sordid birth-place of gorgeous shawls and translucent muslins. His biographer, however, shrewdly admits that, as the month was November, the amount of light to be seen was little more than mythical.

It is a curious coincidence that the same "dull town" had already given existence to a naturalist of the same name and of kindred tastes. It was but the very year before James Wilson was born, that Alexander Wilson, the Paisley weaver, left his native town for that continent where he acquired a world-wide renown as the author of "American Ornithology." These two men had much more in common than a name and a birthplace. Both were poets of no mean order; both were ardent lovers of the feathered tenants of the groves; both could write eloquently and tastefully concerning their favourites; and both could depict them with a vivid pencil; both were keen and accurate observers, and truthful recorders of what they observed; both were of a slender, spare, and weakly habit of body, which they strengthened by long-continued and persevering exercise in the pursuit of zoology; and both were sufferers from a morbid despondency, which they alleviated, if not removed, by their delightful occupations.

Those who take an absorbing interest in some one pursuit will frequently meet with occurrences apparently casual which strongly react upon their idiosyncrasy. The only peculiarity, however, is that they occur to minds already in a condition to receive the impulse and to cherish it, instead of minds to which, from indifference or unobservant habits, the incident would have been scarcely noticeable. How curious was the rencontre between the

naturalist and the tiger in Killiecrankie Pass, that wild forest glen of old Scotland.

"My first walk into the Pass was alone, on a sweet, calm, dewy morning. I was thinking of other days; of the wild cries which had once echoed along that rocky river, and of the bloody Clavers, whose bones lay buried almost beneath my feet, when, on approaching a very solemn pine-shadowed portion of the Pass, I neared a peculiar kind of carriage with an iron grating, and, advancing upon it for a close inspection, an enormous Bengal tiger, with its burning breath, sprang up to meet me. Though fond of natural history, I was somewhat startled by the suddenness of this unexpected salutation. But I had scarcely time to wonder where I was, before a gorgeous group of eight richly-harnessed horses, drawing an open carriage, passed before me. Then came a vehicle nearly as high as a steeple—at least so high that I cannot yet conceive how the old umbrageous branches of the over-hanging forest permitted it to pass. Various other carriages, with two, three, or four horses, followed in the wake, till the mystery was solved by the fact flashing on me, that Van Amburgh and his beasts had been at Inverness, and were now travelling southwards to a more genial clime. But the effect of meeting such a miscellaneous and incongruous group, in the solemn and otherwise silent Pass of Killiecrankie, was singular and rather striking in its way. I doubt not, no other camelopard had ever been there from the beginning of creation, and, it may be, will never be seen there again till the end of time."

Scarcely less striking was his first interview with the storks of Holland. Visiting Delft in his twenty-first summer, he took a walk on a beautifully calm evening to the churchyard, and remained in its peaceful solitudes long after sunset had given way to twilight. All was still, and the poetic stranger was musing in quiet abstraction. Suddenly he was aware of a soft fluttering sound, "like the winnowing of angels' wings," and a pair of large beings of snowy whiteness descended from the air, and alighted on soft pinions close to the dreamer's feet. A superstitious mind might have seen in them visitants from the heavenly world, but the naturalist's eye told him their nature at once. In spite of the hour, the darkness, and the sepulchral locality, they were nothing but storks descending to seek a plentiful supper on the worms and slugs which doubtless abounded in so genial a spot. They were evidently as much surprised as the poet; for they immediately rose again on the wing, and mounted to the church steeple, where they sat, uttering their wild and plaintive cries, and clattering at intervals their strong horny beaks. No wonder that, even when the momentary emotion of surprise had yielded to recognition, an association so poetical should have produced "a fine effect" on a mind so impressible, and not yet arrived at manhood.

Born and bred in that moderate competence which is justly considered as the happiest state, it was, at the same time, the advantage and the misfortune of Wilson that he was not compelled to work for bread. It was an advantage, because he thus had leisure to pursue those scientific studies which benefited the world as well as himself, and which many men who love them are prevented from cultivating deeply by the stern claims of the warehouse or the desk. It was, however, a disadvantage; because, being relieved from the necessity and duty of labour, his mind found the more opportunity to feed that morbid melancholy which was the result of physical disease;—Prometheus-like, to feel the vulture gnawing at his heart. It is sad to see a youth of four-and-twenty, with a refined taste and cultivated intellect, setting out on a tour through Italy, the object of former hopes and desires, "with every degree of disinclination for the journey," and feeling "as if it contained no one interesting feature." Nothing is more sad, where it is real and not affected, than that miserable feeling which made poor Byron say, like a peevish, spoiled child,

> "I would not, if I could, be blest;
> I want no paradise but rest."

But Wilson had what Byron had not. True, as yet, he too

> "—— would not look beyond the tomb;

for, as yet, "the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ" had not lighted up the region of the shadow of death in his spirit. But he had the eye of a naturalist; and that entrance to the soul is a wider inlet of joy from outward things than perhaps any other that is merely natural. As God Himself, manifested in the person of Jesus, is the sphere in which τὸ πνευματικόν finds its highest delight, so the works of God in what we call Nature are the chief element of joy to τὸ ψυχικόν. No wonder, then, that the melancholy of our invalid zoologist fled away long before he reached the classic land, under the influence of the sight and sounds of the Mediterranean.

If our readers have ever seen the seas of the sunny south, in those halcyon days in which summer is just verging towards autumn, they will be able to appreciate the vivifying power of our friend's voyage. How does the soul drink copious draughts of delight in gazing on the sparkling sea, throwing up ten thousand diamond rays of living light beneath the radiant sun, as the surface is broken into little crests and rivulets by an invigorating breeze! To stand on the ship's quarter, and look over her side as she is making some eight or nine knots; to see the white foam rolling off from her clean counter, gathered into a boiling eddy around the rudder, and then streaming off behind in a long, long

wake; to hear the wash of the water along the ship's bends, like a swift brook brawling over its pebbly course, that sweet sound which eloquently tells of rapid motion—all this is unmingled delight. And when to this is added the sudden appearance and as sudden departure of the strange creatures of the deep; things now huge and ungainly, now sinister and *uncanny*, now graceful and elegant, now blazing in gems and gold, now adorned with rainbow hues—forms that the entranced gazer never saw delineated, or, at least, whose accepted portraits gave him no idea of the reality—how is his delight exalted to enthusiasm!

Wilson failed not to observe with enlightened curiosity, and to describe, with poetry not unmixed with humour, to friends at home the "wonders of the sea." He saw the dolphins come trooping from the wind's eye down upon the ship, as though they would carry her by assault, then gambol round and round her as if she had been at anchor, rolling, and plunging, and leaping into the air in rollicking play. He saw the silvery flying-fish start in flocks from the wave, and shoot along in curvilinear courses, like so many ingots of precious metal. He saw, far beneath the keel, in the clear beryl-blue, the gaunt shark stealing along, whose Satanic eye no one ever looked upon without an inward shudder. He saw the pretty pilot-fishes, painted in alternate bands of clear blue-green and crimson-brown, play about in the dead water beneath the stern, ever and anon making a little sally forth after some indiscernible prey, and then scuttling back to their shelter and their play. He saw the tiny mimic ship, with hull of Tyrian purple and bright roseate sail, which sailors call the Portuguese man-of-war, and which, as it dances merrily upon the wave in the bright sunshine, is a most charming object; and doubtless he heard, when the little craft bowed to the breeze as it emerged from the lull of the passing ship, the sailors call attention to the act as one of homage to the maritime supremacy of the British flag. He saw the stormy petrels hover over the wake, and crowd around the stern as night fell, with an unearthly chattering, awakening superstitious dread in the mariners' uncultivated minds; and he wondered how they could spend the night, since the ship was "twenty or thirty miles from land." His wonder might have been increased, if he had seen them, and heard them, when the pitchy darkness of the stormy night forbade the eye longer to recognize them, flitting over the stern, like the spirits of the tempest, a thousand miles from land.

And then, in the moonless nights, he saw that wondrous and even awful sight, the lighting up of the wide expanse of the sea with a self-sustained illumination. Of all the strange spectacles beheld by those "who go down to the sea in ships," perhaps there is none which more strikes the imagination of the voyager,

or longer retains its power of fascination. How often have we gazed upon the long line of yellowish light, soft and subdued, which marks the ship's receding wake, and marked how the ever-moving rudder stirred and curlded it into clouds of brightness, like milk half mixed with water; while about these curdling clouds, especially where the whirling eddies churn the sea, innumerable sparks, like stars of varying magnitude, appear and disappear, kindle and quench, with magic rapidity. And then all round, as far as the eye can follow, from the ship to the horizon, on every side, broad flashes come and go from the dark surface of the waves, like fitful gleams of lightning. The accomplished naturalist knows, indeed, that this vast expenditure of light is produced by the organic structure of animals of multitudinous species and of very various forms; fishes, mollusca, crustacea, worms, and zoophytes—all taking their share in it. But with all the scientific lore that he may bring to bear on the subject, he can scarcely look upon the spectacle as it lights up the vast expanse of horizonless ocean without feeling an unearthly awe curdling his spirit, or without muttering to himself, half unconsciously,—

> "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
> Than are dream'd of in your philosophy!"

Neither the charms of natural history by sea and land, nor the classic and poetic halo which invested Italian scenes, could, however, eradicate disease, the seat of which was in the body rather than in the mind. James Wilson returned to Scotland a feeble, broken man, and for some years looked habitually at the darker side of the shield; his "usual and prevailing feelings" being "the reverse of pleasurable." The glories of a summer sunset he had been used to regard from childhood with admiration and enthusiasm: now that very sight was the most intolerable; so narrow is the interval that separates pleasure from pain in the deeper emotions of the spirit! How pitiable was the physical condition of one who could write thus:—

"This scenery, I have no doubt, is beautiful; I don't feel it to be so, but I am thankful there are no setting suns. There is but one sight in nature which is still too much for my spirit to bear, and that is the setting sun. At the close of a summer evening, when all around is quiet and hushed, and when the western sky gleams with the lovely hues of departing glory, I look upon the calm magnificence of heaven, and that moment wish I had never been called into existence. The crimsom clouds of an evening sky make my heart sick, and my mind is never more perturbed by ghastly visions than amid the fairly light of a setting sun. Yet I once loved it—not wisely, but too well. Though time has now broken the delusion, still I never

can forget what I have felt when a fiery sun slowly sank behind the purple mountains, and seemed to leave the world in a blaze of glory. I saw there a splendid emblem of a great man's death ; for the career of virtue is brightest when about to lead to heaven. I felt a throb that told me not to be ashamed to stand erect in the creation of God, and I could have wept with sublime joy to think that I might widen the sphere of virtue, and in the next world remember something that I had done in this.

A better joy was preparing for him, however, than the imaginary one of standing erect in the creation of God, on the ground of his own virtue. He was about to know the virtue of Another; to taste "the unsearchable riches of Christ." The passage just cited was written from the Hebridean Seas to the lady to whom he was engaged, and who soon after became his wife. This of itself was invaluable to the poor invalid as an element of happiness. This lady seems to have been in every respect a help meet for him. He could heartily re-echo the word, "He that getteth a wife, getteth a good thing, and obtaineth favour of the Lord." She was of kindred tastes with himself; could enter with zest into his scientific pursuits; tend his pets, train his flowers, read his books, and make them all *hers* as much as *his*.

Woodville, a cottage ornée in a small but pretty domain, ensconced amidst the groves of Morningside, in the suburbs of Edinburgh, became the residence of the newly-married pair; and continued to be their home, till each in turn removed to a better, "even an heavenly." As it is described by his biographer, it must have been a sort of terrestrial paradise for a naturalist, stocked with living creatures, which, forgetting their fear of man, seemed once more to render him a loving allegiance, from coatimondis and hedgehogs, dogs and rabbits, cockatoos and chaffinches, down to glow-worms, which last had egg-shells for arbours, and were fed regularly on the breakfast table (on what we are not informed; naturally, they eat snails, and not in the most cleanly manner). Then there were stoves and green-houses, parterres, borders, beds, banks, and bowers, in which from New Year's Day to Christmas grew what was "pleasant to the eyes and good for food":—

> "Laurel and myrtle, and what higher grew
> Of firm and fragrant leaf; on either side
> Acanthus, and each odorous bushy shrub,
> Fenc'd up the verdant wall: each beauteous flower,
> Iris all hues, roses, and jassamine,
> Rear'd high their flourish'd heads between, and wrought
> Mosaic; underfoot the violet,
> Crocus, and hyacinth, with rich inlay,
> Broider'd the ground, more colour'd than with stone
> Of costliest emblem."

And while the Adam of this Eden was busy giving names to his beasts and creeping things, there was by his side, or within call, his fair and gentle Eve, training her roses, or checking the too profuse luxuriance of her bowers.

The love of animals was with Wilson quite a passion. Nothing that had life came amiss to him. It was not merely the naturalist's desire to enlarge his cabinet, to add new species to the British Fauna, or even to study the economy of the rarer and less known; but the love of the commonest creatures as individuals, and for their own sake. He would fill his pockets with bread from the breakfast table, that he might have an ample store of crumbs, a long wake of which were left behind him for the finches and robins; and those which resided on his manor or in his neighbourhood were so well acquainted with his gentle bounteousness, that they would follow him without fear, and even bring their infant nestlings to him, as *their* first introduction to the world.

Some strange tenants were occasionally added to the domestic menagerie. When out on one of his cruises, he saw what he calls two snakes (but his biographer says, "they would be slow-worms") in friendly confabulation, and looking very sweet at each other and at him. Here was a chance! The naturalist immediately took off his hat, dashed one of his hands into the grass under them, and tossed them both into the air. One fell as desired into the hat, the other escaping. He instantly clapped the hat on his head, and walked to his lodging, with the "serpent" making a bed of grass of his hair. He adds, in narrating the capture to his niece, "It did not *hotch* (that is, wriggle) so much as you might have expected, but lay very resigned and peaceable."

The writer of this article, not long ago, made a similar capture in a somewhat similar manner. We discovered a beautiful little slow-worm coiled snugly up beneath a stone which we unsuspectingly turned over, and, quickly nipping it, cast about how to convey it home. To have taken Mr. Wilson's plan would have risked the loss of the prize, for the weather was sultry, and we have a habit of removing the hat to wipe the forehead when warm, but we bethought ourselves of another resource. We dropped the vermin into a kid glove, tying a tough stem of ivy, as an improvised cord, around the wrist; and thus ensconced we can add our testimony to the sober quiet way in which the little serpent traveled. On arriving at home, it was found to have penetrated into one of the glove fingers, whence it was not without some difficulty dislodged. We add, for the satisfaction of our young readers, that Snaky is comfortably installed as a permanent tenant in *our* naturalist's Eden.

Though a real lover of home and home's affections, and an invalid withal, Wilson had the organ of errativeness, if the phrenologists have yet found such a bump for what is an indubitable propensity. He possessed the traveling instinct, which no one who has once indulged it can ever wholly lay aside. Before he had attained the year of his majority, he was traveling through Holland and Belgium, and thence on to Switzerland, wandering over the Alps, and through the Tyrol into Bavaria. No sooner is he returned than we find him setting out for Paris. A year or two elapse, and he is exploring the Scandinavian peninsula; and then, in the following summer, he paid that unwilling visit to the shores of the Mediterranean, of which we have already spoken, and spent the winter in sunny Italy, returning a confirmed invalid. Nevertheless, he is soon astir again, visiting Ardencaple, and cruising among the islands on the south-west of Scotland in the yachts of his friends. Nor were a wife and a home of his own—*domus et uxor placens*—so great a mooring to the wandering craft that the cable could not be slipped on occasion still. His heart is divided; his ailing wife and prattlers set up a strong claim; but the loch and the mountain loom bright in the distance.

"I see a hand you cannot see,
Which beckons me away:
I hear a voice you cannot hear,
Which says I must not stay."

And he does not stay: he lingers, apologizes, protests, and—goes. Several successive summers were spent with men of congenial spirits—Professor Graham and his botanizing companions—in excursions and explorations in what was almost a *terra incognita* as to its natural history, the forests and mosses of Sutherland. These must have been journeys of peculiar delightsomeness to our poetic zoologist. The region abounds with lofty and picturesque mountains, the alpine character of which is preserved in the magnitude of many lakes at their bases, in the depth and abruptness of the openings and passes, in the expansion of widely-spread mountain sides, and formidable moors and bogs, and in a multitude of romantic valleys and rugged glens and hollows. Well watered by many rivers and tributary streams, some of which flow direct from the extensive lochs to the sea, while others are formed by the junction of numberless mountain torrents, the region presented peculiar temptations to an ardent and skilful fly-fisher. And such was Wilson: his prowess and success in salmon-slaying appear continually prominent in his letters, indicating the prominence which the pursuit maintained in his mind.

The mildness of the region and the sparseness of the population

presented some practical difficulties in its exploration, some of which were trying, though fun, wit, and sparkling humour combined with the excitement of adventure and the amenities of companionship, to give a keen zest to all. Their mode of living was curiously sylvan. Seeking some secluded valley, they would find perhaps, as night drew on, some rude Highland shieling, in which a single bed was to be had only by the dispossessing of its legitimate inmates, to whose astonishment and dismay some twenty hefellows, sharp-set with hunger, and voluble in their mirth, are pouring in through the low door. What is to be done? First the salmon and trout caught by the anglers in the day's journey, are produced from the basket, and fried, and these, with the addition of as much bread—or whatever passes for bread in the Highlands—could be mustered, satisfy the most craving demand. But now for beds. Perhaps there are two rooms in the dwelling: two occupy the bed in one; the rest, some eighteen or a score, stretch their lengths on a shakedown of heather or hay, with a few plaids for blankets, in the outer hall. In some of these excursions they seem to have had for one of their companions an officer, whose exploits in snoring were something prodigious. The whole night long this performer on the double bass maintained the same sonorous tune, putting to shame the drone of Donald's bagpipes. The matter became serious, and was fain to be made the subject of special negotiation and covenant.

"The first night he kept the whole party awake listening to his astounding performances. The second night he was voted into a separate room, along with a deaf old gardener who was proof against ordinary noises. In the morning his room-mate was asked how he had slept. 'I never slept a wink. He girt the very bed dirl under him.' At last it became needful to extort a solemn pledge that, by way of giving all his neighbours a chance, the gallant captain would not lay his head on the pillow till a quarter of an hour after his comrades—a pledge which he kept with gay good humour, sitting up, stop-watch in hand, till the company had a fair start of fifteen minutes; but woe betide the luckless wretch who could not gain the arms of Morpheus before Triton sounded his trumpet."

Perchance the most vivid idea of these mountain scenes will be derived from the following picture, drawn by his own graphic pen, for the delight of his beloved ones at Woodville. That most excellent naturalist, most worthy and amiable man, and most staunch Friend, the late Martin Barry, was one of the enthusiastic party, and plays a prominent part in the dramatic action. The scene is Lairg, on Loch Shin, in Sutherland; the time, August, 1833.

"After passing Loch Eribol (why don't you look at the map?), we came upon the lower end of Loch Hope, where there is a river of the same name, which you cross by a chain boat. The fare is a half-penny. There were at this time three of us, Dr. Greville, Captain Graham, and myself—the rest having gone up towards their night's quarters by another route to the head of the loch. I gave the woman who ferried us sixpence, which made her press us to enter the ferry-house and take a glass of milk. This we did, paying for the same. Half an hour before we met a doctor, galloping to see a dead man. We stopped him, partly that the man might have some chance of recovering, and partly to inquire about the fishing. He declared it was excellent in the river Hope, of which the course is extremely short, being only about a mile before it joins the saline water of Loch Eribol. This being confirmed by the ferry-woman, we remained for some hours, and had excellent sport. We then proceeded about nine miles into the interior, by the side of the lake, as long as it lasted, and up a lonely valley for two miles more, when it was done.

"A small hut, called Cashel Dhu, was to be our place of rendezvous, and there we joined the rest of the party to a candle-light dinner, consisting of excellent mutton from Mrs. Scobie's, portable soup, trouts, and potatoes. In the course of the evening, Mr. John Scobie, who had been from home during our visit, burst in upon us, like a kilted Mercury, in full Highland costume. He is a lively, kind-hearted, strong-built Highlander, and expressed great regret at what he called our speedy departure. He was for returning home again that night, which was, in fact, equivalent to sleeping in the moor; but we insisted that he should share our hay. We had here only one small room for the whole party, and so, learning from Barry that in the earlier part of the day he had botanized up the valley, and passed a shepherd's hut, where he was told he might stay all night, we thought it advisable to divide a little, as there was literally not room for us all upon the floor. Therefore Barry and myself, with Captain Graham and the kilted Scobie, though we had all had a hard day's work, set off in the dark, towards twelve o'clock, in search of a roosting-place. After a few miles we came to the shepherd's hut, at which we knocked, and knocked, and knocked again; but the only answer we got for long was the violent barking of a band of collies in the interior. At last a feeble and querulous grumbling was heard, as if from under a heap of clothes. We could make nothing of it for a considerable time, and so continued our knocking at door and windows. We finally made out that the muffled murmurings were intended to warn us off; that everybody *should* be in bed by that time of night, and that we must make the best of our way back to Cashel Dhu. In vain we entreated, and expostulated, and explained; in vain did Mr. John Scobie menace them with ducal wrath, alternately in Gaelic and 'the English tongue;' still more in vain did the gentler Barry 'thee' and 'thou' through the keyhole or the broken *lozen*. 'Thou didst willingly promise me a night's lodging when I passed thy dwelling in the daytime.

Surely thou wouldst not refuse us the cover of thy roof, and the use of thy hay. Thou oughtest not to have promised, if thou intended not to fulfil. Thou hast deceived us, and now we know not what to do.' I was certain from the first, from the tone of her voice, that she would not yield, and advised the party to be off, though I could not exactly advise them in what direction to turn their steps. We were about to go back to Cashel Dhu, when Mr. Scobie proposed we should venture a few miles more up the valley, as he was 'pretty sure' there was a hut somewhere on the other side of the river. Though angry at the caprice and selfishness of the woman who had turned us away (the man never spoke, and was supposed not to be at home, though I doubt not he was lying ensconced on the other side of his cruel rib), we were in good humour with ourselves, and there was at least the chance of novelty in the adventure. It was now nearly one in the morning, fair, but dark. We passed the ruins of an old Pictish tower, seen dimly shadowed on the sky. The mountains were closing darkly around us as we approached the head of the vale, and the river, 'hurried precipitous from steep to steep,' foamed along the side of one path, or gushed in long, deep, gloomy pools, not easily distinguished from the sombre bank on which we traveled. But the brave Highlander led the way with a light elastic step, and led us as securely as if our road had been the aisle of a church. At last he said, 'We must cross here,' and immediately stepped into the brawling stream. This would have been no joke nearer home, and I once or twice thought I felt Isabel pulling my coat-tails; but as for Scobie, he had no tails to pull, so in he plunged deeper and deeper still. From constant fishing, Captain Graham and myself were very sure of foot upon the slippery stones, and firm of limb to withstand the downward sweeping of the torrent. But, alas! for Barry and his breadth of brim! 'Friend, art thou assured of the way? This, now, seemeth a perilous passage. Thinkest thou we had not best return?' But Scobie's bare knees were now beginning to emerge from the flood, and in a few seconds more three of us stood upon the further bank, while Barry, making a few desperate plunges, also gained a firmer footing in more shallow water, and was soon landed in safety. Well, it was now two in the morning, and we were still doubtful where to turn. But Scobie, after snuffing about for a few minutes like a pointer, seemed to ascertain some landmarks, and, starting across the heath, he led us, in another quarter of an hour, to a tent about the size of a pea-stack. All was solemn and silent for a time, till we groped out the door. He gave a tap, and was answered in Gaelic. He appeared to give a short statement of our case and condition, and from a few interjectional 'Oich, oichs!' from within, I judged that the heart of the woman was at last subdued. Suffice to say, we were admitted. We found a lone woman, a girly about ten, and a litter of younger children. We had no candle, but the woman soon blew up the embers of a peat fire, which occupied the centre of the room, and then, ever and anon, lighting small lath-like pieces of some resinous wood, she threw a bright

glare over the strange incongruous group by which she was surrounded. There was the martial Highlander, with his rosy limbs fresh from the crystal stream, standing erect with his plumed bonnet on his head, and one of the lighted sticks between his fingers. There was also the Quaker, with his translucent eye, his figure leaning forward on his staff, with an appearance of fatigue combined with a deep interest in the scene, his moist garments clinging closely to his weary and well-watered limbs. Captain Graham had, in the meantime, sat down on the floor, on the lid of an old herring barrel, his face beaming with smiles, and reflecting every ray of light from its broad and happy surface. I was standing myself in the back-ground, scratching the nose of a collie, and watching the wreaths of smoke as they made their way through the large holes in the roof, amid rafters black as ebony, and shining as if varnished. We got in hay from the barn, and stretched ourselves around the fire, till daylight dawned down the chimney. I must stop, for my candle is going out."

In all these expeditions Wilson was the life of the party. In spite of his infirmity, he was gay and genial in company, full of fun and kindly mirth, witty and sparkling in conversation, with an overflow of playful humour. He was fond of puns; a sort of wit which does not shine in black and white, but which is effective enough in merry discourse,—perhaps because, the worse the pun, the more boisterous the laughter. So inveterate a punster was Wilson, that he could not avoid punning in his familiar correspondence: the great lexicographer would certainly have buttoned up his conscious pockets in his presence. But his playful merriment was free from coarseness as from malice, and never degenerated into giving pain to others.

After all, wit was but the condiment; his conversation was stocked with that sterling good sense and abundant information which ever made it a feast to discourse with him. He could be grave and earnest; perhaps not the less really so, because of the occasional relaxing of his bow. This peculiarity was prominent in his contributions to literature, and made them, what they will ever be, delightful as bits of reading, no less than instructive as epitomes of science. He had formed the notion—a very heretical one with the Scobs school—that it is possible to convey the truths of science without wrapping them up in a starched phraseology, in opposition to the prevailing practice, which seems to be the filling of the temple of knowledge with a cloud of learned smoke before the profane are admitted, that they may not discern too clearly the things which they are invited to examine. In his luminous zoological articles written for the "Encyclopædia Britannica," amounting to the equivalent of nine or ten ordinary octavo volumes, the reader is continually borne along in spite of

himself, as a traveler finds a long journey beguiled of its weariness by the discourse of a pleasant companion. The free citation of our poets, the frequent classical allusions and illustrations, and the bright and genial humour that everywhere mark his dissertations, are like flowers by the wayside, refreshing the wayfarer as he travels; and if they offend any, it can surely be those alone who, like our old Hanoverian monarch, "don't like bainding, nor boedry neider!"

From 1841 to 1850 Wilson was a good deal on the sea in the summer months, and the chief portion of these cruises was among the Hebrides. The results of the first year's cruise were published on his return under the title of "A Voyage round the Coasts of Scotland and the Isles;" and a most delightful book it is, full of varied and authentic information, and full of graphic word-painting of those romantic and little visited regions. How vividly beautiful, for example, is the following picture!

"The mountains in this northern part of Harris are of great height, and, with the bold rocky foreground and the placid sea and their own broken gigantic summits, form a noble landscape in the way of sterile grandeur. The island is said to produce good pasture, and I suppose the numerous little vales, or rather hollows, among the sheltered rocks are clothed with grass; but the general aspect of the whole, as seen from the sea, is as barren as anything unscorched by fire. However, on a calm, sweet summer evening, the hills lying in deep shadow, very dark and solemn—about and between them in the western distance a most gorgeous sky of crimson-coloured gold, broad and rich below and dying away towards the zenith in fleecy specks of fire upon a ground of most transparent blue; the whole reflected on the bosom of still waters—the scene is one of almost unexampled beauty. The pleasure is probably the greater from the contrast presented by these aerial effects of a perfectly fine evening, and those of a cold monotonous or misty morning, such as I dare say prevails throughout a lengthened portion of the year."

The object of these voyages was not merely recreation. They were instituted for the purpose of prosecuting inquiries into the existing condition and contingent prospects of those fisheries on which so large a portion of the outlying Scottish population are dependent for subsistence, and which contribute in no slight degree to national wealth. Wilson was thus brought into a laborious correspondence with the Government, which was productive of liberal pecuniary aid, in the form of grants for the improvements of harbours, and the erection of piers. The article "Fisheries" in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," was another result of these personal investigations.

Fishes and fishing make the world to these remote and lonely

islanders; and the concentration of mind on one object which its habitual pursuit induces has led them to some curious contrivances; among others to marine aquaria on a large scale, which it seems were known to the Hebrideans long before they became fashionable in our drawing rooms. They were, it is true, of a different type, and did not require any acquaintance, either theoretical or practical, with that interesting principle by which the balance of organic life is maintained in our tanks. On those rocky shores, clefts and cavities occur of all imaginable shapes and sizes, and it is by taking advantage of some of these, more favourably circumstanced than usual, that the ingenuity of the proprietors has constituted them tanks under human control. There is a remarkable one near the Mull of Galloway, which has been described by several travelers;* it was at first a small basin in the rock, communicating with the sea by means of a natural tunnel; but, as the bottom was very little below the half-tide level, it was dry at low water. The proprietor, by quarrying and blasting the sides and bottom, enlarged and deepened this cavity till it formed a circular pond of fifty feet wide, with at least eight feet of water at lowest tide, and at high water, about fourteen, so that the sea replenishes the contents every twelve hours. A grating prevents the escape of the inhabitants through the tunnel, and the surrounding margin, with a little aid from art, is sufficiently high to restrain overflow at the fullest, while a lofty wall guards the strange preserve frem dishonest neighbours.

This marine fish-pond is well stocked with various kinds of fish, but particularly cod. The fisherman in charge takes in his boat when he goes out fishing a tub or "well," into which he throws any fish of likely size or appearance, the whole on his return being transferred to the pond. Here, by being constantly fed, they not only acquire colossal size and weight, but become quite tame and confiding, even learning to distinguish the person that feeds them, and to come at call, to be fed by hand. The old woman who tends them will, for the admiration of visitors, take out one and another, great docile cods of ten or twelve pounds' weight, and laying it across her lap, stroke and pat it as if it were a cat, saying, "Poor fellow! poor fellow;" now and then opening its huge mouth and putting in a mussel, which it swallows with great apparent gusto. A correspondent of Mr. Jesse's has narrated a remarkable example of reasoning power, not less surprising than the well-known incident of an elephant's blowing a sixpence out of a corner. "On arriving," he says, "I fed the large cod out of my hand from some mussels which I had in a basin. I pur-

* See *New Sporting Magazine*, xiii. 12; Jesse's "County Life," p. 62.

posely, however, retained one mussel in the basin, and offered it to the cod, in order to see how, with its broad mouth and short tongue, it would reach it. The cod *blew into the basin* (a small slop basin), and the reaction forced the mussel out of it, and the fish seized it immediately."

In a letter to his daughter, Wilson has narrated, with his usual humour, his visit to this aquarium, describing the flocking of the cods to the feet of the old woman, the thrusting out of water of the huge heads and shoulders (a cod's head and shoulders!), the opening of the enormous mouths, the gulping down of the limpets and sand-eels, and the "wambling about like a set of puppy-dogs." Of course he formed an acquaintance with one, and succeeded in gaining its affections, and almost persuaded it to go on board the cutter with him.

As an author Wilson was indefatigable and prolific. If his summers were usually devoted to recreation, it was that thoughtful and observant recreation which was storing up facts and principles with which the world was to be enriched: his winter pen perpetuated his summer impressions. Besides his extensive contributions to the "Encyclopædia Britannica," of which, indeed, he became, in effect, almost the editor—he wrote largely for other works, as "Blackwood's Magazine," the "North British Review," the "Quarterly Review," the "Edinburgh Cabinet Library," the "Quarterly Journal of Agriculture," the "Entomological Magazine," the "Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal," and "Excelsior;" together with sundry papers which were published in the "Memoirs of the Wernerian Society." The greater part of all these writings were more or less directly on zoological subjects, but some were notes of his own travels, and a few were critical notices of kindred works. In addition to all this labour he found time to write the following independent works: "Illustrations of Zoology," 1831; "Entomologia Edinensis" (in part), 1834; "The Rod and the Gun" (in part), 1840; "A Voyage round the Coasts of Scotland and the Isles," 2 vols. 1842; and "Illustrations of Scripture," 1855.

As a writer, his style is the reflection of himself; clear and graphic in description; lively and entertaining; accurate in scientific detail, without dullness; full of anecdote, allusion, and illustration, full of poetry, and full, too, of wit and pleasantry; playful without coarseness; chatty and easy, without the least descent to vulgarity. The reader always discerns the well-read student, as well as the shrewd and original observer; and his talent for communicating is only rivaled by the store which he has to communicate.

III.

A THUNDER-STORM.

It is a sultry summer's day. The sun has been blazing for hours uncurtained by a cloud. The earth seems weary of his beams, for the sky glows like the dome of a furnace, and the winds have ceased to fan the feverish landscape. A sense of oppression, nameless and indescribable, is felt by man, and appears to be shared by bird and beast. Judging, indeed, by the general languor which prevails, the observer might well be pardoned if he concluded that Nature herself was about to swoon.

Why is this?

The storm-spirit is abroad, and such are a few of the symptoms which herald his approach.

On the horizon a dark menacing cloud appears, small at first, but gradually dilating as it advances towards the spot where its lightnings are to be discharged. Lesser, but still more ragged patches of vapour become visible in the sky; and these, evidently disturbed by the proximity of the terrible visitor, betray their confusion, until, overpowered by its attraction, they probably mix with its mass, and are compelled to take part in the impending fray. Enlarged by the addition of these conscript clouds, the genius of the tempest proceeds, muttering in the distance, as if trying his voice and clearing his throat for the awful peals which shall soon shake both earth and heaven. At length he reaches the zenith; his huge wings are outspread to their widest extent, and, like the angel of destruction hovering over some guilty city with uplifted spear, or vial brimming with wrath, he prepares to launch his thunderbolts upon the troubled regions beneath.

Now there comes a flash. It probably belongs to the class we are accustomed to call sheet lightnings, for these are by far the most frequent in an ordinary storm. The discharge having taken place behind a screen of cloud, the edges of the vapour are tinged with some vivid hue, or the whole mass may appear to be lit up with a white, crimson, blue, or violet radiance. Comparatively innocuous, these diffusive flashes may be watched with pleasure, for who has not observed the young storm-spirits at play on a summer's evening, hurling their lances of light at each other, and catching them on their broad bucklers of cloud until the heavens were gay with their magnificent gambolings?

Then follows a peal of thunder. The spot, however, at which the explosion has occurred is still somewhat distant, for several seconds may be counted before the report arrives at the ear.

Sound travels at the rate of about 1100 feet in a second, whether it consists of lovers' whispers, cannon boomings, or the knell of dying criminals; whilst the fleeter element, light, darts along with a velocity which may be considered instantaneous, except when its progress is reckoned in cosmical miles. A soldier in battle sees the flash of the musket before he feels the shock of the bullet which lays him low. It is easy, therefore, to calculate the distance of the point of perturbation. An interval of forty to fifty seconds has frequently been noticed, implying an explosion ten miles from the observer; and Arago gives a case in which seventy-two seconds, equal to fifteen miles, were told off before the thunder was heard.

Flash the second. Here we have a different class of ligh ning. Instead of a broad sheet there appears a slender line of light, bent into numerous zig-zags, and passing, as is the case with many of these discharges, between the clouds and the earth. Generally originating at a single point, the fiery stream sometimes divides into two or three branches before it alights, and hence it is popularly said to be forked. Two-pronged and three-pronged flashes have been distinctly observed, and, in some instances, several objects seem to have been struck by the same thunderbolt, as if, in its desire to do the greatest quantity of mischief, it had separated into numerous ramifications. Kämtz says that, during a very violent storm, the lightning occasionally throws out lateral offshoots, and that once, at Halle, in 1834, it exhibited the appearance of a vertebral column with the ribs attached.

More swiftly the peal now follows the discharge. Observe the rolling noise of the thunder—at one moment dying away as if its work were done, and then breaking out with a solemn rush of sound as if returning to the battle with greater fury than before. From the duration of the report, the length of the flash may be conditionally inferred. Assuming that the uproar which signalizes the progress of a bolt through the air is produced by an explosion at each point of its path, it has been concluded, from observations made by De L'Isle, that the extent of some cannot be less than ten miles! The pealing sound of thunder is not due to the echoings of the clouds alone; but the angular course pursued by the electric fluid, and which is supposed to arise from the different conductibilities of the medium it traverses, will go far to account for the many acoustic variations produced. Yet how such a swift-moving element can dart along a zig-zag track—turning all the corners as cleverly as if it were traveling at a snail's pace—must appear vastly more wonderful than an attempt to fire a bullet through a zig-zag barrel.

Then another explosion occurs. This time, however, the elec-

tric fluid assumes the shape of a luminous globe which sails coolly through the air, or rolls along the ground like a cricket-ball. Those who look upon lightning as the great emblem of speed will find it difficult to believe that a flash can coil itself up into a round figure, and saunter through the sky at such a leisurely rate that a bird or even a locomotive might vie with it in point of despatch. But explain the phenomenon as we may, it is certain that this remarkable form of discharge is occasionally adopted, or, at any rate, the electric stroke is sometimes preceded or accompanied by a globular apparition which, when compared with the other two species of lightning, moves with amazing deliberation. In a Northamptonshire tempest (1725) the Rev. Joseph Wasse observed a ball of fire, almost as large as the moon, passing over his garden, from S.E. to N.W.; and a tradesman at Mixbury saw another, of the size of a man's head, burst into four pieces near the church. At Portsmouth, in 1809, three flaming balls fell from the clouds in succession, descending upon the masts of the *Warren Hastings*, and inflicting three several strokes upon the ship, as if the ghost of Edmund Burke was riding upon the whirlwind and directing the storm. Sometimes these luminous spheres have been seen bowling along the waters, as was the case with one noticed by Mr. Chalmers, on board the *Montague*, in 1749. The quartermaster having directed his attention to the windward, he perceived a large ball of blue fire, of the size of a millstone, which skimmed along the surface until it arrived within forty yards of the vessel, when it sprang up with a fearful explosion and shattered the main-topmast to pieces. Sometimes these globular lightnings have been observed traveling along the land. Mr. Hearden, of Plymouth, was on the Dartmoor hills during a terrible tempest, when, after an explosion, a ball struck the path near him, followed by a flood of light, and dashed down its whole length in with a fearful brilliancy, until it plunged into a rivulet at the foot of the hill. In 1829 a fiery mass was seen rolling down the Malvern Hills towards a building in which two young ladies had taken shelter; it reached the building—in a moment the refugees were dead. Occasionally these balls have been known to strike the ground, and rebound as if made of India rubber, and various other eccentric proceedings are related of them by the electrical authorities. How to explain their origin has always been a difficult problem, but the most probable solution appears to be that of Sir W. Snow Harris, who compares them to the glow or brush discharge of an ordinary prime conductor, with this important difference, that the phenomenon is locomotive instead of being stationary—the particles of air apparently passing the fluid along, until it finds some object on which to vent its fury by an angry explosion.

Flash the fourth. This time the bolt has struck a stately oak. The bark is instantly ripped from the stem, and scattered in a shower of fragments all round the tree. Many of the branches, too, are hewn from the trunk and flung to the distance of several paces. Possibly the stem itself is sliced into numerous longitudinal slips, or even converted into a mere bundle of laths. Professor Munke mentions an oak whose entire body was shivered into shreds many feet in length, but only a line or a line and a half in thickness. Generally, when vegetables have been thus stricken, they do not appear to be charred, as if they had been shrouded in fire. Full of sap or moisture, as they probably are when thunder-storms are in season, it has been supposed that the sudden creation of vapour, and the expansion of the air, will explain why the stoutest oak is sometimes rent asunder, or reduced to a faggot of slender fibres.

Another brilliant gleam—another fearful bellow. Now the lightning has fallen upon a dwelling-house, and so appalling is the crash, that the inmates fancy the building is tumbling about their ears. The proceedings of the meteor when it breaks into a habitation are always capricious, and sometimes so whimsical that it appears to be engaged in a frolic: rough and rude, no doubt; but still with such a touch of waggery in its behaviour, that you might fancy it had left the skies purely for the sake of a prank. In 1758, the electric fluid made its way into a house in Norwich, ripping off the tiles for a yard or two at the east end of the roof, and drilling a small hole in a lath in order to effect a burglarious entrance into a chamber. Once admitted, it carried away the top of an old chair without overturning it; snapped the two heads from the bedposts, tore the curtains, blew out an upright from the window-frame into a ditch, distant ten or twelve yards; scraped off a quantity of plaster from the wall; lifted up a board from the floor, as if searching for a convenient place of exit, and pierced a hole through a beam, by which it stole into the kitchen. There it traversed a shelf of pewter implements, melting the surfaces of six dishes, two plates, and one basin, to the breadth of a shilling. From the kitchen it condescended to rush into a closet, by removing a wooden button; and here it swept away some pieces from a Delft dish, broke a quart mug, and cut off the upper part of a phial half-full of oil, without spilling a drop of the liquid. In the passage it encountered two "ancient women," one of whom it knocked over, singeing her under garments and scorching her person, without doing her further injury; whilst it inflicted no damage whatever upon her companion, though they were sitting knee to knee. It has been known to destroy the wooden part of a bed, toss the clothes and mattress on the floor, together with the sleeping occupant, and yet

the latter has escaped without the slightest hurt. In a Carmarthenshire storm (1729) the fluid fell upon the hearthstone of a labourer's house, shattered a portion of the slab, and drove several of the fragments into the flesh of a woman and her children, like a shower of grape-shot—four-and-twenty pieces being afterwards extracted from their bodies. Of course the electricity avails itself of any metallic objects which will serve as stepping-stones, even if they should not operate as continuous conductors to the ground. It will flash over the gilding of a picture-frame, leaving it blackened and the glass shivered to atoms; or, seizing upon the bell-wires, it will follow them as far as possible, fusing them into drops which burn their way into the floor or furniture beneath, in case the metal is insufficient in thickness to carry the fiery stream without obstruction; or dissipating the particles of the wire in some mysterious fashion, it will leave the wall scored with a long black line, as if a train of powder had been fired in its track. One remarkable effect which has been frequently noticed when lightning explodes, and particularly in a confined locality like a room, is the strong sulphureous odour evolved. Buildings have been left in a state of overpowering fumigation for several hours after the highly-scented stroke was inflicted. Something like brimstone has occasionally been developed indeed in a solid form; for, in 1733, a yellow ball covered with fine yellow crystals, rather compacter in composition than the ordinary roll sulphur, but capable of burning with a white flame when set on fire, was picked up in the Isle of Wight after a night of almost incessant thunder and lightning. In 1681, a British vessel, the *Albemarle*, was hit by a bolt, and at the same time a lump of ignited matter, diffusing a gunpowdery fragrance, dropped into the boat which hung at the stern. All attempts to remove it with poles, as well as to quench it with water, were futile, and this natural Greek fire was allowed to flame itself out at pleasure.

Again there is a flash, and again a prodigious peal. The lightning has struck a neighbouring steeple, and torn the stout masonry as if it were a child's edifice of wooden bricks. The stones of the spire being secured by means of iron cramps, the electric fluid bounds from one to another; but this it does with fearful violence: for wherever its course is impeded, it exerts an expansive force, and instead of driving objects before it like a cannon ball, it bursts like a bombshell. Large blocks are thus rent from their places and hurled to a great distance. When the steeple of St. Bride's, London, was attacked in 1764, a lump weighing fifty pounds—one reporter says seventy-two pounds—was projected 150 feet to the east of the building, and fell through the roof of a house, whilst the masonry in which the iron bars

were embedded, was ripped open and the fragments scattered in all directions. The effects of the visitation indeed were precisely such as would have resulted from the ignition of pent-up gunpowder. Sometimes the stones appear to be ground to powder and dissipated like fine sand. The explosive power of a bolt may be judged from the fact that a hundred tons of solid matter were supposed to have been blown to a distance of thirty feet in three seconds, when St. George's Church, at Leicester, was smitten, in 1846. Occasionally the metal bars which lie in the path of the lightning are rendered strongly magnetic, as was observed at the last-named edifice; for most of the iron cramps were so powerfully impregnated that eight weeks after the storm one of them was able to support a considerable burden of filings. In like manner the electric fluid has occasionally imparted magnetism to knives, forks, the springs of watches, boxes of cutlery at an ironmonger's, and steel implements at an artisan's: it has also affected the compass in ships at sea, and absolutely reversed the poles of the needle. It will be seen, therefore, that an unprotected church tower, with a lofty spire—usually the tallest object in the vicinity, and an imperfect system of conductors, consisting of vane bells and ropes—must be as unsafe a place as can well be imagined whilst a storm is raging in full rigour. A writer in "Nicholson's Journal," some years ago, estimated the damage done to the ecclesiastical fabrics of England alone at not much less than £50,000 per annum; whilst old Fuller, in his "Church History of Great Britain," asserts that there was scarcely "a great abbey in England which (once at least) was not burnt down with lightning from heaven." Yet, strange to say, it was once commonly believed on the continent that the ringing of church bells was the surest method of repelling the approaches of a tempest, or disarming the thunderbolt of its virulence. Some of these sonorous implements carried inscriptions expressive of their presumed prowess—as, for example, "Vivos voco; mortuos plango; fulgura frango." What hundreds of lives have been sacrificed to mere superstitions! Hoping to beat off the spirit of the storm, men ran to the very place where his bolts were most likely to descend, and found that the most vigorous peals from the belfry could produce as little impression upon the terrible visitor as the discharges from cannon with which the farmers in France were accustomed to warn the meteor-phantom from their fields and vineyards.

Still flash follows flash. If space permitted, we might note the effects of the electric fluid when it alights upon other objects—such, for instance, as powder magazines or vessels at sea. In 1829 the dépôt of ammunition in the citadel of Navarino was blown up

by a bolt, and a hundred artillerymen killed. In 1769, upwards of 200,000 pounds of gunpowder, contained in the vaults of a tower at Brescia, were ignited by lightning, and three thousand persons, together with a sixth of the city, perished in the explosion. Terrible too is the peril, when a cloud conveys its fiery contents into the ocean through the tall spars of some lonely ship. If unprovided with conductors, the fearful meteor may perpetrate what havoc it will upon the helpless vessel. There is a crash like the discharge of many broadsides; the mast is enveloped in a red blaze; balls of fire are seen darting about the deck; the iron hoops which bind the timbers aloft are burst asunder and tumble with a horrible clang; part of the mast is cut up into splinters, or shivered into long thin slips; some of the sails may probably be set on fire; a terrible concussion is felt by all on board, and several of the crew are prostrated by the shock, whilst the passengers in the cabin may be nearly suffocated by the sulphureous fumes which are disengaged. The ship *Bayfield* was on its way to the African coast, in 1845, when arrested by a storm. It was about midnight. The captain and some of the men were thrown down senseless for a time by a thunder-stroke. It was soon found that the vessel was on fire. The after hatches being removed to let in water, the flames shot up to the height of many feet above the deck. Having vainly attempted to smother the conflagration, the poor mariners now discovered that the fire was rapidly approaching the powder magazine, and, dreading an explosion every second, the boats were launched with great difficulty, and pushed off to some distance to await the event. Ultimately the vessel was seen to blow up, and the unfortunate crew were left to the mercy of the winds and waves, having no water to drink, and but a few pounds of biscuit, on which to subsist for eight dreary days and nights. At the expiration of this period they reached Sierra Leone, with the loss of some of their number.

One flash more, and the storm is at its height. But that flash has proved fatal. Yonder lies a poor man stretched on the ground without a pulse of life throbbing in his frame, though but a few moments before, he was as stout of limb and as rich in health as the best. So sudden is the stroke, and so subtly murderous is the electric bolt, that there is reason to believe the victim is dead before he knows that he is dying. Swiftly as the mind works, and especially in the season of peril, there is not time to turn a thought in the brain before its movements are summarily ended. When persons who have been injured by lightning recover from their stupor, they are generally unable to explain the cause of their misfortune. They have neither seen the flash nor heard the thunder. There is something peculiarly appalling in this instan-

taneous extinction of life; and we may well conceive how the stroke which destroyed Luther's young companion at his side would burn itself into the soul of that great man, and alter the whole complexion of his future career.

The effects of the fluid upon the body are curious. The clothes may be scorched; in some cases they are reduced to tinder, or possibly they may be stripped from the person and dispersed as rags. A youth named Skelton, killed near Halifax, in 1698, was found quite naked, except a small part of the shirt about his neck, a piece of stocking on his foot, and a shred of his coat about the wrist of one arm. His shoes had been wrenched from his legs, the one being split, the other, as well as his hat, having entirely vanished. The rest of his garments were torn into small fragments and driven to a considerable distance from the corpse. A scholar of Wadham College, having been deprived of life by lightning, Dr. Wallis found a blackish spot, about an inch long and a quarter broad, on the right side of the neck, as if seared with a red-hot iron, and a similar mark on the left. On the one shoulder was a brand about the size of a shilling, and on the other appeared a narrow line of scorched flesh, extending to the breast, where it spread out into a broad band, which seemed like leather singed and hardened at the fire. The hair on the right temple had been burnt, the buttons were torn off the doublet, and in the hat there was a jagged hole large enough to admit a man's fist. Fortunately, every stroke is not fatal. The sufferer may be temporally stunned, blinded, or benumbed: his hearing may be injured or his breathing affected; various unpleasant consequences may result; but if we consider that thunder-storms are great elemental battles in which the artillery of heaven is playing upon the earth, and fiery missiles are probably darting from earth to sky, we may well wonder that the slain are so rare, the casualties so few.

Let it be observed, however, that our British tempests, brisk as they may seem, are tame when compared with many which occur in tropical latitudes, or in mountainous regions. The setting-in of the monsoons in India, says Elphinstone, is accompanied by such an electric convulsion "as can scarcely be imagined by those who have only seen that phenomenon in a temperate climate. It generally begins with violent blasts of wind, which are succeeded by floods of rain. For some hours lightning is seen almost without intermission: sometimes it only illuminates the sky and shows the clouds near the horizon: at others it discovers the distant hills, and again leaves all in darkness, when in an instant in reappears in vivid and successive flashes, and exhibits the nearest objects in all the brightness of day. During all this time the distant thunder never ceases to roll, and is only silenced by some nearer

peal, which bursts on the ear with such a sudden and tremendous crash as can scarcely fail to strike the most insensible heart with awe. The next day presents a gloomy spectacle; the rain still descends in torrents, and scarcely allows a view of the blackened fields: the rivers are swollen and discoloured, and sweep along with them the hedges, the huts, and the remains of the cultivation carried on during the dry season in their beds." Sometimes the atmosphere is so muddied by storms that it is night at noonday. "From 9 a.m. until 1·30 p.m.," says Mr. Oldfield, in his journal, kept on board the *Columbine*, in the river Nun, "the darkness was so great that a book with large type could not be seen to read distinctly."

Rambling amongst the Altai Mountains, Mr. Atkinson encountered an appalling tempest.

"I was startled," says he, "by a tremendous clap of thunder which caused me to sit up and look around; the rest were sleeping soundly. The rain was pouring down, and came through my tent like water from a garden engine: everything was wet. Our fires were nearly extinguished by the torrents of falling water. I now began counting the time between the flash and the report, and found that the storm was coming on like a locomotive engine: when I could only count six after the flash, the bellow was fearful. Every flash came nearer, the storm was soon directly over us, the lightning and the report simultaneous. It was awfully grand—a thick darkness at one moment, the next a blaze of light the eye could not look upon, at the same instant a terrific crash. The clouds appeared hanging upon the trees in a black mass, while all around us was enveloped in a dense fog. Much as I like to see a thunder-storm, this made me fear its dreadful effects, more especially after seeing so many larches shivered during our day's ride. . . . The Russians were crossing themselves, but the Kalmucks sat smoking their short pipes, perfectly calm. It was only when two of our horses broke loose, that these men showed the slightest emotion: they then sprang up and secured the poor beasts whilst they stood trembling with fear. The flashes were now incessant; thick streams appeared darting through the branches, and the thunder positively shook the ground. I could feel it tremble with each crash. So long as memory lasts, I shall never forget the effects of this fearful night."

In some parts of the Pyrenees storms continue to rage for three or four days, and Mr. Murray was informed of one which was protracted for nearly six weeks! During this time there was "no abatement in the thunderings, no interval in the lightnings, nor cessation in the rains." The people gave themselves up for lost, under the persuasion that the book of human history was about to close for ever.

Yet, terrible as lightning may be, man is not wholly at the mercy of this eccentric meteor. Science has taught him how to protect his houses, his churches, his ships, his magazines. Nothing can be simpler in construction, nothing more successful in operation, than the *Conductor*. A plain copper rod, slender as a lady's finger, will receive a bolt, all hot and hissing, from the fire-laden cloud, and convey it softly to the soil—the instrument itself remaining cold and unperturbed though the current sweeping along its surface would, if interrupted, tear its way through solid stone, and melt the most refractory metals like wax. Protected by this happy contrivance, a thunderstroke has been seen to fall upon a powder dépôt at Glogau, in Silesia, and though the building appeared to be bathed in fire, and the sentinel on guard was deprived of his senses for a time, the deadly compound within was untouched. A continuous rod of copper, three quarters of an inch in diameter, and duly rooted in some moist locality, would probably suffice to carry away harmlessly the heaviest flash which ever alighted upon this globe.

But when the black clouds which come rushing to battle have discharged their bolts, and the voice of the thunder has ceased to be heard, who can say that a storm is a foul and mischievous phenomenon—a wanton breach of nature's peace—a nuisance and a flaw in the fair policy of creation? In truth, it is anything but that! The electricity of the globe must be regulated like every other variable force. Evaporation is the chief cause of disturbance, and when this process advances too rapidly, as it does during the intense heats of summer, a state of unnatural excitement, involving many subtle and ill-understood consequences, is superinduced in the air and earth. Were the conditions which prelude a tempest to be prolonged for any considerable period—still worse, were the physical discomforts and mental oppression which are felt at such seasons to continue augmenting for weeks together—men would soon be flung into a fever, or probably driven to the verge of madness. The remedy lies in the restoration of the electrical equilibrium. This is accomplished through the agency of storms. They are the scavengers of the sky. They come in mercy, not in wrath. With his broad wings, the tempest-phantom scours the air of its noxious charge; and, grim as he may be in feature, appalling as he is in action, fatal as he sometimes is in his flings, yet, in the main, he is ever good and beneficent in design. All the fierce lunges which the lightning makes at the earth are in truth little more than friendly exchanges of the two fluids. When this has been accomplished, see what a transformation ensues! The sun shines forth with softened splendour, as if his beams were filtered through a cooler atmosphere. The stifling

heat is gone. The sicklied air has recovered its healthful spring, and now plays in gladsome zephyr, or dances in balmy breeze. The foliage glistens with golden drops, and the landscape, freshened by the rich showers for which it was athirst, laughs at the dread Presence now fading on the horizon from whose lips "leapt the live thunder," and from whose hand came the gleaming shaft, but from whose lap also descended the soothing, fertilizing rain. Nature has lifted her drooping head, and, shaking the moisture from her forest tresses, smiles, as beauty does through its bridal tears, to see her fair world blessed and regenerated by the storm. After the tempest, peace. So come—so rage—so pass the calamities of life. Black and sulphureous as the cloud may look whilst it hovers aloft, they who can wisely interpret its functions, know that it is laden with light, and that its mission is to restore the violated harmonies of earth and heaven.

IV.

THE PEACE.

A WAR without right has been followed by a peace without sense. The sword was unsheathed in lust of power and returns to the scabbard leaving nobody satisfied. The fury of the storm has passed into a treacherous lull, which excites the astonishment and alarm of all Europe. What means this peace? we may well ask. The babe at St. Cloud offers a laurel wreath to the returning hero; but the men of France and of Europe seem by no means inclined to play the babe in this respect. We are all amazement and perplexity. We see the strongest man in Europe suddenly stay his thunders in mid volley. We see the advancing conqueror stand still in a career of victory, yield up the prey which was within his grasp, and sue for peace from his prostrate foe. Who will solve this mystery? And shall we attribute such astonishing moderation to the generosity of a noble mind, to the fear which springs from a sense of weakness, or to a deep-laid policy? When a first-rate player sacrifices his queen in the middle of a game of chess, we conclude that it is either the extreme of folly or the perfection of calculation. Is this surrender of Venetia an irreparable blunder, or is it but one of the onward

moves of the game which is to end in a glorious triumph for the Emperor of the French? And in answering these questions, we may as well put generosity out of account altogether. Conquerors are sometimes generous—but only when it serves their turn; and it would be a grand thing for Louis Napoleon to get the credit for that virtue at a small expense. These are not chivalrous days; and when despots go to war for objects which might be more easily attained by peaceful negotiation, the less of benevolence and generosity we expect, the less are we likely to be disappointed.

The French Emperor's account of the matter is very simple and quite credible. The difficulties were greater than he anticipated. What these difficulties were is another question, upon which his manifestoes do not throw much light. There was danger, he said, of the war ceasing to be local, and there was danger of giving too much force to revolutionary principles. Good: he is perfectly right. These were palpable difficulties; but nobody doubts that a man so farseeing as the French Emperor did not forecast these difficulties when he issued his first programme, and declared that Italy must be free from the Adriatic to the Alps. In spite of these rocks a-head, which it required no extraordinary vision to detect, he launched upon the war, and now he points to them pathetically as the barriers to his progress. The stultification is so complete, that we are inevitably led to ask what were the real obstacles which embarassed the French sovereign, and compelled him to retrench his programme. The radical difficulty we believe to be precisely that which it was probable that the Emperor would not fully appreciate. We have all our vanities, and do not usually underestimate our powers. The Emperor had a national as well as a personal vanity. He knew that the Austrians had always been beaten by the French, therefore they must be vanquished again and as easily as before. Then he had those rifled cannon, which were to work wonders unheard of. Besides which, was not he himself, the nephew of Napoleon the Great, to lead the army, and, spite of inexperience, to reproduce the glories of the past? He overrated the capacity of his army, he overrated his own qualities as a general, he overrated his own physical powers of endurance, he overrated the reception which the Italians were to give him. There is reason to believe that if Napoleon had never gone into Italy, but had remained in Paris enjoying the repose of his palace, while he left to others all the fatigue and anxiety of executing his plans, the war would not have been brought to so abrupt a termination, and we should now be daily hearing of new parallels opened, and guns laid in battery, for the demolition of the fortresses in the cele-

brated Quadrangle. We need not lay much stress upon the point, but there can be no harm in recording the opinion of those who are quite competent to judge, that the rough work of the campaign in a summer more than usually hot, had a marked effect on the frame of a commander who is not particularly strong. He was in fierce battle for the first time, and must naturally have been affected by it; he had daily to endure the sight of dreadful sufferings, and again he must have felt it: he lived in the stench of enormous burial fields; he had to go through prodigious labours in the most oppressive heat; and all, we repeat, for the first time. The first Napoleon is known to have lost a battle in a fit of indigestion. Is it natural to suppose that amid the physical depression —the shock and the horror consequent on a bloody war, the pain and inconvenience caused by a burning sun and a malarious country—the third Napoleon should begin to feel that he had enough of fighting, and that he could not outface the reprobation of united Europe?

> "When the devil was sick, the devil a monk would be;
> When the devil was well, the devil a monk was he."

He who had in cool blood counted the cost of the war, and had arranged all his plans in the full knowledge of the consequences, after two months of great physical endurance gave way, and announced to the world that he was appalled by the demon which he had ventured to invoke.

Add to this that the experience of the late campaign was not such as to justify the expectations of the French invaders. They marched into Italy elated with hopes. Who could withstand them? These lubberly Austrians withstood them. They fought well—so well, that the Emperor Francis Joseph was strictly accurate when he declared in his late manifesto to his people, that the fortune of war gave the French army advantages but not victories; so well, indeed, that we do not believe it to have been possible for the French to have followed up their successes so as to secure Venetia. The French are fond of boasting, and it was the natural result of our obtaining the earliest intelligence of their operations through Paris that the most exaggerated account of their prowess was circulated over Europe. The French telegrams always made known with wonderful exactitude the numbers of the Austrain slain and wounded; but somehow they could never tell the amount of their own losses. Only in the vaguest terms we learned that possibly the casualties on the French side might be about a tenth part of those on the Austrian side. The fact is, we believe, that in this short but sanguinary campaign, the French lost more men than the Austrians. Magenta, it is now acknow-

ledged was an Austrian victory, if the Austrian commanders had only known it. When the Emperor Napoleon sent a telegram to Paris on the day after the battle, he took care not to mention where his head-quarters were from which the message was dated. His head-quarters were on the wrong side of the Ticino. But for a strange confusion of orders, and a loss of four hours occasioned by a conference between Hess and Gyulai, the result would have been disastrous to the French army. As it was, the two armies were very nearly matched in spite of the fact that many of the Austrian regiments had not tasted food for more than twenty-four hours; the French were robbed of one of their precious rifled cannon, the secret of which they guarded with the most anxious care; they were driven across the river, and their loss was beyond that of the enemy. Through deficiency of intelligence in a hostile country, the Austrian commander was not aware of the advantage which he had gained, and prepared to retreat, while the Allies, well served with spies and assisted by their balloon, remained masters of the situation, and were able to reap the fruits of a victory which they had not won. At Solferino they were more successful, but they purchased their success at an enormous price. Here again the Austrians were behindhand: they were not well handled; their immense line of battle struggled at random; but they fought like lions, and the French, with all the advantage which they obtained from superior means of information, suffered so severely that another such victory must have been equivalent to a defeat. It was under these dubious circumstances that Louis Napoleon found himself on the other side of the Mincio, reinforced by the troops of his cousin, but also in the face of an enemy similarly reinforced. In the open field his strength had been barely sufficient to compel the enemy to retire, and now he was to meet this enemy entrenched behind walls that might well shake his resolution. He had commanded troops that very much depend for their success on the shortness of their work; he was now to command them in a situation where their dash and rapidity of movement would be of little avail, and where they would have to submit to all the dullness and despondency of a long siege. He had led them from point to point, up hill and down dale, and if he could not moderate the heat of the weather, he could at least give his soldiers change of air; and now he was to place them in weather getting every day more sultry, in a low country where fever breeds fast and furious. Above all, his siege-train was not complete; he had not when the war broke out been quite prepared for engineering and artillery operations, his ammunition and other materials were but slowly coming up, and he had to expect considerable delay at a bad time of the year in very

unpleasant quarters. What was he to do? It is very easy to cry, "Out upon the traitor! His professions were but idle words. He never meant to free Italy. His Milan proclamation was a cheat. His only object was to make a demonstration in the South, in order to prepare for his designs upon the North." Is it inexplicable that a commander, exhausted in body and disappointed in mind, should reconsider his programme and tremble at the dangers before him? He dreaded Germany: he dreaded revolution. He had dared these dangers in cool blood, or in blood stirred only with the elation of hope. But he saw these dangers in a new light, when fatigued by a severe campaign, he had learned to measure more accurately than before the real strength of his army, and had at length to encounter the grand difficulty of the war. We ask pardon for using slang to describe an Emperor's state of feeling. The truth may as well be spoken in the forcible language of the clubs. "The Emperor funked."

It must not be supposed that Napoleon's dread of revolution was a dread of it entirely as revolution. He was in fact perfectly willing to play with the edge-tool. He dallied with the danger, thinking he could use it. He imagined that he had only to place himself at the head of revolt, and it would bend to his wishes out of mere gratitude. He very soon discovered his mistake, and the first intimation which he received of the stubbornness of the materials with which he had to deal was from Louis Kossuth. In the end, no doubt, he completely befooled Kossuth, and has placed him in a most ridiculous position, but in the first instance he was compelled to accept the terms of the Hungarian chief. It was a fierce threat to Austria, who had a very large proportion of Hungarian soldiers in her army, and who trembled for the consequences in her Hungarain provinces. When it came to the push, it was found that Kossuth was of no use. What influence his addresses might exert in Hungary was unknown, and if they did exert an influence, the advantage to the French Emperor was questionable. A revolution on the Russian frontier could not be very acceptable to the Czar, and could not be a very good example to the French. The real work for Kossuth was to sow mutiny in the Austrian camp, and to detach the Hungarian regiments from their allegiance. He failed. Circulars were surreptitiously distributed among these regiments, but without effect. At Magenta, the Hungarian volunteers were sent to face the Hungarians of the Empire—still without effect. On the contrary, it is well known that when the Hungarians on the side of the Allies ceased their firing, to invite their countrymen clamorously to desert their colours, before the officers could give the word, the men fired a volley on their tempters, and fought with all the more fury against soldiers whom

they regarded as false to their sovereign. And if Napoleon derived none of the assistance which he expected from revolutionary Hungarians, he had reason to be still more disappointed with revolutionary Italians. Garibaldi and his corps refused to trust themselves with French soldiers, insisted upon fighting by themselves, would enter no town where French bayonets were to be found. Nor was it only distrust of which Napoleon had to complain. His men were picked off by the Lombards as they marched to the Mincio; and it was made very clear that if Lombardy groaned under the weight of Austria, it was not very enthusiastic in favour of Victor Emanuel, and it had a perfect horror of French troops. The experience of the war had thus opened the eyes of Napoleon. He did not fear revolution, but he had expected different results from it. He found his Hungarian allies useless where he had expected them to be all powerful—with the Austrian army; he found them menacing to his Russian ally where probably he expected that they would have been of little influence. At the same time the Italian allies on whom he had counted (we do not mean the Sardinian government, but the people of Italy and the Free Corps) either kept aloof from him altogether, or made away with his troops as quietly as they could, or embarrassed his position by raising the standard of revolt, not only in the Austrian dominions, but throughout the whole of the Peninsula. The revolution was not what he had expected. It had either turned against him, or shown unmistakably that when the time came it would be beyond his control, and might be as a viper warmed in his bosom.

With regard to the other difficulty which the French Emperor specified as a motive influencing him to the conclusion of peace,—namely, the danger of a general war—we are not yet in a position to say whether any new facts had emerged which made his situation more perilous than it appeared to be when he entered upon the campaign. These are among the secrets of cabinets, and curiously enough we find the French Emperor's statement in this respect contradicted by the statement of the Austrian Emperor. At St. Cloud it was announced that the attitude of Germany was threatening—therefore peace was patched up. From Laxenburg it was proclaimed that Germany was apathetic—therefore peace was patched up. Who shall decide? Probably both are right and both are wrong. Prussia was undecided. That was enough. If no new circumstances were evolved in Germany beyond those which a sagacious statesman like Louis Napoleon must have fully foreseen, at all events the experience of the Italian campaign was such as led the Emperor to regard with more anxiety than before the possibility of a European war. He proved himself strong

enough to reap renown, but he discovered that he was not strong enough to cope with Europe. He began to feel that discretion is the better part of valour. He had a great armament about to bombard Venice, and he asked himself whether it was wise to bring upon himself the obloquy which the possible destruction of that glorious city would infallibly kindle. The difficulties thickened on his path. To carry out his plan of campaign which was similar to the impracticable scheme devised by himself, although ultimately rejected for the Crimean war, he would have to denude the Rhenish frontier of large bodies of troops, for he was operating on the circumference of a circle of which the enemy occupied the centre. The enemy was massed together and near to the resources of his arsenals, while the forces of the Allies were spread over an immense line at a distance from their supplies. If he quailed before the gigantic enterprise which he had undertaken, it need not excite our surprise; and if he determined to make the best of a bad job, by making friends with the Emperor of Austria in double quick time, it need not excite our alarm.

As far as Italy is concerned, the peace is by no means satisfactory. Indeed, it is by no means evident how the conditions of the peace are to be carried out. It does not appear, in the first place, whether the Grand Dukes will be permitted to return to their respective dominions, and the question is raised whether they will be forced upon an unwilling people by French or by Austrian bayonets? Then the amalgamation of Lombardy with Piedmont is not a very easy task, especially since the former province, already lost and won by Austria about a dozen times, lies at the mercy of those who hold the quadrangle of fortresses between the Mincio and the Adige. Besides this, it is generally understood that Naples has declined to enter into the Confederation proposed, without her choice or leave asked by the Emperor Napoleon. Fourthly, it appears that Cardinal Antonelli has addressed an inquiry to the Courts of Paris and Vienna as to the nature of the Honorary Presidency which has been reserved for the Pope. If it is the mere name and shadow of power, it will be declined; if it is a reality, who will undertake to force it on the other States of Italy? Lastly, is any settlement of the Italian question possible to which the Powers of Europe refuse to be parties? It is almost certain that Great Britain, at least, will not enter into any Congress for the purpose of ratifying the peace of Villafranca. Lords Palmerston and John Russell seem inclined to help the French Emperor out of the difficulties which he has brought upon himself, and to sanction terms which have been fixed without any consultation of our wishes; but if we rightly

understand the temper of our countrymen, no Government that proposed such a degradation would have the chance of standing for a day. The peace of Villafranca is none of ours, and we shall have nothing to do with it. For, in point of fact, if it were possible to execute that treaty, which it is not, it would leave Italy worse than it was before the war broke out. What are the facts? The only apparent gain to any part of Italy, is that Lombardy has been severed from the Austrian yoke. Still at the mercy of Austria, who at some favourable moment may recover possession, Lombardy has, without choice in the matter, been tossed over to the King of Sardinia. Not to be niggard of our praise, and that we may at least be able to praise something, let us grant that this is a boon both to Lombardy and to Piedmont, while, in their union, France obtains a puissant ally. But that is all. On the other hand, you have an Italian Confederation, which is a mockery, a delusion, and a snare! Is there anybody living who can be gulled by the delusive phrase that Italy is for the first time to become a nation? By the same rule, Germany is a nation in virtue of the German Bund!—the Bund which, in the present emergency—the first it has been forced to meet since it was called into existence by the Treaty of Vienna—has proved itself to be a farce. If an Italian Confederation is not a mockery, it is certainly a snare. War was declared because Austria was paramount in Italy, and pressed upon Sardinia with too much force; and the result of the war in which Austria has had the worst of it, is, that her position has been rendered stronger than ever. It may be remembered, that in the manifesto which Count Cavour issued when the war was imminent, and in which he stated his case against the Austrian Government, he distinctly announced, that whatever maladministration existed in Venetia and Lombardy afforded no *casus belli* against Austria—there was no violation of international law. The real, or overwhelming cause of complaint was, that the Court of Vienna interfered with the various sovereignties of Italy, protected its creatures upon the thrones of Naples, Florence, Modena and Parma, effectually silencing the cry of the people, and checking salutary reforms. Very sad indeed. But the effect of the Confederation which has been evoked, must be simply this—it cannot check, but it will legalize Austrian interference. It will not stop the evil, but it will call the evil good. Austria must dominate in the Confederation. Sardinia must be in a hopeless minority. Austria will be in league with Naples, Tuscany, Modena, Parma, and, above all, have the Pope on her side. Sardinia single-handed must fight against these odds. Six to one—these are not fair odds. And all under the presidency of the spiritual power which has so frightfully mismanaged the Papal States, and which regards with anything but

affection the Sardinian Government, deeming it almost worthy of the severest anathemas. No wonder that Italy is dissatisfied. No wonder that Cavour has resigned. Alas, for Italy, deceived again!

If as men we have reason, for the sake of Italy, to deplore the Peace of Villafranca, it seems to us that as Englishmen we have reason to be abundantly satisfied. If we have seen the strength of Napoleon in the late war, we have also seen his weakness, and we have had a good warning. The results of the war to France have not been so profitable that we need grudge to our neighbours what glory they may have earned in seeking the footsteps of their fathers along what the Emperor rather grandiloquently termed the Sacred Way. In the first place, to look at the matter in our vulgar English fashion, the war will cost our French friends a good round sum. The English newspapers have been calculating the cost of the war to France at £50,000,000; while the French press and the French officials have been trying to laugh down this calculation as excessive. We hold the paradox that both parties are right. As far as hard cash is concerned,—and that we conceive is what enters into the calculations of the English financiers—it is not very clearly made out how a short campaign of three months is to absorb so large a sum, and the French accountants have a plausible case in objecting to the figures. But, on the other hand, it does not admit of doubt that the expense of the war cannot be defrayed out of the ordinary sources of revenue. A nation whose government has in time of peace been adding to the national debt at the rate of £10,000,000 a year, cannot make war out of its income, and must run into debt in order to indulge in the luxury. Now we know that, for the purposes of the present war, the French Government have already contracted for a loan of £20,000,000, and that this loan was subscribed for when the price of Rentes was about £60—certainly very little over it. But when the funds are selling at 60, the meaning is that every £100 of debt is worth only £60 of hard cash; that every £100 added to the national debt on these terms implies a receipt of only £60. The Government borrow money at £40 per cent. discount, so that the £20,000,000 added to the French national debt implies money in hand only to the extent of £12,000,000. It may well therefore be that the war will sponge out of the pockets of Frenchmen only £30,000,000 of good money, while at the same time it will add to the national debt the full sum which the English newspapers have named—a very pretty £50,000,000. The Emperor Napoleon, being one of those who "comprehends his era," as he announced in the manifesto of Milan, cannot, like his uncle, make war pay itself, and it is perfectly certain that France cannot carry

on this sort of game very long. France is adding to her national debt at a rate which is astounding, and which compels us to ask what are the intentions of Louis Napoleon? What is his game? Does he accumulate the debt in utter recklessness, determining that while he reigns at least there shall be plenty of glory and money, and that after him it matters not how crippled the resources of the country are made—how overwhelming the deluge that may ensue? And yet the fact that, in a fair wife and interesting child, he has given hostages to posterity is at war with his supposition. Does he imagine then that France like a wild horse requires to be well-weighted, before she becomes manageable—that the nation needs the sobering element of a huge public debt, before it learns all the hatefulness and wickedness of revolution — that it requires the burthen of heavy taxation and a large population with a stake in the stability of the national institutions, before it can feel all the responsibility of government? It may be so, although it is not easy to understand how the Emperor should so assiduously pave the way to future difficulties. Or does Napoleon, as we have heard it suggested, calculate upon a fall in the price of gold, a fall which one of the ablest of the French financiers has estimated as possibly about to be to the extent of half its present value—a fall which must be disastrous to all creditors, but of good omen to all debtors—a fall which would by degrees virtually reduce our national debts to half their weight? If such an anticipation were realized, no doubt it would relieve the national exchequer of a very heavy load; although, in a country like France, where there is a double standard of value, and where money is reckoned in francs—that is to say in terms of silver—it is not very evident how, under present circumstances, the result is to be attained. One other suggestion of English critics remains. Is Louis Napoleon counting upon the plunder of London? Possibly; and no doubt if he got into the English capital he would bag a goodly amount of treasure; but it is not usually considered prudent to count one's chickens before they are hatched, and we are not of those who, if the country takes the most ordinary precautions, are very much in terror of a French invasion.

France has won glory and has run into more debt in the late war. Is that all? She has lost 50,000 men, and she requires rest. The result is, that we shall have a little peace, and we see enough of the weakness and the strength of the country to be able to forecast the future dimly. War, and a war in which he himself should lead, was a necessity for Napoleon. He had established a military despotism, and it was necessary to show that he was the real as well as the nominal head of the military power. He is not only now the head of the State, but in an

especial sense the head of the army. So much the better for him: he comes out of the campaign so much stronger in the eye of France. But the condition of his ruling the army is that he shall also feed it, and we all know that a French army lives not by bread alone, but by glory. The Emperor must find work for the army; and be his intentions the best possible, he has shown distinctly enough during the present year, that he is not absolutely free to carry out his intentions. There is a brute force erected in France of which we must all beware, as we would beware of a mad bull. We must be prepared for it, because we know not which way it may turn, and whom it is going to attack; but neither need we be frightened at it, since the result of the present war may be taken as a measure of the French power. Louis Napoleon has gained advantages but not victories over the Austrians; he has lost for ever the ill-judged confidence with which the extreme Liberals throughout Europe seemed for a time inclined to repose in him; he has confessed his inability to contend against Austria backed by Germany; he has returned to France with a sense of irritation which will goad him on to another war, but also with a sense of his deficiencies which will suggest caution, which will compel him to make the most tremendous preparations for his next enterprise, and which will set his neighbours on the alert to be prepared likewise. One point we have not mentioned. He has turned his weakness to account by making peace with Francis Joseph on terms more favourable, according to the view of the Austrian monarch, than even his allies could have procured for him; and it is therefore presumed that Napoleon has, by a happy stroke, secured the alliance, or, at least, the neutrality of his enemy, in any future operations which it may seem advisable to pursue. Of this, we are by no means certain. A coalition of the three Emperors—of Russia, Austria, and France—would be indeed dangerous to the peace of Europe, and it is quite possible. But an alliance between Frenchmen and Austrians must always be hollow. It will be strange indeed if the Emperor Francis Joseph break with Prussia and with England, in order to bolster up a delusive friendship with Louis Napoleon. All Europe now learns that the French Emperor is a firebrand in the West, and that no country is safe from French troops. There must be a lamentable want of foresight among our statesmen, if by a coalition of the European powers favourable to peace, the French army does not find itself vapouring in front of an opposition which it is vain to withstand.

What Englishmen seem to be most afraid of is the invasion of England; and what foreigners seem to think the most threatening danger is an attack upon the Rhenish provinces. Both of these

dangers are upon the cards; but we confess that it is not in either of these directions that we look for the cloud of war. Louis Napoleon certainly will not enter upon the next war single handed, or with but a dwarf like the King of Sardinia at his side. He will not go into it except with the moral and the physical strength which a coalition will afford. But we extremely doubt whether he could form any coalition the primary object of which would be either the invasion of England or an attack upon the Rhine; and either of these enterprises is so vast, that it could scarcely be made a secondary object in any concerted plan of operations. Of the two, the invasion of England would seem to be politically the more likely, though strategically the more difficult; and we are not without hope that the Government, sufficiently alive to the danger, is actively engaged in placing our defences in such readiness as to convince the enemy that they stand but a poor chance on the shores of our island home. We would not speak lightly of the danger that threatens us in this way. There it is, and we know not how soon it may overtake us. Let us be prepared. Let us see if we cannot, by military training at home, and coalitions abroad, avert the possibility of such an event. But let us look to the real difficulty. What does Russia want, and why does she enter into a close compact with France? For what common object can we conceive the three Emperors, of Russia, France, and Austria, uniting their forces? There is but one—the dismemberment of the Turkish Empire, and the partition of the Mediterranean. At the Congress of Paris it was mainly through the apathy of Napoleon that the condition of Italy, which was made a subject of discussion by the Count Cavour, was ignored until, a few years later, he discovered that the time for discussion had at length arrived, and that his conclusions must be definitely enforced by the sword. So while in 1854 he had decreed against the Emperor Nicholas that the time of "the sick man" had not come, he may discover in a few months that his end is approaching, and that it may be as well to make a division of the spoil. What are the actual arrangements to which it is possible that the three Powers may agree, of course we cannot divine; and with Austria jealous for the right of way on the Danube, perhaps the triple alliance would have considerable difficulty in arriving at a satisfactory conclusion. However this be, England must keep her eye upon Egypt, the highway to India. She cannot afford to lose her hold upon the Mediterranean. The next move of France may be on the Rhenish frontier, or it may be to invade England; but the most likely point of attack is the Overland route — the most probable object of Napoleon's ambition, the extension of French territory or of French influence along the African coast, from the Straits of Gibraltar to the Isthmus of Suez.

V.

THE PLAINS OF LOMBARDY THE BATTLE-GROUND OF NATIONS.

It is a melancholy fact that the richest and fairest spots on earth's surface are also those where human blood has been most frequently and lavishly shed. What waves of invasion have successively rolled over the fertile plains of Persia and Hindostan, the prolific valley of the Nile, the fruitful provinces of Asia Minor, Turkey, and Hungary! What battles, what sieges, what massacres, almost from the birth of history, have drenched their soil with gore! Andalusia, too—the garden of Spain—was for eight centuries the battle-ground of Christian and Moor, whose blood, according to the Spanish historians, was poured forth in 3700 battles. But, perhaps, no country has been more blessed by the gifts of God, or more cursed by the strife of man, than the wide and beautiful plains of Lombardy, guarded by Alp and Apennine, a very garden in fertility, watered by innumerable streams, and with a thousand towns and villages glittering like sails amidst a sea of verdure. It has been the battle-field of nations, from the time when Bellovesus, nearly six centuries before Christ, led his Celtic legions across the Alps, until yesterday, when the French and Austrian eagles were striving for supremacy. Romans and Cimbri, Goths and Romans, Lombards and Franks, Germans and Italians, French, Spaniards and Swiss, Austrians and French, have again and again met in deadly strife on these wide-spread plains, and have been successively swept down, in bloody swathes, by the scythe of the grim mower Death.

> "So passes man,
> An armed spectre o'er a field of blood,
> And vanishes! And other armed shades
> Pass by; red battle hurtling as they pass."

Many a grand and warlike figure, many a tale of suffering, and cruelty, and wrong, many a heroic action, present themselves to our view as we try to recall a few of the more important battles and episodes of battle of which these Lombard plains have been the theatre; and it may not be uninteresting, in the present crisis of their destiny, to glance at some of the more momentous struggles that have marked their past history.

On the 30th of July, one hundred and one years B.C., a desperate and bloody combat, and one productive of most important results, was fought on the dusty plains of Vercellæ. On one side

were Marius and Catulus at the head of the Roman legions, the defenders of civilization; on the other, the savage hordes of the Cimbri, the champions of barbarism. The former had little more than 50,000 men, while the Cimbric infantry were drawn up in a vast square, each side of which extended for more than a league, and the warriors of the front rank were joined together by cords passing through their belts, in order to prevent their line from being broken. Besides this enormous mass of infantry, there were 15,000 cavalry, whose steel breastplates, white and glittering shields, and plumed helmets, made a glorious show as they rode forth into the plain. The heat of the weather, and the clouds of dust raised by the shock of the hostile armies, fought for the Romans, who were trained to endurance, while their antagonists, bred in shady and frozen countries, and proof against the severest cold, could not bear the ardour of the Italian sun which shone full in their faces. In spite of this, however, they made a gallant resistance, and the strife was long and doubtful, though, in the end, the star of Rome triumphed. Bogorine, one of the bravest princes of the Cimbri, died sword in hand, and around him fell 90,000 of his followers and comrades; 60,000 were taken prisoners, and many killed themselves in despair. Even their women made a noble stand behind the waggons which formed the Cimbric camp, slaying those who fled, and, at length, when all resistance was hopeless, destroying their children and killing themselves. This victory rescued Italy from the grasp of the barbarians, and procured for Marius the title of "The Third Founder of Rome, in the beginning of the fifth century."

Nearly three hundred years after the destruction of the Cimbri, the German tribe of the Allemanni made an irruption into Italy, with 40,000 horse and 80,000 foot, and, at Placentia and Lombardy, inflicted so terrible a defeat on the Romans, under the Emperor Aurelian, that the dissolution of the empire was apprehended. That gallant leader, however, reanimated the courage of his troops, and defeated the Allemanni in two subsequent engagements, in the last of which, fought near Pavia, the Germans were almost exterminated.

In the beginning of the fourth century after Christ, Constantine the Great, during his campaign against his rival Maxentius, besieged Verona, then, as now, one of the strongest cities of Lombardy, and, in a bloody battle, which lasted during the close of day and through the whole night, defeated and killed Ruvienus Pompeianus, the ablest general of Maxentius, who had come to the relief of the beleaguered city.

A hundred years later, Alaric, at the head of a number of German tribes, and of his confederates the Allemanni, poured

over the Alps into Italy. There he was encountered by Stilicho, the accomplished general of the weak Emperor Honorius, who, at Pollentia, twenty-five miles south-east of Turin, and at Verona, entirely defeated him. At Verona the Gothic king owed his escape solely to the fleetness of his horse. At this period the Goths had embraced Christianity; and, at Pollentia, Stilicho took advantage of their devotion to surprise them while engaged in celebrating Easter Sunday, entrusting the attack to Saul, a barbarian and pagan, but a veteran leader. The invaders were put to flight, their camp stormed, and Alaric's wife, who had impatiently claimed his promise of Roman jewels and patrician handmaids, was taken prisoner. Pollentia is about sixty miles from the plains where Marius so terribly defeated the Cimbri.

A sterner and a mightier presence succeeds that of Alaric—Attila, surnamed the Scourge of God. A Gothic historian describes him as having a large head, a swarthy complexion, small, deep-seated eyes, a flat nose, a few hairs in the place of a beard, broad shoulders, and a short square body, of nervous strength, though of disproportioned form. Yet, with all this ugliness, he possessed much majesty of demeanour, and an air which expressed the consciousness of superiority over the rest of mankind. Along with the terrible king of the Huns comes a nobler and more graceful shade—that of his antagonist and conqueror Œtius, thus depicted by a contemporary historian. "The graceful figure of Œtius was not above the middle stature; but his manly limbs were admirably formed for strength, beauty, and agility, and he excelled in the martial exercises of managing a horse, drawing the bow, and darting the javelin. He could patiently endure the want of food and sleep, and his mind and body were alike capable of the most laborious efforts. He possessed the genuine courage that can despise not only dangers but injuries; and it was impossible either to corrupt, or deceive, or intimidate the firm integrity of his soul." About the middle of the fifth century Attila invaded Italy, sending, by his ministers, to the weak grandson of Theodosius at Ravenna, the haughty mandate, "Attila, my lord and thy lord, commands thee to provide a palace for his immediate reception." Attila's ravages wasted the rich plains of Lombardy. He stormed and sacked some of its principal towns, and received the submission and the gold of others. It is related of him, that when he took possession of the imperial palace at Milan, he was surprised and offended at the sight of a picture which represented the Cæsars seated on their thrones, and the princes of Scythia prostrate at their feet. Upon which, he commanded a painter to reverse the figures and the attitudes; and the emperors were delineated, on the same canvas, approaching in a suppliant

posture to empty their bags of tributary gold before the throne of the Scythian monarch.

Two warlike figures next approach from the long-vanished past —Odoacer, chief of the Heruli, and commander of the Roman mercenaries, and Theodoric the Ostrogoth, known in German poetry and legend as Dietrich von Bern, or Dietrich of Verona. Odoacer dethroned Romulus Augustulus, the last of the Roman emperors, and was proclaimed King of Italy A.D. 476. In 489, however, he was himself defeated by Theodoric, in the neighbourhood of Verona, on the steep banks of the rapid Adige; and, in 493, the conqueror—having previously procured the assassination of Odoacer at a solemn banquet—was proclaimed King of Italy, over which he reigned for thirty-three years, and left behind him the memory of his wisdom and courage, his justice and humanity, deeply impressed on the minds of both Goths and Italians.

Shortly after the death of Theodoric, Milan, which had revolted against Vitiges, the Gothic monarch, sustained a terrible siege from the Goths and Burgundians, and, when at last compelled to surrender, the Roman garrison were suffered to march out unharmed, but 300,000 of the inhabitants are said by Procopius to have been put to the sword, while the houses and walls were leveled to the ground. The august presence of Belisarius now appears on the scene, who, for a time, vindicated the majesty of the Greek empire and defeated the ablest generals of the Goths. Narses, too, must not be forgotten, the favourite of Justinian, and a leader worthy of the best days of the empire. But we come to the invasion of Italy by the Longobardi, whose king, Alboin, looked down with longing eyes from the Alpine heights upon the fruitful plains to which his victory communicated the perpetual appellation of Lombardy. In 508 Alboin was crowned King of Italy, and established his capital at Pavia. Twenty-one Lombard kings succeeded Alboin, during whose reign Lombardy was often devastated by the arms of the Franks, until, at length, in 744, Charlemagne took Pavia, and placed the ancient iron crown of Lombardy upon his head with his own hands.

We now come to the mediæval history of Lombardy, in which the German emperors, the Popes, and the cities of the Lombard League are the most prominent actors. The Dukes of Lombardy, conquered by Charlemagne, in process of time became almost independent, and Lombardy was not re-incorporated with the empire until the days of Otho I., Emperor of Germany, about which time the great cities, growing in wealth and power, received municipal privileges and immunities which rendered them more independent of the feudal nobles. From Otho and the princes of his family, but much more from their successors of the houses of

Franconia and Swabia, date those long and envenomed struggles between papal arrogance and imperial ambition, which shook society in Germany and Italy to its very foundation. Guelphs and Ghibelines, the watchwords of centuries of strife, date from the beginning of the twelfth century. The Emperor Lothaire, of the house of Saxony, tried to secure the succession to the empire for his son-in-law, Henry the Proud, Duke of Bavaria and Saxony, descended from Welf, fourth son of Aggo, Marquis of Este, by Cunegonde, heiress of the Welfs of Altorf in Swabia. In this project he failed; and, upon his death, Conrad von Hohenstaufen whose line took the name of Waiblingen, from the town of Waiblingen, in Franconia, was elected emperor. Conrad, jealous of the large possessions of Henry, insisted that two duchies could not legally be held by one person; and, upon Henry's resistance, the Diet pronounced both to be forfeited. From which it arose, that, when these names were transmitted into Italy, Welf or Guelph came to signify a partisan of the Pope and other opponents of the emperor, and Waiblingen, Italianized into Ghibeline, a supporter of the imperial authority.

No epoch in her history is more glorious to Lombardy than her gallant resistance, in the twelfth century, to the power of the German Emperor, Frederick Barbarossa. Frederick was stately and handsome in person, and gifted with eminent political talents, as well as with chivalrous valour; he was also ambitious of conquest, and turned his arms against the rich and free cities of Lombardy. He entered Italy in 1154 by the valley of the Trent. In the following year he besieged and took Tortona, which offered a stubborn resistance to his arms, and afterwards, in the church at Pavia, placed the iron crown of Lombardy on his head. On this occasion Frederick did not dare to attack the larger and stronger cities, but marked his track through the Milanese by havoc and devastation. In 1158 he again entered Italy at the head of a powerful army. The little town of Crema held out against his whole forces for six months; it was then taken and abandoned to pillage and flames. Milan was put under the law of the empire; and, after a contest of three years, the Milanese were compelled to surrender at discretion. Milan was afterwards razed to the ground and the inhabitants dispersed among the villages in the neighbourhood. The following year—1163—is famous for the formation of the Lombard League of Vicenza, Verona, Padua, and Trevizo, to regain their down-trodden liberties. In 1167 the League was enlarged by the accession of Cremona, Bergamo, Brescia, Mantua, and Ferrara. The confederates took a solemn oath to unite for the recovery of their liberties for twenty years, and to aid each other in repairing in common the losses experienced in this sacred

cause by any member of the League. Guelfs and Ghibellines forgot their animosities in the sense of common danger and duty, and one of the first acts of the confederates was the rebuilding of Milan, which had suffered in the struggle so terribly for freedom. The following year was spent in a succession of combats between the forces of the League and those of Frederick, who recrossed the Alps into Germany to raise a new army for the subjugation of the gallant Lombards. In October 1174, he again descended into Italy at the head of a formidable army, and besieged the new city of Alexandria, which had been built by the League at the conference of the rivers Tanaro and Romida, in honour of the Pope and to commemorate their union. Its walls were only of mud and straw, but they were manned by noble hearts who, for four months, withstood every effort of the German host, until relieved by an army of the League, which compelled Frederick to raise the siege and retreat to Pavia, to recruit his wearied and dispirited followers. Negotiations now followed between the Emperor and the Lombard League, but without a successful result; and, in 1176, the Milanese and imperial armies met on the field of Legnano, about fifteen miles from Milan. An impetuous charge of the German chivalry broke that of the Lombards, and the imperialists were nearly capturing the *carocio* or sacred car. It was saved, however, by the devotion of "the Company of Death," a chosen band of 900 young warriors who had devoted themselves to its defence. They knelt down on the battle field, invoked God and St. Ambrose, renewed their vow to perish for their country, then rising, charged with such impetuosity that the Germans were driven back. Their example reanimated the whole army, who pressed forward with irresistible vigour; the Emperor's horse fell in the thickest of the fight, his banner was captured by the Legion of Death, his army entirely defeated, and he himself, separated from his companions in arms, was obliged to seek safety in flight, and only reached Pavia after several days, when the beautiful Empress Beatrice was already mourning his death. This decisive defeat induced the Emperor to think seriously of peace. A truce was first agreed upon for six years, and thereafter the Peace of Constance was signed on the 25th June, 1183. The cities engaged to acknowledge and maintain the just rights of the Emperor, while he, on his part, renounced all regal privileges which he had hitherto claimed in the interior of towns, acknowledged the right of the confederate cities to levy armies, to inclose themselves within fortifications, and to exercise both civil and criminal jurisdiction. He also authorized them to strengthen their confederation for the defence of their just rights; and thus terminated, in the establishment of a legal liberty, the first and most noble struggle which

the nations of modern Europe have ever maintained against despotism. "The contest of the Lombard League," says a distinguished Italian writer,* "was among those few in which right and wrong were not, as usual, indiscriminately blended. The battle of Legnano was one of those combats which all humanity applaud —for which, as for Morat and Morgarten, we are prompted to thank and praise Providence that men were taught to unravel the iron from the bowels of the earth to plunge it into each other's bosoms—one of those few fields in which human blood fell sacred and holy, like Christ's own blessed blood, which was also shed for the universal emancipation of mankind."

For a long time after the victory of Legnano, the liberties granted to the cities were not infringed by the German Emperors. In 1226, the Lombard League was renewed, in order to protect the Pope against the Emperor Frederick II., who united in his person the crowns of the Two Sicilies, Lombardy and the Empire. In 1237, he encountered the army of the Milanese at Contenuova, near Crema, and inflicted on them a severe defeat, in which they lost 10,000 men and the *Caroccio*. This century was polluted by the infamous tyranny of Eccelino di Romano at Verona, Vicenza, Padua, Feltre, and Belluno. He originally derived his authority from the people, but soon succeeded in converting it into a frightful and irresponsible tyranny. He fixed his suspicions upon all who in any way attracted the admiration of their fellow-citizens; and, without waiting for any expression of discontent or symptom of resistance, arrested and threw them into prison, where, by the application of the most excruciating tortures, he endeavoured to extract confessions of crimes which might justify his suspicions. The names which escaped the lips of his victims in their agony were carefully registered to supply fresh food for the cruelty of the tyrant. In the town of Padua alone there were eight prisons always full, notwithstanding the ceaseless toil of the executioner to empty them. Two of these prisons contained 300 prisoners each. At length, Pope Alexander IV. caused a crusade to be preached against this monster, and Padua was captured by the crusaders in June, 1256. As soon as Eccelin heard of this disaster, he disarmed the 11,000 Paduans who belonged to his army, and confined them in his prisons, where all but 200 met a violent or lingering death. Eccelin was the first general of his day, and his unequaled military talents enabled him to protract the war for some time, and even to defeat the army of the crusaders; but, at length, he was abandoned by his associates, and defeated and taken prisoner at Soncino. When a captive, he

* L. Mariotti.

refused to speak, rejected all aid from medicine, tore the bandages from his wounds, and died on the eleventh day of his captivity. His brother and all his family were massacred in the following year. This was the last effort of the cities of Lombardy for freedom. In the course of the next century, they all fell under the yoke of the warlike nobles, many of whom, such as the Visconti at Milan, and the Della Scala at Padua, were famous both for abilities, for grandeur, and for unscrupulous cruelty. In the middle of the fourteenth century, the Visconti were lords of sixteen cities in Lombardy, and their power endangered the liberties of Florence and Pisa.

On the 13th August, 1447, died the last Visconto, Duke of Milan; and, after a short re-establishment of a republic, was succeeded by the celebrated General Francesco Sforza, who was proclaimed Duke of Milan. Soon after this period, the French appear as prominent actors on the Italian stage. Charles VIII. inherited rights descending from the house of Angou on the kingdom of Naples, and determined to assert them by the force of arms. Accordingly, he entered Italy, in 1494, at the head of 3000 men-at-arms, 20,000 French infantry, 8000 Swiss, and a formidable train of artillery. He conquered Naples; but, on his return, he was attacked by the Venetians and Milanese, under the command of the Duke of Mantua. The battle took place at Fornovo, when the impetuosity of the French men-at-arms, and the obstinate valour of the Swiss infantry, turned the scale against the Lombards, who lost 3500 men on the field. Charles, however, continued his retreat, and re-passed the Alps in October, 1495, after having ravaged all Italy with the violence and rapidity of a hurricane. To Charles VIII. succeeded Louis XII., who claimed the Duchy of Milan in right of his grandmother Valentia Visconti, and supported his pretensions by a powerful French army, which passed the Alps in 1499. They took by assault two petty fortresses on the banks of the Tanaro, Arazzo, and Annone, and put all the garrison and most of the inhabitants to the sword. Upon which, the army of Ludovico Sforza dispersed, he himself sought shelter in Germany with the Emperor Maximilian, and Louis, entering Milan, was saluted by the trembling inhabitants with the title of Duke. The rest of Lombardy submitted without resistance, and Genoa also surrendered to the French, who remained masters of the country until 1512, when they were driven from all their conquests by the Swiss, Germans, Spaniards, and Venetians, who had united against them.

During the earlier part of the sixteenth century, Italy was oppressed and overwhelmed with calamities, by successive swarms

of French, Spaniards, and Germans. Most of the great cities were pillaged and ruined, and the independence of the nation extinguished. The most prominent figures of this period, are that selfish voluptuary, but gallant and stalwart man-at-arms, Francis I. of France, and his astute and successful rival the Emperor Charles V. Other actors of no mean importance crowd the scene, the Constable Bourbon, Lautree, Pescara, and Bayard the model knight, *sans peur et sans reproche*. In September, 1513, Francis entered Lombardy at the head of 15,000 cavalry, 40,000 infantry, and a numerous train of artillery. It was the finest army that France had yet sent to the field. At Villafranca, Francis surprised and captured Prospero Colonna, commander of the Pope's cavalry. At Marignan, he attempted to treat with the Swiss, who had a strong army in readiness to oppose him; but they, at the instigation of the Cardinal of Lion, rejected his overtures, and attacked him in his camp on the 13th of September, 1515, two hours before sunset. The battle that issued was one of the most terrible ever fought, even on the blood-stained plains of Lombardy. It lasted till sunset, and was protracted four hours by moonlight, and only closed when utter darkness prevented the combatants from distinguishing each other. During the night, the king's trumpets continually sounded, and the famous horns of Nevi and Wenterwalden called the Swiss together. At daybreak on the 14th, the combat was renewed. The king fought like a common soldier, and exposed himself wherever danger was greatest. Twenty times the French cavalry charged the serried ranks and bristling pikes of the Swiss, and were as often driven back. The Constable Bourbon, Bayard, and La Trenouille, did all that valour and skill could do, but still their indomitable foes pressed on. They directed their attack specially against the artillery; and a Swiss youth, about twenty years of age, penetrated through the French and German regiments, and was in the act of spiking one of the largest cannons, when he was killed by a pike-thrust. At length, after leaving 15,000 of their number on the field, the Swiss began to retire, but with unbroken ranks, and still presenting a formidable front to their foes, who, weakened by their losses and exhausted with fatigue, did not attempt to pursue them. The Marshal Trivulzio, who had fought in eighteen pitched battles, called it a battle of giants, and declared that all the combats he had seen before were child's play when compared with it. The results of the victory of Marignan were that the Swiss army dispersed, and that Francis obtained possession of all the Milanese. But Lombardy, which had been the scene of his triumph, was soon also to be the theatre of his defeat. Charles V. and the Pope entered into alliance against him; and, in 1522, the

French were expelled from Lombardy. Two years afterwards, Francis collected a second army, and sent it into the Milanese, under his favourite the Admiral Bonnivet. There he was encountered by Prospero Colonna, by whom he was outgeneraled, and ultimately forced to retreat into France. It was while protecting the rear-guard of Bonnivet's army that Bayard fell. He was shot through the body; and, feeling the wound to be mortal, bade his followers lift him from his horse, and place him with his back against a tree and his face to the enemy, in which position he was found by the renegade Constable Bourbon, and the Imperial General the Marquis Pescara. The latter had a tent erected over the spot where the dying knight lay, sent for surgeons, and remained by his side until he breathed his last, about four hours after he had received the fatal wound. He then had his body embalmed, and sent it in charge of a large escort to the home of his ancestors.

Francis was still determined, in spite of this reverse, to assert his claim to the Milanese, and again assembled a large army, with which he made himself master of Milan, and thus laid siege to Pavia, which was strongly garrisoned and defended by Da Leyva, a veteran general. While Francis was occupied with the siege, the Imperialists received a reinforcement of 12,000 well-disciplined lanz-knechts, commanded by Bourbon and George Freundsberg;* and, soon afterwards, 6000 Swiss left the French army in a body, and returned to their own country. These circumstances determined Bourbon and Pescara to attack the French king, particularly as they were in want of money to pay their troops; and they accordingly assailed him on the night of the 23rd of February, 1525. A desperate battle took place, which would have terminated in favour of the French but for the rashness and folly of Francis, who marched the division that he commanded so as to mask the fire of his own artillery which was decimating the ranks of the Imperialists, and had thrown them into great confusion. This mistake, however, enabled them to rally. Pescara's veteran Spanish infantry and Basque cross-bowmen turned the fortune of the day; the splendid French cavalry were shot down or cut to pieces, and the Swiss, deceived by a retrograde movement of the dastardly Duke d'Alençon, who commanded the left

* This famous military adventurer, who enjoyed a great reputation in his day, was a man of gigantic stature and brutal manners, but an able soldier, and accomplished in all the arts of war as then practised. He entertained an intense hatred towards the Church of Rome, was always ready to engage in any project hostile to it, and used to carry a silken cord in his pocket for the purpose, as he affirmed, of strangling the Pope in a manner consistent with his dignity, if ever an opportunity should present itself.

wing, fled from the field. In spite of the desertion, Francis and the ring of knights and nobles who environed him—like James IV., and the chivalry of Scotland on the fatal field of Flodden—long maintained a desperate resistance against overwhelming odds. The king—conspicuous by his large stature, his surcoat of cloth of silver, and the flowing plume on his casque—is said to have killed six of his assailants with his own hand. His horse was shot under him; he was wounded in three places; yet he refused to surrender, till Lannoy, the viceroy of Naples, came up to receive his sword. In this famous battle fell the very flower of French chivalry, the king and many of the most illustrious leaders and nobles were made prisoners; and the German black bands, commanded by that gallant exile, the white rose De la Pole, were entirely destroyed. Such were the melancholy results of the ill-advised battle of Pavia.

In the following year, Milan was subjected to the most terrible exactions and cruelties by Antonio da Leyva and his soldiers, who lived at free quarters among the inhabitants; and, during the next three years, two French armies, under Lautree and the Count de St. Pol, entered Lombardy, as well as a German army, under Henry Duke of Brunswick, who, finding nothing left to pillage, put to the sword the inhabitants of all the villages through which he passed. This dreadful war was at length closed by the Treaty of Cambray, called *Le Traité des Dames*, from having been arranged by Margaret of Austria, the aunt of the Emperor, and Louisa of Savoy, the mother of the king of France. By this treaty, France gave up Italy; and, in the beginning of 1530, Charles received at Bologna the crowns of Lombardy and of the Empire.

During the three centuries which have since rolled past, Italy has been the prey of foreign oppressors. All her republics successively fell; and though, since that period, the Italians have repeatedly triumphed over their own tyrants, their efforts have always been frustrated by foreign force, and the vicissitudes and misfortunes of the Lombards have become only episodes in the history of other nations. The mightiest historical figure of the close of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth centuries is undoubtedly the first Napoleon, many of whose greatest victories were gained on the plains of Lombardy. In 1796, he was placed at the head of the French army in Italy. At Monte-Notte, Millesimo, and Mondovi, he defeated the Piedmontese under their king, Victor Amadeus; and afterwards the Austrians at Lodi, Castiglione, and Aveola, when the whole of the Milanese fell into his hands as the result of these victories, and was formed into the Transpadane republic. Venice was subsequently swindled out of her freedom, which she had maintained for more than a thousand

years; and, at the Treaty of Campo-Formio, made over to the Emperor of Austria her former ally, who, like a true Austrian, allowed no conscientious scruples to stand in the way of his own aggrandizement. The French retained the Milanese. In 1800 the French again invaded Lombardy, gained the battle of Montebello, and, on the plain of Marengo, between Tortona and Alessandria, a desperate and memorable confiict was fought between them and the Austrians under General Melas. Six thousand Austrians fell on the field, and seven thousand, with seven generals, were taken prisoners. The French were again masters in Italy. In 1802 the Cisalpine and Ligurian republics received a new code from the First Consul; and, in 1805, at the Treaty of Presburg, the Austrians were compiled to restore Venice and all her territory to the so-called kingdom of Italy. M. Sismondi considers that the great Napoleon was a mighty benefactor to the Lombards and other Italians; and, certainly, when we contrast the freedom they enjoyed for many years under his protection, with the brutalizing despotism of Austria, we must admit that he has strong grounds for his opinion.

"When Napoleon Buonaparte," he says, "was appointed to the command of the French army in Italy, on the 23rd February, 1796, he began to effect a regeneration which gave to the Italian nation more liberty than it had lost. It is the participation of numbers in the Government, and not the name of republic as opposed to monarchy, that constitutes liberty; it is, above all, the reign of the laws; publicity in the administration, as well as the tribunals; equality; the removal of all shackles on thought, on education, and on religion. Five millions and a half of inhabitants in the kingdom of Italy were put in possession of a constitution which secured to them all these advantages, with a participation in the legislature, and in the vote of taxes.* They had recovered the glorious name of Italians; they had a national army, the bravery of which rendered it daily more illustrious. Six millions and a half inhabitants of the kingdom of Naples received institutions, less advanced it is true; but even there the law had succeeded arbitrary power; public and oral evidence had succeeded secret information and the torture;† equality the feudal system; education, instead of retrograding, had been rendered progressive, and thought, as well as religious conscience, had recovered freedom."

At the arbitrary and unjust Congress of Vienna, where the interests of subjects were sacrificed to the ambition and prejudices

* Of all these advantages have the Lombards been deprived during the forty-five years of Austrian rule.

† Both were revived by the Austrians, and continue in force down to the present day. (See our article, "The Austrians and Italy," in the ECLECTIC for June.)

of their rulers, the Lombards were handed over, like sheep or cattle, without being consulted or represented in the Congress, to the very Power they most detested, and under whose hated yoke they have since groaned for nearly half a century, deprived of political liberty, of civil and religious freedom, and even freedom of thought. In 1848, they rose against their oppressors, assisted by the father of the gallant monarch who is now we, rejoice to see, likely to be king of that Lombardy for whose liberties he has once and again fought so nobly. But we would rather have seen the Emperor Napoleon redeem to the letter his proud boast thas he would not sheath his sword till Italy was free from the Alps to the Adriatic. There will be no peace for Europe as long at there is an Austrian south of the Alps.

When the rising commenced in Milan in March, 1848, so little were the Lombards prepared for it, that there were scarcely two hundred fowling-pieces in their possession in the whole of that great city. It was with these, and with clubs, old swords, and knives, that they drove out 30,000 Austrians, provided with a formidable artillery, and masters of the strong points of the city. Three days the combat lasted in the streets; and then the Austrians, diminished by a half, fled in disorder to Verona and Mantua, perpetrating unheard-of atrocities during their retreat from Milan and the other cities. Five Lombards were discovered tied to trees with their feet burnt off, and, adds *la Concordia*, in the cartridge-box of a dead Croat, there were found the hands of a female with rich rings on the fingers, and the severed ears with their earrings. In many houses of Milan, all the inhabitants were massacred, from the grandfather down to the youngest infant.* Soon after the revolt of Milan, Charles Albert passed the Ticino at the head of the Piedmontese army. During the progress of this war, the Austrians displayed the utmost ferocity and cruelty, killing the wounded, and torturing the prisoners.† The King of Sardinia was at first successful, defeating the Austrians at Pastrengo, afterwards at Goito, when he was unsuccessfully assailed by Radetzky, at the head of 30,000 men. In this action, both Charles Albert and the Duke of Savoy, now King of Sardinia, were slightly wounded. On the 23rd of May, the Cabinet of Vienna, having demanded the mediation of England, offered, through Baron Hummelauer, to recognize the independence of Lombardy, which was to be at liberty to form a separate Government, or to join with any other Italian State, on condition of

* See Charles Cattaneo, *L'Insurrection de Milan*; and Parrens, *Deux Ans de Revolution en Italie.*

† M. Charles de la Vavenne, an actor in this war, and the author of *Les Autrichiens et l'Italie*, pledges his honour for the truth of these allegations.

being responsible for a part of the national debt of the empire. The Duchies of Parma and Modena were to be allowed to unite with Lombardy; and a separate administration was offered to Venice, which was to have a distinct army under the Emperor's command. On the 3rd of June, Lord Palmerston, according to Farini,* declared himself unwilling to accept the mediation, unless Austria would include the cession of a portion of the Venetian provinces, and instructed Lord Ponsonby to use his efforts with the Imperial Court, then resident at Inspruck, for that purpose. Public opinion at Vienna was opposed to further concessions, and the Government, reassured by Radetzky, not only rejected the proposals of England, but also determined to withdraw its previous offers. In June, the discord and weakness of the Italians became more apparent, and the confidence of Austria began to increase. The Piedmontese were defeated at Custoza, and under the walls of Milan; the fickle populace of that city attempted the life of the king who had come to liberate them, and the star of Austria was again in the ascendant. A capitulation was concluded; Charles Albert renounced the kingdom of *Alta Italia*, and retired within his own boundaries. In March, 1849, however, hostilities again broke out; but, on this occasion, the Austrians took the initiative, and crossed the Ticino into Piedmont. The Piedmontese had about 85,000 men, and the Austrians 90,000; but the former were in a state of disunion and demoralization, and there was little sympathy between the loyal soldiers of Charles Albert and the democratic volunteers of Lombardy. At Mortara, La Bicocca, and Novara, the Piedmontese were entirely discomfited. On the 23rd of March, Charles Albert abdicated, and, on the 26th, an armistice was concluded between Austria and Sardinia.

A week later occurred the most terrible episode in the war of independence—the storming of Brescia by the troops of the butcher Haynau, with which we shall close our long catalogue of the woes of Lombardy. Every excess of cruelty, every refinement of cruelty, was inflicted by the Austrians upon that unhappy city. After the restoration of the Imperial authority in Lombardy, Brescia endured eight months of exactions, confiscations, and punishments of all kinds. At the end of that period—preferring speedy destruction to lingering agony—she rose against her oppressors and drove them from the town. Haynau, the future tyrant of Hungary, then commanded in the province, and hastened to supersede General Nugent in the superintendence of the formal siege operations which had been already commenced.

* "Stato Romano," Vol. II.

The following is a literal translation of the first summons he addressed to the Municipality of Brescia. It is dated 9 in the morning, 31st March, 1849:—"I make known to the Municipality, that I am here, at the head of my troops, to summon the town to surrender immediately and without conditions.—*If that is not done by midday, and if all the barricades are not entirely removed, the town will be taken by assault, sacked, and delivered up to all the horrors of devastation.* All the issues from the town will be occupied by my soldiers, and a longer resistance will entail certain destruction. Brescians, you know me; I shall keep my word."

Brescia defended herself with the heroism of despair. Her 30,000 inhabitants, men and women, and even children and greybeards, assisted in the common struggle for existence and for freedom. The town was subjected to a merciless bombardment; its houses were shattered and crumbling beneath the iron hail that poured upon them; its streets full of wounded and dead; yet for ten days the resistance was protracted behind the barricades which had been hastily thrown up, and, before the Austrians became masters of the city, they had sustained a loss of 2000 men. Haynau's rage was terrible. "When I saw," he says in his report, "that a great number of our men had already fallen, and that neither the ceaseless rain of bombs, nor the general assault, abated the fury of the inhabitants, who obstinately defended themselves, I had recourse to the last resources of war; ordering that no prisoners should be made, that all should be butchered, and that the houses which resisted should be given to the flames and leveled with the ground."

When such were the sentiments and orders of the general, the conduct of the troops may be easily imagined. The town was sacked in the fullest and most terrible sense of the term. The victorious Austrians broke into every house, gave all to blood and flame, violated and murdered the women, and even the children in the schools. One-fourth of the population was butchered after all resistance had ceased. The horrors of the night of the sack were further aggravated by the arrival of twenty fresh Austrian battalions, who, taking the place of their comrades already satiated with plunder and gorged with blood, performed the second act in the sanguinary drama of the sack. The devastation was complete, and Haynau had kept his word. At daybreak the carnage was renewed, and the spies attached to the Imperial army made themselves conspicuous in hunting out and denouncing the bravest and most energetic of the Italian patriots. These were immediately seized, conducted to the castle or the barracks, and subjected to every species of humiliation and tor-

ture, until death closed their sufferings, when their bodies were thrown in heaps into the town ditches, or outside the bastions of the castle, and left to rot, until fear of a pestilence compelled the Austrians to gather them together and burn them.

A market was opened by the soldiery outside the gate of Torrelunga, for the sale of their immense and varied booty. Women and young girls formed a part of their plunder, and, when they were not ransomed by their relatives, they were sold to glut the lust of a brutal soldiery. During three days this infamous traffic went on, and Austrian officers were to be seen countenancing the proceedings, and availing themselves of the opportunity of acquiring a number of precious articles for a very inadequate price.

But the vengeance of Haynau was not yet satiated. He imposed a fine of £40,000 on the ruined and devastated city, and then commenced the judicial murders. The men were hanged, or —as there was a scarcity of gibbets—shot by dozens at a time; the women were whipped to death; and a little hunch-backed tailor, who had signalized himself in the defence of the place, was seized by some Hungarian soldiers, taken to their barracks, stripped naked, chained hand and foot, clad in a dress of straw covered with pitch, set on fire, and burnt to death, his tormentors standing by enjoying his agonies. The executions continued for six months, and, at the end of that period, Haynau made the town pay him £480 for the expense of hanging his victims. This item is to be found in the accounts of the Municipality of Brescia for 1849.

Such was the tragedy of Brescia; such the horrors perpetrated but ten years ago by the soldiers of a nation calling itself civilized!

VI.

A VISIT TO BURNS'S BIRTHPLACE.

Not many years ago, after long acquaintance with the works by which Burns is known to the world, chancing to be within convenient reach of his native region, we joined others in paying it a brief and cursory visit; although the taste for what are called "pilgrimages to the shrines of genius" had never so far prevailed before. Quickly borne across from under the grand peaks of Arran, we stood on the plain quay of a rather dull-looking provincial town, bare and sea-bleached

on the curve of its flat bay, without picturesqueness, nothing special to it, save that magnificent island-horizon just left behind, and, close at hand, the faces, the accents, the gait, and manners of the townsfolk themselves. Scotch these were, indeed, lowland broad-Scotch to the full; but as it struck one at first contact, allowing now for some unavoidable influence of fancy, they were quicker and livelier, more unrestrained and free, and less considerate for strangers' looks, than is elsewhere found northward of Tweed. They did not so much as turn their heads, nor leave off their business, nor peer out from doors and gape at you, to speculate why you came. A Cockney traveling-costume, with tartan and heather, a foreign moustache and frogged coat, a transatlantic hat and note-book, had doubtless ceased to strike them. Was there not, in fact, as one marked the groups and general life in the streets, something different in these Ayr burghers or Ayrshire country folks at market, from what has hitherto been considered the type of Scotch character?—something of a more outspoken, impulsive, spontaneous disposition—more "pronounced," as a foreigner would say—with a tendency to loquacity, repartee, and gossip? The speech sounded less like a dialect than elsewhere, in its quick turns and idiomatic fluency; there was merriment in the children's ways, jest between the young people, sharp wit and epigrammatic proverbialism afloat through elder groups; bolder, darker eyes lit out upon you, and the faces of lasses hooded under their plaids were oftener comely, still oftener arch, and their shapes more graceful, than you could think usual in Scotland. Vaguely one recollected the old saying of George Buchanan, which continental Europe seems once to have quite understood, though the Irish must latterly have been supposed its true claimants, about that "*perfervidum ingenium Scotorum*," the over-fervid disposition of the Scottish, perhaps often regretted by the old national historian, amidst their troublous annals, close beside Mary and John Knox. Confused associations came to mind, of those stubborn, old-fashioned, westland men, the Covenanters, the hiding and hunted "witnesses for the truth," the original Whigs and Roundheads, with broad homespun bonnets of light blue, thinking and reading peasant farmers, or busy-minded weavers, for whose refuge Ayrshire had chiefly been known; and of its former savage lords, the Kennedies, Cunninghams, and Montgomeries, of whose remote raids and sea-side dungeons the kingdom had taken little note. Remembering the well-known canny Caledonian—the formal, long-headed, self-repressive, time-biding, pawky Aberdonian, with his harsh patois—the shaggy-browed, sagacious, cautious, polemical, though taciturn Borderer—or the man of the Lothians, with his precise speech and shrewd-glancing eye—the deferential Highlander, with inquisitiveness and jealousy under his sidelong look,—you could not but feel your type of the north countryman almost reversed in passing through Ayr. And the town itself, what of it? Poor, dull, dreary, gossiping taverns, indeed, to look into them as you go by—bald, grey-fronted market-square, with weather-stains of many years upon it, and conspicuous town pump, where scandals must still congregate with the water-

pitchers taking their turn—monotonous minor street, lined with small-ware shops, letting in a view of one idle church—third-rate suburban outskirt of genteel, half-faded villas, savouring of decayed fashion, half-pay, and petty dowagers, near the sandy turf of a county racecourse, wearisome before the outspread space of the sea—how much more tedious must they all have been ere the peasant-prodigy arose hard by, to strike through them something like life and spirit?

But the country beyond we came to see, and to it we hied. A truly rustic, rural country, gently wavering upwards, woody with intersecting hedge-lines of irregular fields, for the most part small; where the many farmsteads often seem half-cottage, the still more frequent cottages have a cheerful aspect, set along here and there by some road-side without fear to be seen, their fronts to it, their little door-plots blossomed, their patches of back-garden showing some fruitful apple boughs, a shed or a hen-roost close by, as if there they were peasant cottagers in reality, at times almost yeomen. It reminds you otherwise of England, such as parts of Lancashire, Derbyshire, and Yorkshire represent; not a rood of ground unmarked by labour, the scale of culture subdivided for numerous hands that had their interest in the soil; the farms everywhere in view, few villages, mansion-houses to be seen that were not shut off by pleasant parks, nor too rare or stately for the agricultural neighbourhood. As for Scotland—so our talk ran while we proceeded—if one knows the Lothian country of Allan Ramsay and his pastorals, he can say how fantastically Della Cruscan the "Gentle Shepherd" now appears there; amidst the high-farming land of great leases, of guano, oil-cake, tile-draining, and steam-chimneyed barn-yards, with wide treeless spaces of quadrangular stone-fenced field, and mean rows of labourers' cabins drearily set apart. No long stony hamlet bordering a well-kept, toll-barred highway, where the public-house is licensed to sell, the schoolmaster to teach, the conspicuous church to open every Sabbath, near the half-sequestered manse among the glebe-trees. Or has he come from the border-side, famed by Scott and the Ettrick Shepherd, a true pastoral region; he may tell of the thousand-acred tenures, often held by those who are proprietors themselves, keeping their riding-horses, following the hounds, having other farms to visit; in station far above the ploughman and shepherd in those dark-thatched huts, with their backs sunk from the road, their little eyelet-holes of windows glazed by green knobs, their patches of cabbage-ground secluded before them; who are *hinds*, who each also keep a servant called a "bondager," and have an overseer to ride on his pony for their guidance, with the fitting name of a "grieve." *There* slope out, from among furrowed swells of lower ground, those broomy braes, wild furzy uplands, and pale, peakless hills of pasture, which have bred minstrelsy—bred it from the very time when the ruined towers were perfect, that still occupy many a marshy vantage-point there, beside their quick bare streams. *There* was even the true Covenanting country, the place and scene of martyrs. Or in the Highlands, among the mountains, by glen and loch—we knew and

spoke of it as we walked together—what a desolation till you come to the uncouth burrow, the warren-like *clachan*, confounded with the moor till its peat-smoke is seen; whose race is fading fast before the grouse, red-deer, and sheep. You may see grand sights and indulge sublime contemplations there, and feel that that was the source of all the wild plaintive music of which Scotland boasts. But now you find there, in the lower cultivated straths, the clowns and boors of the most Saxon English shires outvied by the bothy system, which cherishes that worst of human varieties, the brutalized, vicious, perverted Scotchman, knowing neither kin nor country, good or evil. Elsewhere, unless we found it toward the banks of Doon, the old fancied character of Scotch peasantry seemed to have died out; the men and women of it, amidst whatever sort of scenery, existed no longer. Here was no striking landscape, certainly; nothing to produce the oft-mentioned local influence of nature upon man: but Ayrshire might have been, after all, perhaps, a side-nook where the pristine character had taken stronger root, and the primitive type of the nation drifted-in, as to a sheltered pool from the main stream, till the peasant bard surprised the world with its disclosure. Yonder, at all events, were reapers at work, who must live close by his birthplace, every one having his songs by heart, his character and career in vivid memory; and all over the harvest scene, among each different band, in the mere manner of their toil, there was surely something of a more Arcadian lightness than elsewhere, a busier pleasure, even a merriment less cloddish and more harmonized to intelligence. That striving wing of the band which bent nearest towards us—so near that their sickles sounded with the rustle of the corn, did they not jest and quip at each other less boisterously than might have been, though the hedge concealed us, and they had left the grey-headed master behind, as he bound the sheaves they dropped. Those two who strove breathless to head the rest, till the hedge-twigs flickered in their faces and the ridge was cleared—had not their mutual exultation something in it more refined than we could fancy, for they were lad and lass, scarce noticed in the haste of others to be up, and we heard him say, peeping round to her warm young face, shaded by the flapping sun-bonnet, pleasantly softened by the bright lilac-coloured rustic short-gown, though freckled and sunburned,—

"You an' me 's won the head-rig, though, Ailie; yeer feyther 'll be geyan weel pleased; but mind, now, keep your word to *me!*"

And Ailie looked up smilingly; in her laughing grey eyes there was at least the beauty of light-hearted innocence.

"Hoots, man, Jamie," she answered, "what ken thae Irish, yonder, o' sangs like *that*—ay, or care for 't owre their denner?"

"It 's no to the haill field, nor to yeer Irish folk; it 's to me that ye fore-trysted the sang," was the eager rejoinder.

Then passing silently on, we knew no more for the time; only guessing that Ailie and Jamie were incipient performers of a fresh little idyll, to turn out, it might be hoped, more happily than some

that had transpired thereabouts; she, to judge from their dress and words, the farmer's own daughter, he the head-ploughman, without any dangerous gift of all-overwhelming passion and poetic inspiration. That grey-headed binder of the sheaves, probably, as things go in this small farming district, was the tenant himself; seeing his own business done, sharing the milder part of the labour, mingling with the scene, half patriarchally, half socially. It might be hoped, too, for him, that he did not find it such a heartless unrewarded struggle with poor soil, as old William Burness, the poet's father, encountered in the neighbourhood, after taking a lease beyond his means, for his family's sake. Matters had advanced since that time, when improved agriculture had not penetrated to Ayrshire, when proprietors seem to have overrated the qualities of their ground, and when all sorts of worthy people, if but intelligent and industrious, without particular turn for the work or capital to justify it, appear notwithstanding to have been encouraged to undertake it. Liebig and Smith of Deanston have written, Highland societies have diffused information, and given prizes; there are new ploughs and patent scythes, manures and tile-draining, Irish reapers too, it seems. Above all, what painful light has been shed, never to be forgotten by the people of Scotland, on that once obscure but frequent story of the ambitious north-countryman, with his good education and his head-knowledge, striving vainly to rise in the world at his plough-shafts, while a book was often in the other hand, sometimes, yet worse, a pen. And as we go on, imagining the sad vision, on those very fields, of Pegasus yoked in common harness, nay afterwards bearing an excise-gauge or drawing a custom-house dray, we console ourselves that it made these things better understood, not only in higher quarters, but among the class itself that is in question. Yonder peasants, surely, know far better now, what labour requires to give it a reasonable hope, and where to seek the springs of recreation. Hugh Miller, humbler yet in his origin than Burns, with greater disadvantages in the stone-quarry and masons' bothy, was doubtless aided by Burns's career to feel how poetry was not his *forte;* but that he must grasp literalities the more strongly, the more absorbingly, if only to save him from dire imitation: and thus found the track marked out for him, which led off in the end to something more like poetic enjoyment and elevation, than if he had kept toiling but to poetize, and kept poetizing merely to toil again. The lesson of being taught our several places in life, of discerning the true dignity which each should aspire to, straight upward, without aiming at transposition from peasant to gentleman, from common-place to genius—this seemed to us all, as we crossed the rural landscape to Doon banks, among the direct benefits of Burns's fame, even among those conscious meanings he impressed by his words.

Suddenly lay before us, through roadside foliage, the narrow archway over the "Brig o' Doon," with its old ivy-pleached masonry; the lively little trouting-river, where an angler is tranquilly busy, breaks up in rush and sparkle from below: and we pause before we cross it

without thought, where no evil creature once could dare to cross, even in chase of the most reckless of boon-companions. Theoretical speculation leaves you there, critical fancies shrink behind you, you are touched and melted with the vividness of the gifted peasant's past life, flashing over before your eagerest thoughts into the calm hot noon over the blessed sun-steeped woods, up in the pure keen sky under the braided clouds, whose zenith is as the field of heaven where a new-washed flock lies resting for ever. The high sun, walking in his viewless brightness, robed with a dazzling vapour, sheds towards them a misty ray or two, like some emblem of care and love unimaginable, the pastoral staff, the gracious and all-providing, all-redeeming hand. What thoughts might bid us to silence! Even speaking our lower themes, in their incongruous necessity to be heard, how moving do we find them at the very liveliest on the matter in hand. A bridge it was, after all, scarce worth the seeing: there are a hundred, nearer home, to the meanest of which it is paltry. No Tam O' Shanter dashed over it—no witches ever recoiled from it—why pluck the ivy to take home, when the thought is ready gathered there? And how much more significant might the short moral of the ballad have been made than that mere allusion to "joys that may be bought too dear!" Why, he himself, unconsciously, made it far more significant; if it be true, that when he had ridden over it on a jaded Pegasus at Dumfries, all chance of worldly welfare was about over, every healthy joy and prospect of of maturity, almost all good angels and pleading considerations were left defeated behind, so that he might have reined up and cast a backward eye from that time, "of night's black arch the keystone," on what *might have been!* And indeed, by fragmentary utterances, did he not do so, more bitterly than his worst critic can do for him? These Banks of Doon, too, with what a melodious agony are they for ever entwined in that song—

> "Ye'll break my heart, thou warbling bird,
> That wantons through the flowering thorn!
> * * * * *
> And my fause lover stole my rose,
> But oh! he's left the thorn wi' *me!*"

Entwined for what end, by him—of whom it seems to have been said but a little ago by one stern censor of the modern Christian pulpit, that "he never loved a woman but he betrayed her, and never made an acquaintance among either young men or women, but he injured and corrupted them?"*

At least, enough is certain to make it strange, how he could so utter the anguish but inflict the wrong. So let us on—let us reach his first traces, amidst which some clew to the mystery may appear.

Scarce has the bridge been left, ere we are close upon the much visited monument, which displays over the trees its cupola-capped

* Quotation in speech of Rev. George Gilfillan at Dundee Centenary celebration.

top, and classic pilasters of Græco-romantic taste, like a piece of Parnassus let drop among Scottish scenery; and hard by is a spruce hotel, with wheels of newly arrived gigs and broughams being washed down by a careful "boots," while the hostler still more sedulously rubs a horse at the stable-end, hissing, whistling the newest negro melody. Behold, too! at the woody turn of the road, filling its shade with sound and sight above all things discordant—what a spectacle! Some holiday party of operatives from a distance have seized the spot for their manifestations of honour to the *genius loci*, and are this moment culminating to enthusiasm, aided by a self-provided stock of viands and liquors, with two Scotch fiddles most obviously unmelodious, most vividly recalling the fore-deck of a Clyde steamboat. A Paisley silk-mill, it turns out, has generously treated its entire force of hands to a Burns excursion, and after visiting the cottage, the kirk, the brig, they have just left the monument to refresh themselves, in airy independence of the hotel, which tries to sneer at them calmly. They are now eating and drinking, nay, briskly beginning to capracol and caper in memory of the illustrious bard, the "national poet." And oh! shade of Burns! what prancing and stamping tributes as yet to thy praise—what gawky airs and dowdy graces of unaccustomed gaiety, uncouthly ejaculating, rudely relaxing, in that "foursome reel" near the monument, when at length it starts, universally whirling, jogging, and tossing uproarious for thy sake! Neighbouring cottage folks peeped at it apart, or stared well to their credit in the eyes of gig-brought tourists: foremost of them, one little blue-eyed, golden-haired maiden, bare-headed, bare-footed, with a water-jar in hand, whose looks were so brightly-wondering, so archly-exchanging a frank consciousness with ours, that a secret appeared to have grown between us—nay, had there been but a pretext for it, had there been no risk of thus soiling the pure ingenuousness of that confidence, one crooked sixpence at the least would have stolen into her little dimpled hand.

Thanks to it all, however, we could freely enter the monument, where, amidst a hush scarce broken by some genteeler flippancies from the hotel, there can be seen, through a glass case, the truly sacred relics of Burns. There lie the two small volumes of that Bible he gave to "Highland Mary," before she parted from him, to prepare her marriage things, for ever, when he was about to leave his country, he thought, as an obscure exile; you see them open at the discoloured fly-leaves, where her name is inscribed in his firm hand-writing, now faded, with a solemn text which he had quoted from within; beside them is one pale yellow tress of that Mary's hair, unchanged as when she had given it. And when we had looked on it silently, after the other party were gone, it seemed,—we saw that two of them remained, gazing silently also: two English ladies, manifestly of superior station to the rest, perhaps of rank, for a footman waited outside the door—both young, one girl-like, with such a lovely, truly lovely face, that when she seemed to avoid notice, yet fain would linger to look on and

say something with her companion, we left them to themselves by a common movement, drawing the official showman, through a certain confidential necessity of his, along with us outside. And the Paisley excursion was still holding increased revel, so that we could pass on unscared to Alloway Kirk, which stands roofless by the wayside at a little distance, needing no guide to identify it for us. This perfect certainty and familiarity as to the memorable objects, like recognition rather than first sight, is one thing that strikes you regarding them; another thing, how unexpectedly small they seem, and compactly placed near together, and how much less imposing, how much less effective in light and shade and *chiar'oscuro*, than the pictures were, with their foreground details and accessories of rustic circumstance. This little ruin of a church, which at best must have been like a belfried barn, could scarce have given room for witches to dance in; they had better, in fact, have adjourned to where the silk-weavers are enjoying themselves. It is curious to observe, however, that a man on horseback, stretching himself from the road, might possibly have contrived to gaze at the lighted interior; curious to think what a wild, inverted idea of devout associations it was, to conjure up malign beings and diabolical saturnalia in an empty church, neglected and forgotten, although a profound moral may lie in the fancy: and curious also, looking round the gravestones, some antique beyond deciphering, some modern as last year, to notice that odder enthusiasm of the poet's local admirers, which could have prompted them, in several cases, to choose this place for their last rest, as if it were re-consecrated.

Turning but a short way on, towards Ayr again, we come abruptly upon that one most memorable spot which, in Tam O' Shanter's homeward ride from the town tavern, he must have passed, and which ought certainly to have roused a strange thrill in him, if creatures of the imagination owe deference to their author. It closely borders the road on the left hand, showing now a long low cottage, thatched and white-washed, with two or three small squares of window, and over the homely door a plain sign-board, to denote briefly that it is "Burns's Cottage." But what more? Ye springs of Helicon! Till this instant we never had known, suspected, dreamed, or imagined, that the birthplace had been signalized by conversion into a road-side public-house. Was it keen irony, or in reality a sincere Scotch tribute, frugally looking to the double adaptation? "David Ritchie, licensed to sell spirits, porter, and ales." In fact we are readily received, ushered in as rightful claimants of access, and placed in a neat-enough newly-papered room, on the walls of which are framed advertisements of various refreshing drinks there procurable, from the temperate to the highly-stimulant. The landlord evidently measures our fervour as visitants, our capacity for an estimate of genius, by the amount of our indispensable order upon his tap; and we have fallen in his view, because our libation seems likely to be moderate, nor composed of any ardent liquor. He is a host, not an exhibiter or show-guide. Yet ultimately he thaws

down, being, as we find from a glimpse of his garden behind, a flower-fancier, a connoisseur in roses, pansies, and dahlias, the latter most of all. He is much more accessible through reference to that conspicuous and somewhat obtrusive flower, than by allusions to the scenery, songs, and history of Burns. The possibility, lately heard of by him, of such a thing as a decided *blue* dahlia, is to him as a black tulip was to Dutch burgomasters of old—nay more, even as the dawning conception of a poem might have been before, under that roof; and any information as to recent experiments on the matter, by means of charcoal and chemical manures, with careful striking after a certain method, possesses a charm for him that is unspeakable. He had not even known that old William Burness, the poet's father, was a gardener before he took to farming; so that the horticultural taste, which had left its traces, indeed, in the patch of cabbage-ground that the landlord had vastly enlarged, might have had its part in the matter in hand. The cottage had been considerably added to and furbished up; but the original "*butt-and-ben*" of the Saturday Night still remained, pretty nearly in their former condition, though we were being accommodated in the newer portion. "No doubt he would let us see these other rooms?" "Such as they were, certainly—at any rate, in a brief space of time—the moment they were fit for view." There was some little delay about it; there had been some slight additional cause for taciturnity and evasion, now modified by the progress in his good graces; while, perhaps, we had been thought "*Englishers*" before, less acquainted with the facts and the vernacular than we were.

One small, low-roofed, clay-floored apartment, with box-beds and little four-paned casement; this was the "*Ben*," the less used and more formal division of that "auld clay bigging" raised by the peasant father with his own hands, before he set up there his household altar, and brought thither his young wife, a Carrick farmer's daughter, seated upon her cart of humble "plenishing," like Rachel on the camel of old. It was well to see, indeed, both how unexaggerated had been the obscurity of condition from which Burns sprang, how really a peasant he had been born; and how, at the same time, his birth was fortunate in having parents so worthy, seriously-minded, intelligent in the one case beyond their station. But the more familiar room, the room of "The Cottar's Saturday Night," the "*Butt*," as Scottish idiom designates it, we were yet to see. Separated only by what had been a narrow passage, its closed door appeared before us, and the landlord, stepping across, as it seemed reluctantly, with a degree of caution, opened it half-way, as if we were to look in.

In both these rooms, here especially, it is strikingly notable—almost impressive of awe—how every chair, stool, and table, all the walls and their paneling, even to the window-panes, are covered over with initials so closely that no more can follow, giving to the whole interior, through its brown, ill-lighted dusk, a kind of Gothic richness, then touched from outside by a warm, dusty sun-ray, slanting to the floor. On that very floor, in sober, unaffected reality, had the household knelt

down to evening worship, at least on Saturdays and Sabbaths, round the "priest-like" father—one of those who, elsewhere toiling, care-worn, and meanly regarded, did indeed sometimes make their humble abode as the patriarchal tents, their rude hearth as a footstool to the supreme glory. It was not in those carefully-turned stanzas of the poem alone, but still more in the troubled biography, that we had seen how old William Burness exemplified the model of devout Scottish intelligence; how, even in his self-modified theology, leaning to Arminian mildness and Arminian emphasis on "works," he proved that the eighteenth century—the age of Voltaire and Hume—might be nothing to cottage faith, nothing to many obscure dwellings, where the need of a higher hope was felt. There, on that sill of the deep little window, where the bulls'-eyes in the glass make tiny rainbows in the daylight, distorting the outer figures of things or men, must have lain the small but precious library, as we have seen it lie long ago in cottages of old-fashioned Border people; with the daily commentary of labour and narrow means, weariness, pain, trouble, and sorrow, to render it more significant at rare hours of rest. And we stepped on to complete our impression, with as little intrusion as might be, on some previous occupants, who at our entrance had suppressed a rather vehement dialogue. They were too obvious not to notice; they were strangely contrasted with the first associations of the place: a little family of four persons, husband, wife, and two restless half-crying children, plainly connected with the festive party at the Brig of Doon, but left apart by it in no cheerful case. In his best clothes, somewhat soiled and discomposed, sat the man—some decent Paisley weaver—before the table, over which he had suddenly leant his head upon his hands, beside a half-crushed hat and an empty pewter measure, while the young woman had shame-facedly turned aside to hush her children, after reproaches that had been only interrupted as we came. Touched as she was herself by liquor, she hastened to make apologies. She blamed the excursion train, the heat, the roads; again, too, she blamed himself directly, yet much more, with excusable eagerness, began to blame the cause in Robin Burns and the attractions of his fame. At that the weaver made shift to raise his head, turning to her, and unsteadily regarding her with a heavy eye, the while he passed his hand over his forehead to clear his thoughts. A gleam of sudden intelligence seemed to awake there, with reproving attempt at dignity.

"Na, na," he said, with emphasis, "dinna cast nae mair wyte on Burns! Folk hae putten wyte eneugh upon his shouthers, and the fau't maun just lie where it 's due. Wumman!" and stretching forward his head he gazed at her pointedly; "*Wumman*, I tell ye, the thocht o' him keepit me up, as they 've dune afore now, until I landed here; an' but for Robbie, lass, I wad hae been far drunker—*far drunker the now!*" To ourselves, too, he turned explanatorily, waiving all apologies on our part, loftily requesting us to use our freedom, even flickering up confidentially to the sagacious thought, that if Burns

himself had been here, there would have been no giving way to the power of drink. "It 's siccan sangs as *his*," he found ability to ejaculate, "that *hain* the drink aff ye! They aye brichten up yeer senses won'erfu', man, to the last! And what would it have been to foregather wi' Burns himsel'—just *here*, too! The vera spot, sirs! Glor'ous—fair glor'ous man! *He* wadna hae denied the t'ither half-mutchkin'!" And if that fresh supply had not been steadily refused by the landlord, doubtless the weaver would have insisted on our sharing it in the place, which he retained with equal stubbornness, as his own for the time; till he was left there maundering, babbling, as to an unseen boon-companion. The landlord measured to us his cordiality, as we departed, by a nosegay from his favourite flower-beds, of gorgeous pansies and huge dahlias, destined to be laid behind the first hedge where we could find one lingering autumn daisy tipped with a crimson streak or two. We came away satisfied with it alone, full of thoughts that were half melancholy, half amused, turning our faces once more again towards Ayr.

Passing the same harvest fields, we could hear a clear, sweet, plaintive voice in the distance, singing a song that was Burns's, well-known enough, and pure with the innocence of rustic love.

"I'll take take my staff, and out I'll gae
Beyond the hills to Nannie, O!
My Nannie's charming, sweet, and young,
Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O!
And ill befa' the flattering tongue
That wad beguile my Nannie, O!"

It might be, it must be, that same gentle young reaper-maiden keeping her promise to that plough-lad with the honest eyes and open face, behind the stooks, not beyond her father's hearing. Then a mavis, the Scottish nightingale, begins to warble sweeter yet from the leafy hedges, and all else seems silent. Left to itself, surely, away from pilgrimages and celebrations, out under the azure roof, the more ethereal tendency of Burns's muse gains force; that spirit, derived at the cottage hearth from his thoughtful and Heaven-seeking father, which his own life was a sad struggle to attain for himself.

We speak and think more at large upon his career and poetry, as we return; seeing through the rural verdure how there are blue glimpses of the sea that way, how the magnificent peaks of island Arran are shown over boughs, purpling with sunset, as if they belonged to the scene; and, to either hand, the soft Kyle district, and how the wilder coast-hills of Carrick and Cunningham clip out upon the broad bay. But if aught further must be said, in more expressly critical form, it must be left for a future opportunity.

VII.

TOWN AND FOREST.

CHAPTER XV.

SHADOWS.

Whether in his lonely course,
Lonely, not forlorn,—he stray,
Or, with Love's supporting force,
Cheat the toil and cheer the way,
Leave it all to His high hand,
Who doth hearts as streams command.

Gales from heaven, if so He will,
Sweeter melodies can wake
On the lofty mountain rill,
Than the meeting waters make:
Who hath the Father and the Son,
May be left, but not alone.

The woman who lost her piece of silver swept her house out diligently, regardless of the dust she raised, until she found it. "It is not unusual," says Mackenzie,* "to find a good deal of confusion and tumult when there is any great work going on in religion. Satan likes nothing so well as to let things settle down in darkness and quiet. But when Christ is seeking out his people in good earnest, we must not expect it all to be smooth work. How many afflictions are sent, like storm-blasts, sweeping through the soul, to waken us up to see our danger and seek our safety!"

Such storm-blasts were, even now, beginning to blow up the moral dust in Hopkinsville. One evening, Mr. Bolter, stumbling on his old acquaintance, A 1, mentioned to that excellent official the state of affairs in the Rat's Hole, and observed what a good thing it would be if the publican could be deprived of his license. A 1 thought that, considering the offences committed, the prospect of doing so was highly promising, and engaged to see to it. Meanwhile, Mr. Bolter was going to try what he could do in an amicable way, by entering the Rat's Hole with several numbers of the "British Workman," and offering them to the customers there.

Accordingly, he made his way thither, guided along the otherwise dark street by a flaming oil lamp in the entrance. He went up-stairs, where he heard a great stamping of feet, and other tokens of applause, and entered a room, stifling hot, where many men were drinking. A popular song having just been concluded, there was a lull, which he took advantage of, by going round the table and laying a "British

* "Redeeming Love."

Workman" before each man, saying, "Would you like to have this?"

"I hope you're going to give us a piece of money with it,"* said the first.

"I don't approve of this paper," said another.

"And I don't approve of methodistical spies," said a third. "This fellow, whatever he may call himself, is nothing more nor less than a spy."

"Then, out of window shall he go," said another, rising up.

"Softly, softly, my good sir," said Mr. Bolter, composedly. "This house is common to us all. The owner may turn me out of it if he chooses; but you and I are here on the same terms."

"No, we're not," said the other, getting nearer to him; "and I'll tell you why. We call for liquor, and pay for it: you do neither one nor the other. Therefore it's plain you're nothing better than a spy."

"You may think so, but you've not proved it," said Mr. Bolter; "you might just as well say, 'We call for liquor, and pay for it; you do neither, and therefore you're a hippopotamus."

This unexpected sally made some of them laugh, and the assailant for a moment had not a word to say for himself.

"Ah, my dear man," said Mr. Bolter, coolly, "it's plain you've not studied logic, or you *never* would have used such an argument as that! Why, you might drive a Lord Mayor's coach through it."

This made them laugh again, and one of them offered Mr. Bolter something to drink. Though he did not accept it, he immediately availed himself of the opening that was made for him by his ally on the bench, and sat down beside him. His antagonist, however, was very surly, and, resuming his seat, he said—

"Logic here or Logic there, I'll bet you sixpence that you are what I say."

"And I'll present you with sixpence," said Mr. Bolter, "if you can tell me what logic is. But come, don't let us be uncomfortable together. As I came over Westminster Bridge the other night, in a pouring rain, there was a stoppage. You never saw such a complete wedge. There were flies, vans, carts, wagons, omnibuses, ladies going out to parties in close carriages, all jammed up together. The policemen were popping in and out among the horses' heads, but for a while, could make nothing of it. You may fancy the confusion. After a time some of the drivers, who did not possess the sweetest of tempers, began loudly to grumble. Much good that did, of course. However, they were getting more and more out of patience, when all at once, a cheerful voice cried out, 'What's the odds, when we're all so comfortable together?' Of course there was a general laugh; and, the next minute, as if by magic, the foremost vehicles began to move onwards, the others followed in due course, and, in a few moments all obstacles had dispersed, and every one was jogging along his own way."

* Verbatim.

This little anecdote was told so pleasantly and naturally, that friendly looks greeted the speaker from sundry quarters; and he then proceeded to say, "I have not come in to stay; I merely wished to offer you these papers for the chance of their being acceptable to you, and in the event of their proving otherwise, I shall speedily withdraw them and myself. Give me leave, however, if it is not disagreeable to you, to point out to your attention one or two anecdotes in this number, which happens to be a remarkably good one, or, if you prefer it, I will read them to you myself, though it is getting rather late."

"Read away by all means," said two or three, though the warlike gentleman exclaimed, "I objects to this here style of thing," and began to thump the table with his pewter can. His next neighbour, however, gave him a shove, and roughly muttered, "Be quiet then, will ye?" on which the other looked daggers. Mr. Bolter, whose object now became a successful and early retreat, proceeded without delay to read one or two rather lively anecdotes with all the spirit he possessed; and then, starting up, he said, "Well, I must be off. If I should ever come this way again, I may perhaps look in on you earlier; but, at present, I will merely leave these papers with you; and if any of you should be pleased with them and wish to see any more, you can tell me so next time. Good night."

And off he went with flying colours; though his argumentative opponent hinted to him as he passed, that he should let fly at his head some night when he was least expecting it.

Mr. Bolter, having proceeded beyond the beams of the friendly lamp, was cautiously wading through the mire, when he heard some one in the pitchy darkness before him, distressfully call out, "Hoy! Hoy! Help! Help!"

Mr. Bolter ran forward towards the voice; and, in so doing, suddenly found himself almost up to the knees in soft mud.

"Where are you, and what's the matter?" cried he.

"Here I am, almost embedded in mud," replied the other, "and afraid to move a step, lest I should plunge farther into it."

The voice was gentlemanlike but helpless. "Give me your hand," said Mr. Bolter, "I know the bearings hereabouts, perhaps rather better than you do, though I am somewhat out of my soundings."

"Thank you, thank you," cried the other, eagerly grasping the proffered hand. "Surely, never was man in such a pickle!"

The thought of robbery and murder had occurred to Mr. Bolter, but only to be instantly rejected; there was a genuine ring in the cheerful laugh which proclaimed the stranger no counterfeit.

"Where do you want to go?" said Mr. Bolter.

"Anywhere, out of this mess," said his companion. "Home, I think. I've had enough of this part of Hopkinsville for a while, though I was intending to get to the Rat's Hole?"

"The Rat's Hole, sir?" exclaimed Mr. Bolter. "Ah, I would not advise you to go there! You'll get no good there, I can assure you."

"That depends upon my object," replied the other. "How do you know so much about it?"

"Because I have just been there."

"Well, if it suited you, might it not suit me?"

"Ah, sir, all places must suit the poor city missionary."

"Ha!" said the other; and paused. "So that's what you are," resumed he presently. "I was wondering to what class you could belong. I set you down for the doctor."

"A doctor of souls, sir."

"A quack-doctor, I'm afraid, Mr. Missionary, eh? You haven't taken out your diploma?"

"Well, sir, that's a handsome return of yours, for my picking you out of the mud."

His companion laughed, perhaps with a little shame, and then said,

"Well! what were they doing at the Rat's Hole? I have heard so much of that place, that I have been curious to see it."

"That was precisely my own case, sir; so I took a handful of the 'British Workman' with me, and walked in."

"But was it not dangerous? Were you not afraid?"

"It *was* dangerous; but I was not afraid."

"You were bold—"

"Oh, sir, my master stood by me."

"Your *master*?"

"Your Master and mine, sir—our Lord Jesus Christ."

"Do you know who I am?" said the other, quickly.

"Not in the least; but He *is* your Master, whatever kind of servant to Him you may be."

"Certainly, certainly! I had not thought—Well, Mr. Bolter, tell me how you got on."

Yo know *me* then, sir, it seems," said Mr. Bolter, smiling. "Well, when I got in, a man offered to throw me out of window."

"Rather an awkward beginning! What did you do?"

"What should *you* have done?"

"Well, I confess I am not quite prepared to say."

"You must not take much time, sir, to prepare what you have to say, or to do, either, if you venture into the Rat's Hole. I told the man I had as much right to be in the house as he had; we were on equal terms. He denied it, and said he and his companions called for liquor and paid for it, which I did not, and therefore I was a spy."

"That was a *non sequitur*. He should have said, and therefore you were not on equal terms."

"Just so; but he was no logician, and I told him so. He betted me sixpence I was a spy, and I offered him sixpence if he could tell me what logic was. By degrees I made my way sufficiently to be offered a seat at their table, I told them a story, read them one or two anecdotes from the 'British Workman,' and then made good my retreat while I could do so with safety, making a half-promise to look in on them on some future occasion."

"You did more than I could have done, I am afraid," said the other, after a short silence.

"Why do you say you are afraid, sir?"

"I am afraid I could not have done as much as you did," said his companion.

"Ay, that's an amendment," said Mr. Bolter laughing. "No, I do not suppose you could. These places and people, sir, are only fit for the missionary. He acts as pioneer for more civilized labourers. There is a young gentleman, eminent, I understand, for scholarship and zeal, at the head of this parish, which is twice too large for any man, but how could he make his way in such a den as the Rat's Hole? The very first sight of his fine linen and fine person, carriage, and address, would set them against him. They would tell him as I was told to-night——"

"What?"

"That they would let fly at his head the first opportunity, when he was least expecting it."

At this instant Mr. Bolter received a blow on the head from a bludgeon, which felled him to the ground. The next moment a couple of well-directed blows from the doubled fists of his companion, leveled his foe to the mud, though the next instant he was on his feet and and running off as fast as he could.

"What cheer, Mr. Bolter?" cried his champion, excitedly. "You're not seriously injured, I hope? lean on me, my good sir."

And raising him vigorously from the ground, he dragged the bewildered Mr. Bolter into a small shop hard by, in the miserable window of which gleamed a light.

"Mr. De Vere?" exclaimed Mr. Bolter amazedly, as the rays of the tallow candle fell upon his face.

"The same," replied Mr. De Vere, shaking him vehemently by the hand. "How are you? How do you feel yourself? My dear Mr. Bolter, that blow might have felled an ox. It was a providence that your valuable life was spared!"

"A providence? my valuable life!" repeated Mr. Bolter, looking very much gratified. "I can assure you, sir, this kindness of expression and of action repays me a dozen times for the rap on my head."

"You are a capital fellow, and that's the fact," said Mr. De Vere, very cordially. "So now, since you don't seem materially hurt, let us get out of this detestable locality as soon as we can. Give me your arm—you are not quite steady yet."

And off they went as lovingly as Orestes and Pylades, Damon and Pythias, Castor and Pollux, or any other gentlemen whose names always run in couples on account of their affection and fidelity. The generous Mr. De Vere had entirely forgotten that his companion was not quite sound, and, with the ardour of youth, was anxious to atone by his cordiality for all his past misapprehension and coldness. On reaching the precincts of gas-lighted, civilized society, they parted with a warm hand-shaking, the best of friends.

Ah! well wrote wise John Foster:—"The little, nominal, specific distinctions of sects cannot be got rid of while there is so little of vital religion in the world: because *that* is so shallow, these inconsiderable points stand prominent above the surface, and occasion obstruction and

mischief. When the powerful spring-tide of piety and mind shall rise, these points will be swallowed up and disappear."

John and Ellen were amazingly delighted with Mr. Bolter's relation of his rencontre with Mr. De Vere. In the first instance, however, they were greatly alarmed at their friend's appearance. Not only was he plastered with mud from head to foot, but his hair was matted with congealed blood from the blow he had received, and was excessively tender to the touch, so that when Ellen skilfully cut off the hair round the contusion, and with light hand bathed the wound, he could not help wincing and crying out. Moreover, as he had fallen on his face, it was scored and scratched in a distressing manner, and many minute particles of gravel and sand were embedded in the skin. He had to undergo a very tedious and severe discipline from the hands of Ellen, before she could at all satisfy herself that she had done her duty by him as a sister of charity; and when he at length was court-plastered and bandaged to her entire satisfaction, he was sensible of a violent headache, great lassitude, and pains in his limbs, which his fall and bad usage seemed fully to account for. The remedies proposed by his kind nurses were a hot foot-bath, a basin of gruel, and a warm bed; to none of which he made any objection: but as John proposed preparing the bath for him by the fire after Ellen had gone to bed, and Ellen had to make the gruel in the first instance, Mr. Bolter had no resource but to sit by the fire while the said gruel was making. And then it was, that, in spite of his throbbing head, he took occasion to give his companions full particulars of his visit to the Rat's Hole, and his encounter with Mr. De Vere.

"It really was quite providential!" exclaimed Ellen, as she placed the gruel before him, and then proceeded to fill the warming-pan. "First you make an enemy of a desperate ruffian; then you convert a gentleman who was your enemy into a friend by an opportune kindness: then, when the ruffian assails you, your new friend protects you and saves your life. Depend on it, there will be great results from all this!"

And off she went with the warming-pan.

"John," said Mr. Bolter, after a pause, "I should so like to have you for my co-labourer in Hopkinsville! We could carry everything before us."

"Ah! no," said John, shaking his head, "I'm not equal to that. You can undertake the town, but I can only undertake the forest."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE HOUR BEFORE DAWN.

Our life
Is what we do, and not the space we live.

J. E. JACKSON.—*Cecil and Mary.*

THE forest, unknown to John, was already undertaken. A missionary was appointed to the gipsies, and this missionary, who was a Baptist,

found Pharoah's family apparently so savingly converted, that he was ready to exclaim: "Behold, here is water—what doth hinder these to be baptized?"

Deeming it expedient to make some preparatory inquiries of Mr. Bolter as to his experience of their sincerity, this missionary, Mr. Rivers, called at the Millers' the day after the attack in Hopkinsville. He found Ellen sewing behind the counter; she said Mr. Bolter was in bed, being in severe pain in consequence of a blow he had received the previous night. Mr. Rivers was concerned: did she think he was equal to seeing a brother missionary? If the indisposition were not serious, perhaps it would be no great inconvenience to him to answer a question or two of some importance: if he were seriously ill, a word in season from a fellow-Christian might not be unacceptable.

Ellen went up and tapped at Mr. Bolter's door, and delivered Mr. Rivers' message. Mr. Bolter answered very feverishly, that he might come up if he liked; so Mr. Rivers availed himself of the summons.

Ellen had scarcely resumed her needle when a very handsome, gentlemanlike person, decidedly clerical in appearance, entered, and inquired whether Mr. Bolter lodged there. Ellen said he did. Was he at home? Yes; confined to his bed by injuries he had received—a brother missionary was now with him. The clergyman looked much concerned; he said he had feared Mr. Bolter might be suffering from the savage attack made on him, which was the reason of his calling to ask how he was.

"Oh, then," said Ellen, with mantling colour, "I dare say, sir, you are Mr. De Vere."

"I am," said he; "but what made you guess it?"

"Mr. Bolter told us, sir, how bravely you defended him. He was warm in your praise, and feels your kindness very gratefully."

Mr. De Vere looked pleased, desired his very friendly remembrances to be conveyed to him, and hoped he would soon be restored to his course of usefulness, and went away. How pleasing an impression he created by those few kind words!

Next, Margaret came in. She wanted to see Mr. Bolter; but, when she heard of his being ill in bed, she remained talking with Ellen, who related to her what had passed the night before. Margaret's eye glistened with a tear: she said he ought to be more careful of himself—he did not know how valuable his life was.

Ellen began to wonder Mr. Rivers did not come down stairs: a pause ensuing, they could hear Mr. Rivers praying. Then Mr. Bolter's door opened and shut; Mr. Rivers came down-stairs and re-entered the shop, looking very serious.

"My good brother is very ill," said he; "you may think it only from the effects of the blow, but I am of a different opinion. I have had some experience, and I am pretty sure that he is about to be laid aside by typhus fever,—and of a malignant character."

Ellen uttered a faint cry. "If you are afraid of yourself," said Mr. Rivers, looking at her with some severity, "you had better secure your own safety by going elsewhere, and find some other person to nurse him."

"I will be that person," said Margaret, with quiet decision.

"Or, if you are afraid of his remaining in your house, no time must be lost in removing him to a fever hospital."

"Oh, no, sir," said Ellen, recovering herself, though the tears rolled down her cheeks; "you quite mistake in supposing me to be a mere selfish letter of lodgings. Mr. Bolter is the dearest friend we have; and my alarm was for him, not for myself. We cannot think of having him removed, and we will nurse him as if he were our own brother. We have done so before."

"In that case," said Mr. Rivers, very kindly, "I greatly regret having said what I did, and my caution for you must be quite the other way. Pray do not, in your humane zeal, run any unnecessary risks. Take all salutary precautions. You should have advice at once."

"I will go for the doctor directly," said Ellen, tying on her bonnet with trembling hands. She sped on her errand; and when she returned, she found Margaret already established in Mr. Bolter's room, where she would only speak to Ellen at the door, begging her in earnest whispers to keep out of infection as much as possible.

Ellen shed tears, but went down-stairs. With the utmost desire to be a good nurse, she was conscious of having had very little experience; and Margaret seemed to have such quiet self-reliance, and to know so perfectly what ought to be done and how to do it, that Ellen thought it best to take the second place at once, and act as her adjutant. Margaret suggested chloride of lime as a disinfectant, and tamarind-water as a cooling drink. Ellen obtained and prepared the latter at once; and just as she had made it, Mr. Case, the doctor, came in.

She followed him up-stairs, and stood outside the half open door, while he went in: she heard him ask Mr. Bolter whether his throat were sore, his eyes heavy and unable to bear the light, his head aching, his mouth parched, his limbs full of pain—to all which Mr. Bolter, in a thick hurried voice, answered in the affirmative. Ellen judged from the tone and look of the doctor, that he did not think favourably of his patient: he came out on the landing, and told Margaret, who followed him, that if purple spots should appear on the skin, accompanied by much prostration of strength, he must have wine, in such and such quantities. Margaret listened to him as an oracle. Then Ellen let Mr. Case out, and timidly asked him, as she opened the door, whether he thought Mr. Bolter in much danger. "I cannot say I think very well of him," was his depressing reply.

Wine! where was it to be had? Mrs. Meeke would surely give her some? Ellen was now truly thankful that Margaret was in the house, to take charge of the sick man, while she ran off to Mrs. Meeke's. True concern was expressed by Mrs. Meeke for Mr. Bolter's illness: she gave Ellen a bottle of wine, and told her she might have as much more as was wanted—or anything else,—bed-linen—*any* thing.

It was getting dusk—Ellen remembered John would soon come in,

expecting his tea, and the fire was quite low! She was blowing it with the bellows, when he came in, and looked surprised to see nothing ready. When she told him the sad news, it quite stunned him. But he soon rallied, and reminded Ellen that Mr. Bolter had had a fever once before, yet he had got over it, and so he doubtless would this time, though of course it was very hard to bear, and must create great anxiety. Ellen tried to take this cheerful view of the case; and she told him of Mr. De Vere's kind visit, and of Mr. Rivers praying with Mr. Bolter and sitting with him so long. All this pleased John; and he went up to see his friend, disposed to view his illness in a very hopeful light.

Ellen poured out Margaret's tea, and took it up to her; telling John at the same time that his was ready. He was so long coming down, that she set the little teapot on the hob, fearful that it would be quite chilled. When, at length, he joined her, he looked much sadder than when he went up—he could not eat a morsel, and with difficulty restrained his tears.

Margaret went home about ten o'clock, because she knew the old woman who lived with her would be uneasy at her absence; but she promised to return the next day, and sit up the following night. Meantime John sat up, and a heavy night he found it. He had never sat up with a sick person a whole night through, before, and had had no idea how long and dreary the hours were after midnight, nor what a chilly feeling preceded the dawn. From that night he read, with a new sense of its deep meaning, that verse in the Psalm which says, "My soul watcheth for thee more than they that watch for the morning!"

Mr. Bolter, towards nightfall, talked or rather babbled incessantly. His utterance was so short and quick, that it was difficult to understand a word he said, and there was no connexion in it. Once he exclaimed, "Oh, poor Hopkinsville!" and, opening his burning eyes, fixed them piteously on John, adding, "Won't you? *won't* you?" and then closed them again.

John knew very well what he meant; and the appeal was almost more than he could stand. He sat sorrowfully by his friend's bedside, looking at his altered face, and thinking to himself that what Mr. Bolter had done *he* ought not to mind doing, and that he must be a very great sinner to hold back from doing any one thing that God required of him.

At daybreak there was poor Ellen, with her pale, anxious face, beckoning John to the door, and begging him to let her take his place while he went down-stairs, where he would find hot coffee, and then took a couple of hours' rest before he went to business. John was so tired and sleepy that he complied, without a thought of the danger she was incurring; and Ellen stole in and sat where she could dimly see Mr. Mr. Bolter's unconscious face, herself unseen. She prayed for him, she prayed for herself, she prayed for John, and then she prayed for Mr. Bolter again.

About eight o'clock Margaret quietly entered, with a soup plate in her hand, containing chloride of lime and water, in the proportion of forty parts of water to one of chloride of lime. She placed this on a table to the *leeward* side of Mr. Bolter, where it was not likely to upset, and where it was exposed to the action of the air. Margaret had learnt, during her stay in the fever hospital, that free ventilation is one of the securest safeguards in infectious complaints; and that infection, communicated through the air, rarely extends above a few feet from the body of the patient. Still, she was continually within the fatal circle herself; but she had no personal fears, and was chiefly anxious that no harm should befall Ellen.

John, affectionate brother though he was, had been too weary and pre-occupied to think of Ellen's danger; yet, on his way to the brewery, it struck him that he might not be altogether a safe companion to his fellow-clerks, and that he had better refer the question to his employer. This gentlemen did not wish to incur the risk of having typhus fever in his brewery, and consequently John got his *congé d'élire*, which he did not at all mind, as it gave him the opportunity of returning to nurse Mr. Bolter.

The disease was progressing now; Mr. Bolter no longer babbled, his throat was too much swollen for him to speak, he could scarcely swallow. A deep gloom hung over the house; neighbours looked on it with awe, and fearfully communicated to one another the answers to their inquiries in the shop, or dilated on their own experiences and forebodings. "There is a crying for wine in the streets," says Isaiah. "They shall not drink wine with a song; strong wine shall be bitter to them that drink it." Surely this referred to some pending visitation, like that of cholera or typhus fever, when wine is sought for absolutely medicinal purposes, wholly opposite to those of conviviality. Thus with Mr. Bolter, when Margaret put a teaspoonful of port wine into his mouth every five minutes by the watch, without raising his pulse.

Had Mrs. Truebury known of the state in which he lay, the choicest wines, the costliest hot-house fruits, the finest linen, would have been at the disposal of the poor missionary. As it was, his case was only known to a handful of humble people in the obscure walks of life, who risked their lives for him, and besieged heaven with their intercessory prayers.

He did not burn with fever now: his tongue was no longer crimson-red and parched: his cheek no longer carmine. He opened his languid eyes, and in a hushed voice, that no ear less attent than Margaret's could have heard, said—

"Where are my friends?"

Awe-stricken, she summoned Ellen and John. "There is a great change in him," whispered she, with tearful eyes.

They stole softly in, and stood beside his bed.

"Dear Ellen," said he, tenderly (he had never called her so before), "is that your gayest face on my best day? I am in my Master's chariot, and oh! how easy it is!"

She could only answer him with her tears.

"John! John!" His voice was almost inaudible. John bent his head close to his mouth.

"Tell Dr. Grace . . . . ."

John listened in vain. Mr. Bolter closed his eyes. After a time he opened them, looked at John wistfully, and heaved a deep sigh. It went straight to John's heart.

"I will, I will!" said he, falling beside him on his knees. "I will supply your place, as far as I can, to Hopkinsville!"

It was difficult to say whether a smile flickered on Mr. Bolter's lips or not. John sobbed, and buried his face in the bedclothes.

"Hush," whispered Margaret, anxiously, and drawing him away by the arm, "if you agitate him all is lost."

Mr. Bolter was past being agitated: his thoughts were in the spirit-land; but John, putting a strong constraint on himself, mastered his grief, and, rising from the bedside, joined his sister as she stood comfortlessly over the handful of fire. A pause ensued: Mr. Bolter lying quite quiet with closed eyes.

All at once he electrified them, by sitting up in bed, and crying, "Help! help! help!" in an agonizing voice, his arms thrown upwards, though the next instant he sank back on his pillow.

"What is it? What is the matter, dear sir?" cried they, gathering round him.

"Help! help!" cried he again, looking wildly round—"Come over and help us! Men! men of England, where are you? Where *are* you, I say? Here is work to be done, at the very highest wages, and you sit idling at home and leave it undone! Deluded men! you might win unspeakable happiness in this world, and immortal crowns in the next! *How?* Why, by making the wretched happy, the impure pure; by teaching the deaf to hear and the blind to see the things that belong to their eternal peace! It's work worthy of a God! A God came down from heaven, in the likeness of men, to do it! And you won't help him, though there's so much to be done! The land is perishing for labourers! O my God, they won't hear me!—the fault must be in myself. My lips move, but make no sound. And there they are, on the very brink of the precipice—in another moment, they will fall over it. O Jesus, *make* them hear!" . . . .

——"And he fell asleep."—Acts vii. 60.

"Servant of God, farewell!
I know that solemn sound!
Thy race is run,
Thy work is done,
I hear thy passing bell—
Amidst these earthly scenes no more
Shalt thou be found!"*

* Lines on the death of the Rev. James Manning, of Exeter, 1831.

VIII.

WELL-DRESSING AT TISSINGTON,* ON ASCENSION DAY.

By the Author of "The Art-Student in Munich."

Most people living in the Midland Counties have heard of the "Dressing" of the Holy Wells at Tissington. The fame of this pretty village with its fine wells and ancient festival, has, through the writings of Hone, extended also beyond its provincial locality, and has stimulated the curiosity of many a mind alive to the poetry of village festivals and antique association.

Tissington might be taken as a perfect type of a thorough old English village; a village which Washington Irving would have loved to describe, and which at every turn reminds you of Birkett Foster's clever woodcuts illustrative of rural England. It lies amidst rich pasture fields and meadows, now, at the commencement of June, covered with lush grass and myriads of flowers. All breathes the most entire peace and plenty; flocks and herds feeding in their abundant pastures, and filling the air with their lowings and bleatings. The peasantry, well-grown and some of them remarkably handsome, have an especially contented and well-to-do aspect, speak a broad dialect, and possess a thoroughly old English air.

Tissington has an old hall of grey stone, one of the ancestral seats of the Fitzherbert family, built in the style of the Elizabethan era, a place somewhat stately with its emblazoned coat of arms above the portal, and its handsome old stone gateway festooned with roses, its pleasant gardens and park graced by well-grown trees, amidst which conspicuously stands forth a long and fine avenue of magnificent limes, forming in one direction an especially pleasant approach to the hall and village. Facing the front of the hall, on the opposite side of the village street, and situated upon somewhat higher ground, stands the well-preserved ancient church, of Saxon architecture, its churchyard shadowy from an avenue of yews, and detached sycamores of large growth. Tissington also has its well-to-do, most cheery, and comfortable-looking farm-houses and cottages, all built of grey stone, with thatched or slated roofs and bright diamond-paned casement windows set in heavily mullioned frames; its capacious farmyards and pretty gay gardens; but not a single squalid or ruinous shade does it possess, nor has it—probably one great reason for Tissington's prosperous condition—a public-house or inn within its immediate precincts.

If ale and spirituous liquors are forbidden their licensed presence within the village, there is, however, an ample supply, from the five celebrated and sacred wells, of such crystal and sparkling water

* Derbyshire.

running in all directions, that thirsty travellers speedily find their compensation.

Water, water everywhere, is perhaps the most distinguishing characteristic of Tissington; water running cherily in little streamlets from the various wells and on the village-green widening out into a considerable pond.

Approaching the village by the fine lime-tree avenue, of which I have spoken, the first well you encounter stands in the middle of the road, at the entrance of the village, and is remarkable from a yew-tree growing above it out of the stone-work which covers-in the spring. From this it is occasionally called "The Tree Well;" it is also known as "Goodwin's Well." Higher up in the village, beyond the green and the pond, is "The Town Well." Opposite to the gates of the Hall, and near to the churchyard, is the most conspicuous and remarkable of all the wells, called "The Hall Well." Here the clear water from the spring flows into the road, filling in its course two stone basins which are sunk into the ground; behind these basins rises an arched alcove of old masonry, covered with a luxuriant profusion of ivy and creeping plants. The waters of the fourth well, called "Hand's Well," flow into an oval-shaped stone basin, standing upon an oval pedestal; this well is situated in front of cheerful cottage gardens, somewhat higher up the street; and, the fifth well, called "The Coffin Well," is located in a rather hidden nook beyond the churchyard, and near to "The Town Well." "The Coffin Well" is the most neglected of all the wells in appearance: it is apart from the village street in a grassy spot, neither garden nor field; cottages face it on one hand, whilst on two sides elder trees and thorns overshadow it. It has a dreary character of damp and gloom well befitting its name. Its form is as of a large and very broad coffin; it is built of rough stone, and sunk two or three feet within the earth. You approach it through lank grass, by a little pathway of rough flag stones.

Inquiring into the origin of "The Well-dressing," one can obtain in the neighbourhood but little information, except that it is supposed to date back into remote antiquity. In a small pamphlet containing hymns appointed to be sung at the ceremony, we find the following:—

"Tradition, it is certain, has long ceased to hold out any clew to its satisfactory elucidation, and can only refer us doubtfully, though sometimes with extraordinary confidence, to the times and customs of the Saxons, Romans, or aboriginal British.

"When we consider the subject, however, in connexion with Ascension Day, and the customary Processional Service still in use, something of a little greater certainty may be derived from Ecclesiastical History. These Processional Services of the Church were in old times called Litanies, or Rogations; and these terms were used technically from a little before the time of St. Basil. The words originally and properly meant "prayers," but about the time just mentioned, they began to have a restrained and technical meaning, applied to solemn processional supplication in time of drought, famine, pestilence, or war. From the

East, the custom soon spread to Africa and the West, so that so early as the year A.D. 450, Mamercus, Bishop of Vienne, in France, ordained in his diocese, that the three days before Ascension Day of every year should be dedicated to their performance. On reference to the Calendar and Rules of our own Prayer Book, we shall find that the same three days are still appointed for prayer and fasting, as 'the three Rogation Days,' a fact which seems to clear up in a great measure the difficulties of the subject before us."

One of our village informants spoke of the Well-dressing, together with its procession, having fallen into abeyance at different periods; but the floral honours of the day appear to have taken too deep root within the public heart ever to have been eradicated for any length of time. The last era of its revival, our informant told us, was some sixty years ago, when an aged woman, called in the village familiarly Pall, or Mary Twig, on one Ascension Day hung up a garland of wild flowers over the "Hall Well," within which she placed a paper inscribed with a little verse composed by herself, intimating that, although garden flowers had been refused her with which to honour the old custom and the sacred wells, certainly she might be permitted to gather wild flowers, and to weave them into a memento of olden times.

This old dame, in whom must have glowed a true spark of poetry, remembering the former glories of the Ascension Days of her youth, never rested until she had kindled a similar enthusiasm in other minds; and thus her garland and poem achieved their object.

In remoter times, probably at the era of the Reformation or the Commonwealth, there appears to have been a cessation of the custom; but it was revived by the inhabitants of Tissington as a mark of gratitude towards God, after a season of terrible drought, in which all the neighbouring country suffered severely, Tissington alone escaping, through the supplies of water in the Holy Wells.

This morning, the first of June, the morning before the important day of ceremonial, we walked over to the village, expecting already to see signs of the morrow's festivities; and we were not mistaken. It was a damp, hazy morning, the grass heavy with the thunder rain which had fallen in the night, a morning when "the aspen-grey forgot to play, and the mist hung on the hill." Everybody was prognosticating rain—rain which is so very much wanted by the farmers—and which, nevertheless, everyone would willingly dispense with until after the "Well-dressing." We are told that last Ascension Day it rained unceasingly—that it often is wet at the Well-dressing: we are told that the procession to the Wells seems to bring rain; and that thus, if rain should come now, when so much wanted, it will be "all right, and a very great blessing too." Still, willingly we would anticipate sunshine and not showers for the long-talked-of festival. We shall see who are the true prophets — our wishes, or the country people!

Entering the village, we saw active preparations for the morrow, men were sweeping the village green, weeding pathways and doorsteps,

erecting refreshment booths in the village street, and cleaning the stone-work of the all-important wells. Various vehicles such as dog-carts, rustic gigs and phaëtons, not to say "shandry-dans," we noticed drawn up before various of the substantial stone houses, either resting after having already conveyed guests to this scene of hospitality, or brought out in readiness to fetch guests; and, glancing accidentally through an open casement of a farm-house, most comfortable were the hospitable preparations which displayed themselves before us.

Within the open door of a cart-shed we discovered the floral decoration itself in progress. And this was what especially we had desired to see. We noticed, looming forth out of the gloom, a fantastic framework of wood, covered partially with a brilliant mosaic work. "Might we step in and look at the decoration in progress?" we asked: "Certainly, by all means!" replied the young man at work, who appeared considerably smeared with clay, and who wore a picturesque slouching black wide-awake. The work upon which this young artist, this "mosaic-worker," for such I must call him, was employed was a kind of wooden shrine intended to be placed above one of the wells. Each well has a similiar shrine, the decoration of which is undertaken by certain families in the village. The style is the same throughout, though the detail varies, and the workmanship also is more or less careful. Our young artist appeared to have the ornamentation of his shrine entirely to himself, and certainly his work was peculiarly tasteful, and very carefully elaborated. We had pictured to ourselves the Holy Wells "dressed" with garlands and chaplets of leaves and flowers—pretty much as one sees such floral displays abroad, but the reality we discovered was entirely different. The floral decoration of Tissington being literally *mosaic work*, flowers are used instead of stones, ruby-red, pink, and white double daisies instead of porphyry and marbles; the crisp flowers of the wild blue hyacinth instead of lapis lazuli; the bright green twigs of the yew-tree instead of malachite, and so on. The colours principally employed are crimson, pink, blue, golden-yellow, white, and varied greens. The effect is marvelously brilliant, original, and fantastic beyond the description of words. The designs are arabesques, quaint symbols—such as crosses, vases, doves, &c.—mingled with texts from Scripture: its character is, we have said, of mosaic-work, or illumination. The principal flowers used were, first and foremost, double daisies—the crimson and white predominating; occasionally pink double-daisies were chosen, but the tints had to be most carefully sorted together, and only the same shade of flowers employed in masses together. White double daisies were frequently, we saw, chosen as a ground-work for a text or emblazonment of some brilliant colour, with an excellent effect. Double white daisies, we also observed, were made use of for the symbolic doves with surprising taste, their dead whiteness telling with exquisite purity upon a crimson, light green, or blue ground. Yellow was produced, in various tints, by laburnum, furze-blossom, May-flowers, or "May-blobs," as the country people

called them, and corcorus; blue—by the wild blue hyacinth; crimson and dull pink, is, I have said, by double-daisies; and green, dark-olive, and grass green, by the old and young twigs of the yew-tree. Occasionally various kinds of berries and even lichens were most ingeniously and artistically employed to produce gradation of tint; and this introduction of these tertiary colours in slight degrees was valuable in the extreme to an artistic eye. The flowers are carefully separated from their branches and stems, and laid together in heaps of colour to be used. The whole is, in fact, an art, and requires both taste, skill, and experience in its elaboration. In the first place, the wooden frame of the shrine, which is in separate arches and pieces, so as to be readily moved about, is covered with a layer of clay mixed with salt, in order to preserve the moisture. Upon this clay is very accurately marked out the pattern intended to be, as it were, embroidered with flowers, by pricking, with a wooden skewer, through a paper upon which the pattern or design has been traced. Into this moist clay the flowers and twigs according to colour are closely stuck together side by side, producing, at a distance, in their rich masses, an effect almost like velvet. The patterns and designs which we saw appeared all originally to have been taken from prints. It is to be hoped that first-rate designs of an appropriate, sacred, and symbolic character may be placed in the hands of these clever village mosaiac-workers. There is no setting bounds to the beauty which might then be attained in this decoration. Mosaic designs of early Italian religious art, Alhambra arabesques, and ornamentation to be found in mediæval missal-painting, might be most advantageously employed in this simple and beautiful floral decoration, and the whole become a refined and perfected beauty—gratifying to the most fastidious artistic taste, and yet losing thereby none of its simple rural character. It is a curious question, which we have not yet heard answered,—Whence originated this peculiar mode of decoration? It is especially Italian in its character. Is it just possible that it is a tradition of old Rome yet lingering amongst our peasantry, a glimpse of a festival in honour of Flora handed down through countless generations? The idea certainly appears wild, yet it is at least a pleasant fancy.

Our solitary young "mosaic-worker"—himself, be it observed, possessed of a singularly Italian type of face, which, with its well-cut regular features, of a remarkably gentle and artistic character, dark eyes and colourless brown complexion, you might have expected rather to have encountered in Italy than in a village of central England—appeared a consummate master of his art, and not only gave us full opportunity of observing it in progress, but showed us the completed central design for his shrine, a huge vase, depicted upon a dull green ground, in white, blue, and crimson flowers. Walking through the village, we encountered various interesting and picturesque groups of villagers occupied in this beautiful, fragrant mosaic work, several families appearing to join in the decorations of a shrine. There was a group assembled beneath a shed in a stonemason's yard, busily

employed upon the shrine for the "Coffin Well." The whole scene would have furnished a pretty rustic subject for Millais. The open grey space of the stone-cutter's yard was full of sunshine, which fell upon rough slabs of stone, more or less in states of progression for monumental purposes; this stone, both by its character and whiteness, throwing the group of "mosaic workers," in their blue smock frocks, and with their bright sun-burnt countenances bent over their brilliant flower tapestry, into a wonderful strength and intensity of colour and life. A group of children standing looking on at the men at work, one girl with a hawthorn branch in her hand, and a little fellow holding a wide-awake brimful of sorted furze-blossoms, added especial beauty to the scene. Another group, composed of both men and women, we saw at work under a shed in a most well-to-do-looking farm-yard—a lady, evidently the wife of the wealthy farmer, but a farmer's wife of the modern, not of the old school, and her two little children superintending the labours of the merry-countenanced men and women who were elaborating with busy and expert fingers the shrine for the "Town Well." The whole village, more or less, for several days previous to Holy Thursday is kept in active preparation for the great occasion. The greatest difficulty and labour, we understand, are in the collection of sufficient flowers required for the decoration,—children and young people scour the country miles round in search of flowers, gathering such as they can find in the fields, and begging double daisies and other suitable blossoms from gardens. Of course the flowers used in the "mosaic" depend much upon the time of the year in which Ascension Day falls; this summer, it falling singularly late, the flowers are those of early summer. It is necessary also that the flowers chosen should be such as do not immediately fade.

The sun burst forth in splendour before we quitted the village, and we were in hopes of a sunny morrow. The villagers, however, do not appear equally sanguine. "It often rains here at the Well-dressing," observed several to us. "It's quite a common thing to have rain on Holy Thursday here; and we want rain bad enough now, so if it comes it will be a blessing and welcome." "For my part," remarked a very merry-looking man standing by, his eyes twinkling with fun, and his old straw hat stuck on his head with a waggish air, "I *hopes* it will rain, I do!" "You *hope* it will rain!" we exclaimed, much surprised —"you hope it will rain! You don't *look* like an ill-natured man, but your wish is very ill-natured. Just think how rain would spoil the Well-dressing and disappoint every one!"—"But I *do* hope it will rain!" he laughed and rubbed his forehead merrily, till he nearly knocked his hat off his head; "and I *am* an ill-natured man, and I thinks of the *gress* and the *chayse*. What's folks to do without *gress* and *chayse*; and what's more, I think it will rain!" And he laughed more heartily than ever. We all came away from Tissington, trusting, spite of "gress" and "chayse," that our merry prophet might prove a false one. The sunshine bursting forth, and bathing the happy village as we left it in a flood of brightness, gave us hope for the morrow.

Evening of Ascension Day.—We have returned from the Well-dressing drenched! Our ill-natured man was only too true a prophet. The "*grees and the chayse*," at all events we trust may have benefited by the rain—even though we and many another visitor have suffered; certainly, the day has maintained its character well this year.

But now to my narrative. It was a dull, though not hot, morning, when, about ten o'clock, we set off to Tissington, in order to have a glance at the Wells before service in the church. Having entered the village by the lime-tree avenue, we came upon "Goodwin's Well," or the "Tree Well," in its festive array. The first glance at the brilliant and fragrant little shrine, standing forth in its freshness, its bright pinnacles and arches thrown forth into yet more striking brightness of colour by the sombre tints of the stately yew-tree, towering behind and above it, startled us by its fantastic and novel character with a thrill of true delight. Around this little shrine, backed by the dark yew, on two sides rose a hedge formed by tall hawthorn branches stuck firmly into the ground, and hawthorn branches were laid and wattled together in front forming a low fence over which you obtained a complete view of the shrine. The little square enclosure thus formed by these fences and hedges was thickly strewn with blue-bells, forget-me-nots, butter-cups, daisies, and grasses, forming as it were a bright carpet. The architectural character of the shrine was Gothic,—brilliant arch within arch, until your eye reached the central device, which, in this instance, was a representation of a temple, formed of blue, yellow, and white flowers upon a green ground. The central arch bore, as motto—red upon white daisies,—"Christ is Our Peace." The three pinnacles were each surmounted by a disc covered with floral mosaics;—the centre representing a white dove with outspread wings, whilst the other two displayed crosses of white, yellow, crimson, and green. The general effect of colour of this shrine was golden and crimson, a rich combination which harmonized most beautifully with the dusky green of the yew-tree behind it. We observed that a peculiarly soft effect was produced in all these shrines by the outlines of the arches, especially of the external arch being edged with a narrow border of yew-twigs interspersed with flowers; this edging of green seemed to blend the rich colours with the green background of trees by shadowy and soft gradation, so that the whole appeared to melt into one mass of beauty. The interstices of the arches were filled up with yew branches, and yew branches were also laid about the foundations of some of the shrines and upon the brinks of the wells, the peculiar fresh fragrance of these boughs pervading the place with a grateful odour, a sylvan incense as it were.

All the five shrines of the Holy Wells, bore the same general character in their architecture and style of decoration, there being, however, an individuality of detail in each. Conspicuous amongst them were the "Hall Well" and the "Coffin Well," for the carefulness of their elaboration and the richness of their design. The prevailing tone of colour in both these shrines was the same—green, blue,

crimson, and white; the centre device in each was an urn. I mentioned yesterday our seeing the "Hall Well" decorations in progress, and its clever artificer. We find, by conversation with the villagers, that William H——, our friend, quite a noted individual in the village, is the son of a stone-cutter, and belongs to a family long celebrated for their proficiency in the art of well-dressing. The "Coffin Well" decorations are, we understand, the work of this family. Both these wells possess, as does the "Tree Well," the advantage of a background of natural foliage, which throws out the colour of the mosaic work with peculiar beauty.

It was amusing to hear the remarks of some of the lookers-on. One young girl, evidently from a distance, and who now saw the decorations for the first time, exclaimed, almost as if disappointed "But, mother, they are covered with carpet!" Had she said covered with *Gobelin tapestry*, the idea conveyed to an educated mind would certainly have been more correct—the idea any way, however, was not bad. A gentleman remarked that he supposed that the device of an urn, which appeared to be a favourite, was a remnant of the old pagan usage, from which the custom took its origin; whilst this plausible theory was immediately knocked on the head by a countryman observing, "That's a good idea this year of them urns; it was took from a print in a book Sir William's gardener got." And, *à propos* of these urns and vases, a little girl much amused me by drawing my attention to "the two pretty doves drinking out of the *gauze*," meaning, I suppose, vase.

But now the bells sounded for church, and thither we bent our steps along the broad village street, up the yew-tree avenue, and entered the sacred portal.

The interior of Tissington Church is in entire keeping both with its exterior, with the Hall, and with the whole village. Its character is old English, and breathes an air of calm respectability. It is scrupulously clean, and restored within a few years, but restored in correct taste. There is the new chancel window of beautiful painted glass, rich in colour and mediæval in character, to cast its glowing tints above the crimson-covered communion table. But there are bare, white-washed walls visible beneath the Saxon arches, upon which in Roman characters stand sacred texts inscribed; and the Commandments hang, yellow with age and framed in black wood, whilst conspicuous above the chancel arch frown a ferocious lion and unicorn, guarding the royal crown, upon a black ground, together with the gold, black, and scarlet inscription of "Dieu et mon Droit."

The villagers, farmers, and cottagers took their places devoutly within oaken pews—a congregation, except for its more modern costume, such as made their bows and dropped their courtesies before Sir Roger de Coverley; and by and by entered in a bright crowd, with lace and freshly-rustling silks, the ladies from the Hall, accompanied by several gentlemen, and, kneeling, took their places beneath the alabaster and richly-emblazoned monuments of an ancestral

baronet of James the First's time. And the ever beautiful and heart-soothing service commenced, and prayer and praise resounded through the church, no organ, however, flinging its tumultuous harmonies aloft, whilst leading the voices of the assembled people, but in its stead the village "cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, and dulcimer,' accompanied by the hearty if not melodious voices of the villagers.

The benediction pronounced, we stood once more in the open air and beneath a raining sky! Rain! rain! rain! Our "ill-natured man" could indeed rejoice in the fulfilment of his wishes. Alas! he was only too true a prophet. Everywhere umbrellas dripping and people dripping, the trees dripping, and the refreshment booths dripping! Wet grass! wet roads! the very rivulets in the street looking more watery than usual, and yet the great event of the day must take its course; and the clergyman in his surplice, accompanied by the village "cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, and dulcimer," must walk in procession to the different wells in proper order, and with proper decorum the appointed passages of Scripture must be read and the hymns sung, accompanied by the aforesaid "cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, and dulcimer." And, spite of rain, and spite of having to hold up umbrellas over open music-books, over wind instruments, and, above all, over the uncovered head of the clergyman, the ceremony was performed, and the procession, followed by a dripping and umbrella-covered crowd, proceeded from well to well.

The ladies composing the family party of the Hall soon disappeared with their delicate silk attire and embroidery, like a flock of bright coloured doves, from amongst the crowd assembled round the "Hall Well," and vanished beneath the rose-festooned portal of their ancestral abode; whilst Sir William accompanied the crowd of villagers and strangers from well to well, with a perseverance which had in it the courtesy of a good heart.

Meanwhile the hospitality of the village had begun. Not a stranger present but was invited to partake of the plentiful viands prepared throughout the village, from the sumptuous board spread in the great dining-hall of the Hall itself, to the humbler, but not less hospitable table of the village farm-house, where, instead of continental wines, you were regaled with home-made cowslip, currant, gooseberry, and elder-flower wine, each so sparkling and excellent as to induce the most temperate to repeat their libation in compliance with the village injunction, "The oftner filled the more welcome!"

Brief Notices.

HUMANITY. A Poem of Sympathy. London: Published for the Author, by Arthur Hall, Virtue, and Co.

NOTWITHSTANDING the very formidable *cave canem*—

"Sympathy the possessing tendency—
As earth tendency—is mind sympathy."

printed on the outside and again on the frontispiece of this so-called poem, we ventured further, and have explored the several parts into which it is divided. We assure the gifted author of our intention to surrender at discretion all claim we have ever made to the possession of poetical taste and faculty, on the simple condition of his finding any man who is neither in an asylum nor a candidate for admission, who will pronounce our judgment of it unjust or unfounded. That judgment is, that these forty-two pages of lines are devoid not only of all the higher qualities essential to poetry, but of all the lower in addition; that they do not contain even grammatical meaning; that they consist, in fact, of the most utterly incoherent rant and balderdash that ever disgraced good paper or honest type. The following is a fair specimen of the rest. It has no discoverable connection either with what precedes or follows it; and what this Anticyrean poet means us to gather from it—unless it be that three Anticyras would not cure him—we are unable even to conjecture.

"Air inclining—possessing sympathy—
Water gushing—possessing tendency—
Tendency the possessing sympathy—
Sympathy the possessing tendency—
And as the ear has—life has harmony—
The life is the possessing harmony—
The life is the possessing sympathy—
The life is the possessing tendency—
&c. &c. &c.
From east—west—north—south—rising sympathy—
East—west—north—south—descending tendency—
Circulating broadly as it were one—
The wide universe as the creature prone—
To drink—to bathe—to image—to appear—
In Asia—Africa—America—here.
(See pp. 39-40.)

SCRIPTURE AND SCIENCE NOT AT VARIANCE. By Archdeacon Pratt. London, 1859.

THE scope of this pamphlet is to show that the further advances we make in science, the more the apparent discrepancies between it and Revelation disappear. There is no new argument in view; and what are called the "difficulties" of Revelation are not solved. We firmly hold that Scripture requires no such defences as this. To the candid inquirer the truth is obvious, viz., that there is no real discrepancy; to the difficulty-seeker these small polemics are insufficient and inconclusive.

BOHN'S SERIES.

HISTORICAL LIBRARY: Evelyn's Diary and Correspondence. 4 vols.

SCIENTIFIC LIBRARY: Carpenter's Vegetable Physiology. Edited by Dr. Lankester.

STANDARD LIBRARY: Schlegel's History of Literature.

COLLEGIATE SERIES: New Greek Testament and Lexicon; Griesbach's Text, with the various readings of Mill and Scholz. Marginal References to Parallels, and a Critical Introduction.

THESE are the four last issues of the different libraries which Mr. Bohn has so nobly taken upon himself to found in this country. They are worthy of all praise, not only in the careful editing bestowed on them, but in their clear type, and excellent

binding—no little recommendation in this age of cheap slop-work.

Of the first volumes, Evelyn's Diary, we hope to present our readers next month with an ample digest.

All who know Dr. Carpenter's method and style will pronounce him the clearest teacher of rudimental science in our language. He has acquired that lucid, didactic, nervous mode of arrangement and expression of which French text-books are the models. His Vegetable Physiology is not, perhaps, equal to the Animal Physiology, which belonged to his own special department of study. The style, however, is inimitably his; and Dr. Lankester has supplemented whatever was formerly lacking in the way of minute erudition.

We should say the first translation of Frederick Schlegel's lectures on the History of Literature was exceedingly periphrastic and tumid; the work of a green hand. His translation, however, has been twice revised; and so the tasteless sap has been converted into somewhat of the fibre and idiomatic verve of our English tongue. The lectures themselves are esteemed in Germany as forming "a great national possession." They are tinctured too deeply by the mediæval mysticism, the unsound imaginativeness which distinguished their author and made him a slave to the traditional authority of the Church of Rome. Nevertheless, they are wonderful productions, and will stimulate a healthful English mind by the very morbidness and erraticism of some of the views propounded, while the colossal learning they display will fill up the granaries of much poorer men.

We trust Mr. Bohn's novel experiment in his collegiate series may meet the success it deserves. We have ourselves adopted his new Greek Testament for regular reading, because of its handy compendiousness. Its accuracy is perfect.

LYRICS OF LIFE. By Frederick W. Farrar, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and author of "Eric," &c. Cambridge: Macmillan and Co. 1859.

"ERIC," a school-boy romance, following somewhat in the wake of "Tom Brown," having almost a year ago brought Mr. Farrar a certain reputation, he has been emboldened thereby to put forth the present "Lyrics of Life." Although the poems are for the most part brief, and of considerable variety as to subject, they are evidently intended by the author to bear a subtle connection, and to suggest by their fitful, irregular musical flow something of the mystery of existence. They are ranked under the following headings: Childhood, Poems of Love, Love's Sorrow, Poems of Love, the Happy Love, Poems of Death, End of the History. Unhappily the occult meanings and subtle chain of connection are nowise apparent to the reader. "Lyrics of Life" do not make a poem in the sense that the lyrics of "Maud" make a poem. As a whole the book is unsatisfactory; and when testing it from another side, we take up the lyrics singly and examine them, we do not find much to move admiration. These little poems are pretty enough, amiable enough, but they are one and all characterised by intellectual weakness, shallow alike in music and in meaning. Mr. Farrar has a bad practice of ekeing out his lines by an abominable reduplication of sound, as, speaking of summer,

> Or in the *splendorous* drowsiness of noon,
> Sunburnt, *a*-slumber in the yellowing corn.

We certainly never expected to see a Fellow of Trinity College making use of "splendorous." In this little volume there are certain Greek translations; one of these we subjoin:—

SKOLION.

> Said the crab to the snake, with a cordial
> shake of the clapper-claw most kind,
> *Straight* should a comrade be, my friend,
> and not of a crooked mind.

This is hardly worth translation; but what will the judicious reader think when he is informed that the couplet occupies a whole page of the volume. Verily, a marvel of book-making!

The tiniest rivulet of print running through the widest meadow of margin ever seen in the experience of the present reviewer—perhaps, on the whole, the only new thing in Mr. Farrar's book; a novelty, unhappily, on which we cannot conscientiously bestow commendation. The following poem will give the reader a taste of Mr. Farrar's quality:—

MY FIVE FRIENDS.

As on the summer flowret's bell
The silver dew descends,
So on my fainting spirit fell
The sympathy of friends.

When o'er the past's blue distance glows
The light that memory lends,
A sorrowing soul shall find repose
In thinking of my friends.

And should I track with weary feet
The world's remotest ends,
Right sure I am I ne'er shall meet
Five nobler-hearted friends.

Ah! while my simple thanks I write,
Deep grief with gladness blends;
May worthier love than mine requite
The goodness of my friends.

And worthier *verse*, say we. The perusal of the present volume does not raise our estimate of the ability requisite to become a Fellow of Cambridge; and we are amazed that Mr. Farrar ever rushed into print with these pretty amiable, but decidedly weak-minded effusions. If he did not respect himself he ought to have respected his College.

THE PRINCIPLES OF BEAUTY: AN ESSAY ON THE TEMPERAMENTS. By Mary Anne Schimmel Penninck; edited by her relation, Christiana C. Hankin. London: Longman, Brown, Green, Longmans, and Roberts. 1859.

A CERTAIN interest of an autobiographical kind appertains to this clever and important volume. It appears that the authoress, while yet a little child, lived with an invalid relation, and in the stillness of her hushed home was thrown pretty much on her own resources as regarded amusement and the filling-up of her time. Fortunately books were at hand, and still more fortunately she was in possession of a thinking brain and of an observant eye. Amongst her books was that French edition of Lavater which contains the physiognomical drawings. The sketches the child conned over, and having made herself mistress of them, began to carry her researches into the domain of the human face divine. She sketched profiles, made observations "on the subject of pleasing expression in general, and of beautiful human expression in particular. These occupations and speculations extended over a series of years, and the issue of these appeared in 1815, in the shape of a work entitled 'A Theory of Beauty and Deformity.' It would seem that the views therein propounded did not long satisfy the growing mind of the author, for during the last years of her life she was busy collecting materials for the present work, and she urged its publication after her death; in her last illness expressing herself to the following effect: 'I wish to discharge my trust as an author, in its full extent, to Him who gave it. And I believe that trust to have been to aid in the interpretation of the symbolic teaching of God in his visible creation, and to show to others what He has taught me of the manner in which we may make everything around us instinct, as it were, with the anointing of that spirit which has been bestowed upon ourselves; how we may imprint on our own domain of taste and domestic scenery, those very same characters of beautiful moral expression which God has written on the face of nature.'"

We have not the space—and it would, besides, be something out of our province—to enter into any extended inquiry as to how much of new or true there is to be found in the pages of the book before us. Suffice it to say that the author writes with a beautiful charity of spirit, that her language is clear, graceful, and sometimes picturesque, and that on every occasion she recognizes God as the giver of every good and every perfect gift. She teaches us that we ought to be grate-

ful to Him for the amenities and elegances of social life, as for the more necessary corn, wine, and oil, and that the best life is one of constant remembrance of Heaven, and that a very little is sufficient reason for thanksgiving. One or two extracts we append, as landmarks to show the course of the argument:—

"We have given, as the definition of beauty, that it is that which gives pleasure *to the mind* in objects of sense; but it is obvious that nothing but mind can give pleasure to mind. If beauty, therefore, gives pleasure to the mind, it must be because it expresses some quality which belongs to the mind. But it is requisite that beautiful objects should not only express a mental quality, but that the mental quality expressed should be such as to call forth agreeable emotions."

Beauty is distinguished from the non-beautiful, in that it conveys the reflection of the Divine character from the works of God to the feelings of the human heart; whereas the non-beautiful either does not present that moral image to the heart with equal definiteness, or else presents no such image.

Beauty is distinguished from deformity in that deformity, while it does present an actual and determinate moral expression, yet presents not that of the Divine perfection; but that of the worldly, the fleshly, or the diabolical image of the human heart as corrupted by the Fall.

A PANORAMA OF THE NEW WORLD. By Kinahan Cornwallis. In two volumes. London: T. C. Newby, 30 Welbec-street. 1859.

MR. CORNWALLIS has been a great traveller, and dashes off impressions of the countries he has visited in a gay rattling manner. He has been in Australia and Peru; and the record of his wanderings to and fro upon the face of the earth is amusing if it is not particularly instructive. He does not look on foreign lands with the eye of a philanthropist, or a political economist, or a Christian, but simply as a gay observer of manners, with a quick eye for the picturesque and the odd, and with a strong proclivity to the funny. We cannot speak highly of Mr. Cornwallis's style of writing. It is forced, jerky, and atrociously smart. Whatever he loses, he cannot lose his poor joke. He pays more attention to his manner than to its matter, and, as is frequently the case with writers of that stamp, his laboured passages are invariably his worst. No one will resort to these pages for facts or information, yet despite their bad tastes, levity, and that peculiar turn of wit sedulously cultivated by the sub-editors of country newspapers, any one may agreeably enough spend an hour or two over the gay, rapid chapters. We cannot praise the book, although we award it the possession of interest. Vulgarity and self-conceit are often amusing, although the amused is not bound to recommend vulgarity and self-conceit.

CHRISTIAN PHILANTHROPY; as exemplified in the Life and Character of the late Joseph Sturge, Esq. A Sermon, delivered in Carr's Lane Chapel, by John Angell James. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

ONE of Mr. James's most characteristic sermons, and one of his best. The veterans of the Pulpit, like those of the Senate, seem emulous of the obituary of the Jewish Lawgiver. Certainly Mr. James's "eye is not dim, neither is his natural force abated." It was fitting that Birmingham's greatest philanthropist should have his merits embalmed by her greatest preacher, also one of his oldest friends. Mr. Sturge was one of those men who are the quiet and exclusive product of an advanced and matured Christianity, at once the outcome and the cause of its strength. His memory is blessed.

THE ECLECTIC.

SEPTEMBER, 1859.

I.

REVOLUTIONS OF RACE.

Revolutions in English History. 1 Vol. By Robert Vaughan, D.D. London: J. W. Parker and Son. 1859.

From the days of Herodotus and Tacitus, down to the times of Machiavel and Giannone, of Comines and Davila, of Hume and Gibbon, of Müller, Hegel, and Heeren, there have not been wanting lengthy and learned disquisitions on the many ways in which history may be most fittingly written. Precepts, illustrated by the practice of ancient, mediæval, and modern times, exist in tolerable abundance, as to the comparative advantages of this or that style, or of this or that peculiar mode of treating historical subjects.

On topics of this kind it is neither our intention nor our business to dwell at any length; for we hold that whatever may be the opinions of critics, the writers of history will follow pretty much their own bent and genius, and adopt the style and treatment of historical topics most conformable to their own peculiar views. Chauteaubriand has said, in one of his most eloquent dissertations on history, that each historical manner has its own advantages, provided it is based on truth and naturalness. "*Toute manière est bonne pourvu qu' elle soit vraie,*" are his very words; and the author of the "*Etudes Historiques*" himself sometimes excelled in the sententious style, sometimes in the florid, sometimes in the pathetic, occasionally in the philosophical, and almost uniformly in the picturesque mode of writing history. In whatever manner, however, history may be written, if it possess the basis of truth, of which we have spoken, it must be equally valuable and interesting. The speculations of the philosopher, the monitions of the preacher, and the disquisitions of the moralist, are shaped and pointed by historical examples; and dramatists and essayists have generally drawn their best characters,

if not upon history, at least after historical models. The greatest orator among the Romans—who, had he dedicated himself wholly to the writing history, instead of to the labours of an advocate and a public man, would have excelled as an annalist—has told us that *Historia quoque modo scripta placet;* and the renewed pleasure with which we recur to the pages of Thucydides and Tacitus, of Machiavelli and Montesquieu,—of our own Hume, Gibbon, and Robertson,—and of Ancillon, Guizot, Thiérry, and Heeren, among the French and Germans,—proves the truth of Cicero's remarks.

Nor is it merely the narratives of facts, sacred, civil, political, military, literary, and social, that have an interest for readers. Though this general history may occasionally be wanting in the thrilling interest of the recital of a siege, or a battle,—of a great conspiracy, or a lengthened campaign, or of the particular history of a great captain or a particular ruler,—yet is it infinitely more varied in its incidents, and much larger in its scope. Few will deny the absorbing interest with which they have read Voltaire's Life of Charles the Twelfth or Peter the Great; or Southey's Life of Nelson; all three of which volumes form portions of the general history of Europe, as well as special biographies of the great men named. But these works, admirable in their way, are necessarily more limited in their purpose than general histories, taking a larger and nobler survey. The aim of the general historian is greatly wider, and on the whole more comprehensive and useful, than that of the annalist of a particular time, or man, or of a particular era and epoch. The range of Gibbon was, no doubt, most expansive, comprehending the histories of many centuries,—of many people, differing in races, creeds, customs, laws, and habitudes. Yet the range of Montesquieu, though not so voluminous a writer, was still more extensive and exclusive than that of Gibbon. In his "Spirit of Laws"—the fruit of twenty-two years' study, meditation, reflection, reading, travel, and worldly experience—the eloquent "*President à Mortier*" of the parliament of Bordeaux, has generalized the history of the ancient and modern world in a spirit never antecedently attempted in France, and never till our day attempted in England.

In Germany, indeed, within the last half century, various attempts have been made to generalize the results of history. But these attempts have been rarely successful, because they proceeded from men possessed of infinitely more fancy and learning than common sense, knowledge of mankind, or deep reflective and meditative powers. Varied attainments, much acquired knowledge, and felicitous power of expression, are possessed by many historians among the civilized nations. But how few among the

number have the reflective power, the solid judgment, the penetrating wisdom which enable a writer to trace cause and effects—to show whence the great changes in the history of our country have come, and, to use the words of Doctor Vaughan, "whither they have tended." To do all this must necessarily have been a work not merely of great research and careful labour, but of deep pondering, and long and patient reflection. Not only must facts and authorities, in reference to England, have been weighed and winnowed, but the contemporary history of Europe and the world must have been carefully examined and surveyed. The capacity to weigh and balance domestic testimony, thereby arriving at a calm and just judgment, is a rare gift not frequently vouchsafed. How much rarer is the gift—how much wider the attainments of scholarship, judgment and impartiality, which enable a writer to weigh and balance the testimony of enlightened Europe, in reference to his own country.

Our readers are as well acquainted as ourselves with the long historical studies and labours of Dr. Vaughan. It has not been, to use the words of Lord Coke, merely the "*viginti annorum lucubrationes*" which Dr. Vaughan has dedicated to historical studies and to history. For at least double the period, if not more, and from his early youth, Dr. Vaughan has been toiling in this field, and now comes the ripe and full harvest, among the produce of which the volume before us may be proudly pointed to. The mere literary labour of writing such a work as this, regard being had to style alone, would be sufficient to satisfy the ambition of many a successful author. Yet the style, though admirably lucid and perspicuous,—though abounding in strength and beauty, and the most vigorous and sinewy Saxon, has doubtless been the least troublesome portion of the Doctor's labours. It is in the examination and sifting of the authorities, in the collection and comparison of testimony, that the author deserves the largest measure of credit. In citing modern authors, he has generally examined the sources adduced in support of their statements, following the maxim of the greatest of lawyers and of legal commentators, "*melius est petere fontes quam sectari rivulos.*" There is also apparent in these 600 pages of Dr. Vaughan, a large measure of independent research, and the largest measure of independent thought, conspicuously marked by candour, and an absence of all bigotry or fanaticism.

Dr. Vaughan does not resemble a majority of our best historians. who are eminently one sided. He is a large minded, and large hearted man, who thinks broadly. He is not sceptical, sneering, and unfair, like Hume; he is not papistical, narrow, and bigoted, like Lingard; he is not hard and dry, like Brodie; or labouredly

florid or artificial, like Macaulay: but he is uniformly straightforward, natural, and strong; distinguished by good sense and industry, by a keen and penetrating insight into the springs and motives of human actions, and by a wholesome kindliness and charity for the weaknesses and shortcomings of our common nature. In this respect he also resembles Montesquieu, and some of those German historical writers who have written in a Christian, kindly, and catholic spirit. We use the word catholic is opposition to Roman Catholic; for Bossuet, be it said in passing, notwithstanding the splendour of his diction, and the majestic march of his sounding periods, is always the archiepiscopal Magnifico—the high-priest and churchman, whose will ought to be the law and the prophets, and whose mere *imprimatur* is, and ought to be, the highest court of appeal from weak and fallible human reason. In exhibiting this kindly Christian and truly catholic spirit, Dr. Vaughan does not allow his conscience for an instant to slumber. The moral tendency of history is always before him, and he never seeks to materialize it. In every page in which it becomes a duty, he denounces hypocrisy, false pretences, abuses, and malversations of office, and that high-handed and irresponsible exercise of authority which leads to the ruin of monarchies and to the misery of subjects. He writes neither for nor against prince, or priest, or people, but in the interests of humanity he tells the truth to all, without gall or bitterness, without respect to rank, to office, or to person.

The narrative before us is not described as a history of England, yet it is designed to serve the purpose for which all such histories have been professedly written. English history, no doubt, embraces much in common with the history of Europe, but more that has been characteristic of itself. The question to which Dr. Vaughan's work is designed to present an answer is—What is it that has made England to be England? His object is to conduct the reader to satisfactory conclusions in relation to this question, by a road more direct than is usually travelled. Our fast and fussy, if not always our really busy age, needs some assistance of this nature. But while Dr. Vaughan properly appreciates directness and compression, he is also alive to the necessity of thoroughness, and has no desire to palm off a specious superficiality on his less informed readers. He properly explains the sense in which he uses the word revolution. By that term it is meant to comprehend the great phases of change in our history, due place being assigned to the great cause in regard to each of them. Dr. Vaughan remarks that, down to the close of the fourteenth century, change among us comes mainly from the conflict of race. Under the Tudors, he contends, the great principle of revolution

is religion; whilst under the Stuarts he shows that principle gives place to the principles of government. Many incidental and collateral causes contribute, doubtless, to corroborate and strengthen these leading causes of action; but, as our author remarks, through their respective periods, these causes are felt to be leading causes, and the effects that flow from them are all more or less impressed on history. This theory of the author is substantially, and in the main, if not to the absolute letter, true; and it may be also conceded to him, that in the progress of this nature since the revolution of 1688, no single cause has acquired the pre-eminence of the great and cardinal causes which we have named, and on which he bases his reasoning.

Dr. Vaughan's first chapter is dedicated to the early inhabitants of Britain, and to the pre-historic period. On this period he happily and truly remarks, that rude nations do not write histories, and it is not until they have cast off their rudeness that civilized nations begin to write histories for them. On Phœnician history, and the Greek testimony towards it, there is little new to tell. Yet it is strange, and it is for the first time, we believe, remarked by Dr. Vaughan, that the strip of the coast of Syria known to the ancients as Phœnicia, did not measure much more than a hundred miles in length, and scarcely twenty miles in breadth. It is not, however, extent of territory, nor boundless command of coasts or mainlands that give to a people power and dominion; but the skill, the energy, the enterprize, and the ability to discover and to use the advantages conferred by God and by nature.

It appears to us, that in speaking of the races of ancient Britain, in his first chapter, Dr. Vaughan allows too great an authority to the name of Cæsar. Cæsar, no doubt says, in one part of his "Commentaries," that the people of Kent were an immigrant race from Belgic Gaul, a fact which he learned from the Belgians themselves, and which was confirmed on his first and second invasions. But elsewhere, in his short and succinct manner, he shows that the Gauls, according to the tradition of the Druids, were descended from Pluto. *Galli se omnes ab Dite patre prognatos prædicant.** The truth, we believe to be, that the Commentaries, under a modest guise, were written with a view to perpetuate Cæsar's personal renown, and to prove to the Roman people that this great general was enabled to conquer, in the space of a few years, a people who had more than once worsted the Romans, and therefore were deemed invincible. Of the origin and antiquity of the Celts, Cæsar, though in many respects a learned, and in all respects an accomplished and able man, knew

* Cæsar's "Commentaries," De Bel. Gall. lib. vi.

little, and he therefore did wisely in not saying much. The people who inhabited Gaul, he tells us, assumed of themselves the name of *Celtæ*, while the Romans called them Gauls.* But it is probable, nay almost certain, that the general and conqueror was not aware that the two names were identical, and borrowed from the language of the country, for the words *Celtæ* and Gauls represented the same thing or idea, and signified powerful and valiant.

Dr. Vaughan does not waste unnecessary labour in entering into a learned disquisition as to the Picts and Scots. Much erudition and more conjectural criticism is bestowed on this subject by our own inimitable Camden †, and by the learned Breton Abbé Paul Pezron. But these disquisitions, always ingenious, are often also fanciful, not to say fantastical; and it is well for the sober historian to eschew such themes, which often lead to bitter controversies. It is enough to hold, with Dr. Vaughan, that from the remains of their language, as well as from other circumstances, the most reasonable, and now the most general opinion is, "that the Picts were from the common Celtic stock, and for the most part Britons." The Gaelic tongue, Dr. Vaughan holds not to be British, but it has, says he, "affinities with the Irish." He might have said many affinities.

"The word *Aber* in Welsh, he remarks, as in old British, denotes the estuary of a river, or any inlet of waters. The word *Inver*, in Gaelic and Irish, has the same meaning. The word *Aber* is so used, as a preface to names of places, along a line extending from South Wales to the North of Scotland, marking off a territory to the right of that line, which is pervaded by the British tongue and race. The word *Inver* is commonly used for the same purpose, through the Highlands to the left of that line, bespeaking the prevalence there of a tongue and race which are rather Irish than British. Thus while the British tongue sounds along from Aberystwyth to Aberdeen, the Gaelic makes itself heard from Inverary to Inverness."

All these disquisitions touching the Picts and the Welsh, the *Cimri* or the *Cymry*, the *Belgæ* or the Irish *Firbolgs*, are now more curious than profitable, and Dr. Vaughan but glances at the subject suggestively. To speak truly, the greatest diversity of opinion has prevailed as to the origin of, and as to the extent of territory occupied by, these tribes. Pezron indeed holds that the *Celtæ* were called *Cimbrians* or *Cimmerians* before they bore any other names. The word *Cimbri*, he holds, is taken from the Latin Cimber, and this last, he argues, is derived from Kimber or Kemper, which signifies a warrior in Celtic.

* Qui ipsorum linqua Celtæ nostra Galli appellantur, are his words.—*Vide* Cæsar, Commentaries, lib. i.

† See Camden Antiq., fol. edit. p. 341.

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Dr. Vaughan does not waste unnecessary labour in entering into a learned disquisition as to the Picts and Scots. Much erudition and more conjectural criticism is bestowed on this subject by our own inimitable Camden †, and by the learned Breton Abbé Paul Pezron. But these disquisitions, always ingenious, are often also fanciful, not to say fantastical; and it is well for the sober historian to eschew such themes, which often lead to bitter controversies. It is enough to hold, with Dr. Vaughan, that from the remains of their language, as well as from other circumstances, the most reasonable, and now the most general opinion is, "that the Picts were from the common Celtic stock, and for the most part Britons." The Gaelic tongue, Dr. Vaughan holds not to be British, but it has, says he, "affinities with the Irish." He might have said many affinities.

"The word *Aber* in Welsh, he remarks, as in old British, denotes the estuary of a river, or any inlet of waters. The word *Inver*, in Gaelic and Irish, has the same meaning. The word *Aber* is so used, as a preface to names of places, along a line extending from South Wales to the North of Scotland, marking off a territory to the right of that line, which is pervaded by the British tongue and race. The word *Inver* is commonly used for the same purpose, through the Highlands to the left of that line, bespeaking the prevalence there of a tongue and race which are rather Irish than British. Thus while the British tongue sounds along from Aberystwyth to Aberdeen, the Gaelic makes itself heard from Inverary to Inverness."

All these disquisitions touching the Picts and the Welsh, the *Cimri* or the *Cymry*, the *Belgæ* or the Irish *Firbolgs*, are now more curious than profitable, and Dr. Vaughan but glances at the subject suggestively. To speak truly, the greatest diversity of opinion has prevailed as to the origin of, and as to the extent of territory occupied by, these tribes. Pezron indeed holds that the *Celtæ* were called *Cimbrians* or *Cimmerians* before they bore any other names. The word *Cimbri*, he holds, is taken from the Latin Cimber, and this last, he argues, is derived from Kimber or Kemper, which signifies a warrior in Celtic.

* Qui ipsorum linqua Celtæ nostra Galli appellantur, are his words.—*Vide* Cæsar, Commentaries, lib. i.

† See Camden Antiq., fol. edit. p. 341.

The point from which Cæsar is supposed to have embarked for Britain is the haven of Wissant, or Witsand (Dr. Vaughan calls it Wissen), distant about seven miles from Marquise. The little port, now much choked with sand, is supposed to have been the *Itius Portus* of the Romans. The second invasion of Cæsar is thus graphically described:—

"Before leaving Gaul for the winter, Cæsar had assigned to his army its occupation during that interval, and had given especial instruction that a large number of transports and galleys, that had been recently brought, should be placed at his service without delay. On his return from Italy, in the spring, he found that the different harbours between Ostend and Boulogne were prepared to supply him with more than six hundred vessels, besides twenty-eight galleys.

"These transports had been all built for the occasion. They were now launched, and concentrated on the point where the five legions destined for this second invasion of Britain had been assembled. But during the first five-and-twenty days the wind continued to blow from the north. Towards sunset, on the first favourable day, this multitude of vessels put to sea, darkening its surface for some miles in breadth and distance, as they floated off towards Britain.

"On the break of day they found themselves drifted by the tide and by a westerly wind considerably beyond their intended point of landing. By the return of the tide, and the help of their oars, they appear to have retraced their way to the entrance of Sandwich Haven, beyond the mouth of the Stour; the spot now known as Pegwell Bay."

The subsequent landing, under Plautius and Claudius, took place at Richborough, where there now exists an old castle and the remains of what was once a town. This was the famous *Portus Rutipiensis* of the Romans; from whence, according to Juvenal, British oysters were exported to Rome. It is mentioned three or four times at considerable length by Camden.

In speaking of the government of Julius Agricola, who had extended his conquests from the mouth of the Clyde to the mouth of the Forth, Dr. Vaughan makes a remark to which recent events give a peculiar interest:—

"In one respect," he says, "his (Cæsar's) campaign was a novelty in British warfare. The fleet of the Romans on the sea co-operated with the army on the land, carrying stores, making descents on the coasts, and otherwise aiding the plans of the general."

It will be in the recollection of our readers that this has been the employment and special business of the French fleet, within the last three months, both in the Mediterranean and the Adriatic. Troops, horses, forage, victuals, and munitions of war, were carried

it gave the mind to no object of public interest, and so did nothing to ensure that progress of thought, and that development of moral feeling, on which all true civilization must rest. In judging concerning civilization, we have to look first to the individual man, and to the amount of intelligence and virtue possible to him; and we have then to look to what society would be where all should be thus enlightened and thus moral. In pursuing this track of thought, the immediate effect must be to feel how far the most civilized communities are from being really civilized. Nevertheless, here is the true conception of civilized life. It is real in the measure in which it ensures intelligence and virtue to society, by ensuring it to the individuals of whom society is composed. It presents man at his best. All social tendencies are good but as they work towards this result.

"Tried by this test, the Roman civilization is lamentably wanting. Over persons and over provinces, over its great world, its tendencies were to depress thought to one dead level, to shut in virtue to one dull routine,—to dwarf and deform humanity, rather than to elevate and perfect it. It told men they were at liberty to buy and sell, to get gain, and to enjoy on any scale. If more intellectually disposed, they might study antiquities, speculate in philosophy, become artists or poets; but they must not presume to know anything about State matters; they must have no country—no dreams about patriotism or liberty. They must accept the imperial wisdom as always infallible, and never venture to question any of its proceedings. All the nobler aspirations of their nature must exist only to be checked, subdued, and to produce that sense of stifled nature, of heart-sickness, which a generous man so suffering can alone comprehend. Nor was escape possible, except by flying to the outposts of barbarism, and conforming to a life worse than death. The sphere of this deadly pressure was not that of a nation only. It embraced the world. It clutched its victims everywhere. Overshadowed by such a power, even the things which were told that they might live, could not live. Despotism is a form of treason against humanity, and it is a law of nature that humanity shall never serve it with its best."

This is admirable writing, as well as sound reasoning, generous, wholesome feeling, and pure philosophy. But though the Britons suffered from contact with the Romans, they were not to become extinct as a nation—they were not to decay. The spirit of religion and of poetry remained with them, and there underlay the depths of their "heart of hearts" many of the qualities, and all the self-reliance, necessary to true greatness.

Dr. Vaughan, in a note to the end of the first book, expresses an opinion that Lord Macaulay greatly underrates the British and Saxon periods of our history. This is an opinion now almost unanimously entertained by all who have examined the subject, and much more generally expressed than some years ago. Lord

vince in Romanized Gaul that retained the Celtic tongue; and in Brittany, where the language in great part still survives, it was at first preserved through the influence of settlers from this country.

Most readers of history are aware that Cæsar's account of the domestic habits and morals of the Britons is by no means flattering. It is more than doubtful, however, whether Cæsar had such knowledge of the Britons as to warrant him in making this assertion. As the author of the "Revolutions of History" states, he could only have made such a report from hearsay. From more than one passage of Dion, Strabo, and Plutarch, we are inclined to believe that Cæsar knew as little, or even less, of Great Britain than the first Napoleon, more than eighteen centuries afterwards. Lucan, indeed, tells us he left the island in hot haste.

"*Territa quæsitis ostendit terga Britannis.*"

That our people were in a rude and rough state half a century before the birth of Christ cannot be denied; but, as the author before us pertinently remarks, "Chastity in women is in general rigorously exacted by men in rude states of society. Even amongst barbarians there are natural instincts which operate as powerful safeguards, especially in a latitude like ours."

In the summary which Dr. Vaughan gives of the Roman dominion in this country, he is singularly happy and lucid, both in thought and style. He shows with great felicity the course of change for the better and the worse which came upon Britain through the ascendancy of the Romans. On the whole, he tells us truly, that the condition of affairs in Roman-Britain was fair and imposing on its surface, but hollow beneath; for corruption in Rome never failed to become the parent of corruption in all its dependencies.

By a process familiar to feeble, vicious, and despotic rulers, the fidelity, the courage, and the national spirit, which characterized our countrymen, became, in process of time, impaired. The men of substance were flattered, baited with pleasure, and rendered harmless by such means. While the industrious furnished the conqueror with a revenue, the adventurous were made to replenish his armies in distant provinces. This was the policy of Rome. Britain was used, says Dr. Vaughan, as long as it could be used, and was abandoned when it could be used no longer.

The following passage is appropriate, eloquent, and true, and generalizes, in a few words, the results of Roman dominion.

"There is a majestic unity, and scientific grandeur about the Roman law and its administrations which is apt to fascinate the imagination of some men. The fault we find with the Roman civilization is, that

it gave the mind to no object of public interest, and so did nothing to ensure that progress of thought, and that development of moral feeling, on which all true civilization must rest. In judging concerning civilization, we have to look first to the individual man, and to the amount of intelligence and virtue possible to him; and we have then to look to what society would be where all should be thus enlightened and thus moral. In pursuing this track of thought, the immediate effect must be to feel how far the most civilized communities are from being really civilized. Nevertheless, here is the true conception of civilized life. It is real in the measure in which it ensures intelligence and virtue to society, by ensuring it to the individuals of whom society is composed. It presents man at his best. All social tendencies are good but as they work towards this result.

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Macaulay, like all rhetoricians, is neither safe nor sound as a historical guide, though a man of immense ability and more than ordinary learning. One is reminded, in thinking of his writings, of the saying of Plato, that rhetoric is but a voluptuary art, and it is certainly not suited to history. Lord Macaulay too often sacrifices truth to the balance of his sentences, and the point of his antithesis.

In Book II. Dr. Vaughan treats of the sources of Anglo-Saxon history. He states that Welsh history is not so barren as is supposed, though it does not throw much light on the history of the Anglo-Saxons. The work called the "Annals of Wales" is described as a most meagre production. Under some years there is no entry, and down to 1066 the average of each year does not exceed half a line. After the "Annals of Wales," comes Gildas. There were three writers of the name, who were nearly contemporary. The author of the well-known historical work under the name of Gildas, was a man of Bangor, in North Wales (by a printer's error it appears Bandon in this volume). According to Leland, this is the most ancient of British historians; and in his own day he was surnamed *Sapiens*, or the Wise, with wonderfully little appropriateness. He was thoroughly Romanized in his tastes, and, according to Dr. Vaughan, brought a very bad temper to the work of disparaging all, whether Britons, Scots, or Saxons, who did not think like himself.

Of Bede, Dr. Vaughan speaks with respect. That he laboured with conscientious integrity is admitted. His belief in miracles was the weakness of his age, and does not, as is candidly remarked in this volume, in the least detract from his credibility. More valuable than Gildas or Bede is the Saxon Chronicle. It begins with the Roman invasion, and descends to some time below the Conquest. The volume published by the Record Commissioners, in 1840, entitled "The Ancient Laws and Institutes of England," is also a work of great value. It contains the laws of the Anglo-Saxon kings, and a large body of ecclesiastical law, affording frequent glimpses into the religious and social life of the time. With the Saxon Chronicle must be classed "Domesday Book," with Ellis's introduction, and the collection of Anglo-Saxon Charters, edited by Kemble. Among the Anglo-Norman authorities are, Florence of Worcester, Simeon of Durham, Henry of Huntingdon, Roger of Hoveden, Alured of Beverley, and Ingulf of Croyland. Of the character and value of these writers, Dr. Vaughan gives a succinct description, so short and pithy that it is sure to dwell in the mind of the reader. He truly observes, that in the men who write upon our history of the Conquest, a bias is often perceptible, disposing them greatly to underrate the Saxon

nationality. Nor, as he justly observes, have modern writers been always sufficiently on their guard against this influence, nor always sufficiently mindful of the fact, that in the relation to British and Anglo-Saxon history, these writers can never be more than second-hand authorities.

The third chapter, on the rise of the English Monarchy, displays much curious reading and reflection. The reasons why England was not designed for a Heptarchy are thus set forth:—

"But the power of Egbert, as we have intimated, was much greater than that of his predecessors, and gave better promise of continuance. With him the title of Bretwalda was a reality. Experience must often have suggested that this subdivision of territory, in a country which left no one state any strong natural means of defence against another, must be inseparable from much inquietude and suffering. Over the space of more than three centuries, the same evils had been constantly arising from this source. The history of the Heptarchy had been, in fact, the history of a struggle for the mastery. In time the master would be sure to come, and the more advanced civilization of Wessex, together with its closer relation to the Continent, seemed clearly to point to that kingdom as the seat of the future sovereignty. Even the ravages of Danes, while they tended rather to distract and weaken the several States than to unite them, operated favourably for Wessex, inasmuch as they fell in their greatest weight upon its rivals.

"But beside the calamities which came from the frequent wars of the different states with each other, there were others hardly less considerable, arising from the custom which made the monarchy in all those States in a great measure elective. The successor to the vacant throne was generally sought in the family of the deceased king. But the nearest of kin did not always succeed, if not otherwise eligible."

Dr. Vaughan, as might be expected, deals with the military events of the career of Alfred, and their result. From the years 875 to 878, pirates possessed themselves of Wareham and Exeter, whence they might readily descend to the sea with such spoil as they should obtain. Alfred raised a fleet to oppose them, and with this fleet the naval history of England may be said to have commenced. Dr. Vaughan thus describes the proceedings of our great monarch:—

"Alfred built or collected a number of ships, manned them with brave seamen, and by this means destroyed the greater part of a Danish fleet which had been driven by foul weather on the coast of Dorset. This was in 877. The armament thus scattered or annihilated was destined for the relief of Exeter.

"The besieged, seeing no chance of succour, capitulated, giving

hostages to abstain from further hostilities in Wessex. But reaching Gloucester, they renewed the work of pillage and destruction.

"The impoverished condition to which they had reduced all the Saxon kingdoms, prompted the banditti, which now covered the land, to explore the barren homes of the Welsh, and of the Picts and Scots. But that proved a bootless errand. The last effort made at this crisis against these sons of the destroyer, was at Kynwith, where a feeble garrison resisted a vigorous siege, and surprising the besiegers in a sally, destroyed more than a thousand of them. And now the time had come in which the high spirit of the Saxon race appeared to have forsaken them. Many fled with such movables as they could take with them to other countries; the rest seem to look on their unhappy condition as a destiny, and to submit.

"Popular feeling is ever liable to these alternations. Its excesses in elevation and depression come from the same cause.

"To yield to the pressure of the many, whether for good or evil, is natural to man. Where all seem to obey, it is hard for the individual to resist. But there are some noble natures to whom such *self-sustaining power* is given, and can hope where hope seems to have forsaken all besides. Alfred the King was one of these. He might have gathered his staff together, and have found high military service in other lands; or he might have journeyed as a pilgrim to that old Rome on whose shrines he had gazed in his boyhood. In that case, what would have been the future English history? The old northern Paganism which the Saxon had abandoned would have again been ascendant. The religion of the Cross would probably have ceased. The barbaric customs of Scandinavia would have found a new home in Britain. The near prospect of that powerful English Monarchy towards which so many influences had seemed to be converging, would have vanished.

"This island might have become, and have long continued, the rendezvous of sea kings—the base from which they would have gone forth to spread their devastations, superstitions, and barbarisms over the fairest provinces of Europe.

"Alfred could believe this was not to be. He could have faith in God. To prevent such calamity he could watch his last watch, offer his last prayer, do his last possible deed. It is clear that he must have thought it possible that, even from this state of things, there might be a return, and that it behoved him to be vigilant, patient, and ready. The selfish did not rule in this man, but the humane, the patriot, and the religious, and he had his reward. The seeds of the coming England were in that great heart, though its ground-spring of action, we can readily suppose, was a simple sense of duty."

There is much curious matter in this volume, as to Norwegian and Danish names in Cumberland and Westmoreland, and as to how the blood of the Northmen became the dominant blood along the whole of the lowlands between the Mersey and the Clyde.

But on these matters, however interesting to the antiquarian, we may not dwell for want of space. On Odin and Thor worship there is also curious matter which will repay attention.

The mission of Augustine the monk, and its success, are fairly related; nor is the recital disfigured by one illiberal remark. The change which Augustine introduced, however, was not a transition from error to unmixed truth. Christianity gave to the Teutons a priesthood in the place of that which they were to abandon, and a sacrifice for sin in place of that which they were to offer no no longer. But this priesthood diverged from its primitive model. How Mariolatry came in is thus told:—

"The humanity of Christ was to the Saxon the sum of all teaching as to what man should be. It was also to him a manifestation of all he could need to know, in regard to the moral character of the Creator. But even this softened presentation of the Divine through the human did not embrace enough of the descending element to meet all the cravings of the religious spirit: hence the worship of the Virgin. The pity of woman was thought to be more likely to yield to entreaty than the pity of man, even that of the best of men—of the One perfect man."

The rise of priestly power in the Anglo-Saxon Church is most philosophically traced. Dr. Vaughan shows, how in Britain, as everywhere else, craft came to be very largely the refuge of the weak against the strong; and how the clergy, speaking always in the name of their God, were disposed to magnify their office. Their office, in truth, was the instrument by which they might hope to protect themselves and those who looked up to them as protectors. Nor was the policy of the mediæval clergy either unreasonable or insincere. Mixed motives prompted them to give their sanction to the popular faith in miracles. Though many of the clergy must have been aware that the credulity of the people was often grossly abused, yet it can scarcely be doubted, as is stated by Dr. Vaughan, that "the clergy themselves were firm believers in the miraculous power of the Church."

Dr. Vaughan exposes the free uses made by the Anglo-Saxon clergy, in common with their order over Europe, of the Confessional. Documents, he declares, are existing, to show that not only the common sins of the people, but that all the secret and imaginary forms of vice had been reduced to a system, that the confessor might be adequately prepared for the discharge of his office. Secrets belonging to personal, to family, and to all history, were, as our author states, thus laid open, and vices which had never entered the thoughts of the penitent were made familiar to the imagination by the questions of the priest. Let any one who doubts this statement read the chapter *De Causis Mortuum*

Concupiscentiæ, in the "*Theologia Dogmatica*" of Dens, or the chapters *De Abortu, De Mutilatione, De Injuria Stupri et Fornicationis, De Confessario Stupratoris aut Fornicatoris, de Castitate et Virginitate, de Speciebus Luxuriæ, De Circumstantia Virginitatis, De Incestu, De Debito Conjugali de Causis exquibus licet negare Debitum Conjugale* in Dens, and he will find that Dr. Vaughan's description is literally true. It was our fate, some fifteen or sixteen years ago, to wade through eight volumes of the "*Theologia Moralis et Dogmatica*," and various chapters in four or five volumes are found disfigured by the most abominable obscenities. These obscenities are imported into many Roman Catholic works of devotion written in English; and in the "Posey of Prayer," and other works written in the vernacular may be found very nearly as much obscenity as in Peter Dens, Sanchez, or Saurez From the earliest times it has been moreover inculcated in the Roman Catholic church, that without confession there can be no absolution, and that without absolution there can be no salvation.

Most of the clergy in the time of Odo and Dunstan were married men, as they who search on the subject learn. But we were not aware, till we had seen chapter and verse for it in this volume, that the monks had wives as well as the parochial priesthood. The monks of St. Benedict took the vow of chastity, but the monks of Wales and of Iona gave no such pledge, and often availed themselves of the liberty to marry.

Nowhere do we find the old story of Edwy and Elgiva more graphically told than in the book before us. The mutilation of a woman, so in every way interesting, and the death of the king and queen a few days after, from broken-heartedness or foul play, are the deeds of the priesthood awakening all the just and manly indignation of Dr. Vaughan. He thus speaks of them:—

"Such deeds could sacerdotalism perpetrate, and perpetrate with impunity, at some junctures in Anglo-Saxon history. Enough has been said to show how this temper, especially allied with its great coadjutor monasticism, could make void all the great principles of natural morality whenever the interest of churchmen might be served by such means."

It will be seen from the extracts we have hitherto made, that Dr. Vaughan has shown us what the earliest inhabitants of Britain were, has shown us the revolutions effected by the sword, and the effect of the ascendancy of the Romans, in government, in religion, and on social life: he has also, in a masterly manner, unfolded to us the sources of Anglo-Saxon history, traced the rise of the English and Danish monarchies with consummate clearness and concinnity, and exhibited to us also the effect of

the Saxon and Danish conquests on the distributions of race. In going over the immense space of ground with the firm, measured, yet rapid strides of a man who knows his main road thoroughly, as well as the bye and bridle paths, it is plain that the historian assigns the chiefest importance to the Saxon settlement. The Doctor has evidently convinced himself, and it seems to us on the best testimony which the nature of the case affords, that the Roman conquest did not very profoundly or radically affect our manners or modes of thought. It is possible, and probable, we think, that this conquest affected our institutions more for some centuries than Dr. Vaughan admits, and the same remark, we think, applies to the Norman conquest, which is viewed by this able writer in no favourable aspect. But the Roman and Norman invasions had, in our thinking, deeper influences than Dr. Vaughan appears disposed to allow; they but suspended and did not obliterate Anglo-Saxondom. That after an interval re-appears in its proper and distinctive type, struggling through Norman laws of polity, of civil and church government, of tenure, of feudality, &c. In the Anglo-Saxon mind, as Dr. Vaughan says, "we see piety without ascetism, faith without credulity, the noble in manhood elevated in all things by the pure in religion." These are even now the characteristics of the best of the Anglo-Saxon race in every quarter of the world.

Our author devotes more than one valuable chapter to industrial life in Anglo-Saxon Britain, to agriculture, mining, and handicraft trades. He also gives a summary of the intellectual life of the Anglo-Saxons, and disquisitionizes very agreeably on the music, poetry, ballads, prose literature, and science of our Anglo-Saxon forefathers. We are reminded that one of the laws of Edward the elder raised the merchant who had made three voyages in his own ship to the rank of a Thane.

It is also inferred, from what we have stated, that the author of this work entertains no extravagant opinions concerning the Normans, and is not disposed to praise them beyond their deserts. He denies that the origin of chivalry is due to the Normans.

"The notion that the chivalry of Europe owes its origin to the Normans, is a wide conclusion deduced from narrow premises. Chivalrous, no doubt, they were, and in as high a degree, perhaps, as any race south of the Pyrenees. But the 'Romance of Antar' shows that the form of culture we denote by that term widely developed itself in the east long before it became observable in the west. The haughty Spaniard learnt it from his no less haughty antagonist the Moslem; and the Christian princes, who resolved to possess themselves of Palestine, found the model of their selfish devotion in the men who were no less

resolved to prosecute their pretensions on that point. We should not have had a Richard had there not been a Saladin. The germs of it may be found widely scattered, and, even amongst the rudest circumstances, give it form and pre-eminence. The Christian element in European chivalry has made it to be a chivalry of its own order: such, then, were the Normans in Normandy. They bore no good will to the French, though they were obliged to learn from them. Wace, the Norman poet, makes the conqueror describe them as proud, litigious, and hard to govern, and another authority, who had studied their character, gives us their good and evil, by describing them crafty, vindictive, domineering, eager to leave their country for the sake of greater gain abroad. Neither prodigal, devoted to the study of eloquence, lovers of the chase, hawking, horses, arms, and beautiful attire; in short, a people that must be held in check by the laws."

The following retrospect is taken of the Norman conquest,—

"We see, then, that the effect of the Norman conquest in relation to the English people was to deprive them of property, and place, and possessions, and of political existence. But the wrong and insult heaped upon them did not convert them all into willing slaves. Cast down, they were not destroyed; nor was their spirit broken. We see this in part in the defiance of wrong by individual men, and by small bands of men, but much more in that wide and fervent sympathy which the career of such men is seen to call forth. That there were men in those days disposed to resort to such modes of life is not a fact of much historical significance; but that the character of the men, in this case, should be such as it is, and that the whole Saxon population should have become so outspoken in its admiration of them—these are facts which the historian who would write an intelligible history of England must not overlook. The Anglo-Saxons, rude and warlike as they may have been, had much to do, or supposed they had, both with the making and administration of law, and were always distinguished for their respect for law.

"It is not until the Norman lawlessness comes in that some of them are content to become outlaws, and that the popular feeling comes to be everywhere in favour of such men."

In a note to his third chapter in his third book, Dr. Vaughan adverts to Lord Macaulay's more brilliant than just eulogy on the Normans. As disciplined and tenacious soldiers, the Normans, doubtless, deserved the eulogium bestowed on them. The Normans, as Dr. Vaughan admits, were at the head of the military science of their age, but in scarcely anything else, as he remarks; can they be said to have been in advance of the English; in many things they were not even on a level with them.

The estimate formed by Dr. Vaughan of William the Conqueror is not widely different from, though less favourable than that of Burke. He was a stern, severe man, ambitious and avaricious,

who knew men much and trusted them but little. His strength, as Dr. Vaughan observes, "never came from the affection of those beneath him, but from a stern mastery over their interests and their fears." Dr. Vaughan's estimate of Lanfranc is not as favourable as that of Burke: while the Doctor admits that his general capacity was of a high order, he feels bound to say that worldly wisdom was in advance of his piety, and that he could descend to artifice to accomplish his purpose. Burke, on the contrary, estimates Lanfranc as a man of great learning for the times, and extraordinary piety. He also asserts he was never the tool or follower of William, who raised him to power.

The appended observations on the skill of the Normans in architecture are not less just than striking:—

"Their skill in architecture, even before the conquest, was considerable; admiration of such works was a passion with them. Before the close of the tenth century they had adorned their country with many beautiful edifices in that bold, masculine, Romanesque style which they had adopted. When William meditated the conquest of England, the dukes of Normandy and the nobles who did them homage, had learnt to vie with each other in their zeal to cover their respective territories with such monuments of their opulence or taste. Castles, city fortifications, churches, monasteries, everywhere bespoke the interest of the race in such works. The effect of taste in this form soon became even more conspicuous in England than it had been in Normandy. Norman architecture occupies a middle ground between the Roman and the Gothic. It embraces much of the solidity and gravity of the former style, with something of the lightness and flexibility of the latter. It retains the arch, but uses that element and every other with a license of its own. Nothing can be more picturesque than some of the domestic examples of this style of building."

In one point, however, we are disposed to differ from Dr. Vaughan in his estimate of Norman architecture. He says that the Norman intellect had realized little in Normandy compared with what it was to realize in England. This is literally true of Normandy Proper—comprising Higher and Lower Normandy—in which the best ecclesiastical edifices were built by the English in the Saxon, or, what Dr. Vaughan would call, the "Early English style." But in Brittany, on the other hand, how admirable, how exquisitely graceful, yet how solemn and suited to religious feeling, is the ecclesiastical architecture! Had the Normans nothing to do with the raising of these graceful structures, or are they wholly the work of the Celts? If so, why is it that we find no such edifices in Wales, in Ireland, or Scotland, where the Celts abided?

The Norman Conquest had now made England no longer insular. She became a constitutional power, participating in all the questions affecting the nations of Europe. But though the Norman is about to disappear in the Englishman, the Englishman is not about to disappear in the Norman, for the oldest dwellers on the soil have proved to be the strongest.

In the reign of our first Henrys and Edwards there were many impediments to trade from unwise legislation, and English merchants looked with jealousy on the favour shown to foreigners. But, nevertheless, the merchants of Genoa, Venice, Florence, Pisa, and Lucca were the traders through whom we became possessed of the natural and artificial products of the East. Dr. Vaughan quotes Anderson's "Commerce" to prove that the Peruchi, the Scali, the Friscobaldi, the Ballardi, the Reisardi, and the Bardi were among the names of different Italian companies or houses in the thirteenth century.

Dr. Vaughan gives an interesting account of the introduction of foreign weavers, of the merchants of the staple, and of the relation of these Companies and monopolies to the Government. He shows how the English became engaged in foreign trade, and how, in the fifteenth century, they began to conduct their own traffic in their own ships in the Mediterranean. Canning, of Bristol, and many merchants of large wealth in London, vied with the noble and princely. Among Canning's ships was one of nine hundred tons.

In 1425 a law was passed, granting a general permission to export corn, with two restrictions only,—it was not to be sent to the country of an enemy in the time of war, and it might be stayed for the public good by an order in Council. Some twenty years later the landholders began to complain of the undue importation of corn, alleging that it had reduced the price of that commodity so as to have brought the farmer to the verge of ruin. England now promised to be a great industrial power, and a power of much influence in continental affairs. The nation had become one, it was comparatively free, and the people, to use the language of our author, were busy in constructing ships, in creating towns, in rearing castles and cathedrals, in adorning palaces, and they were also bent on competing in artistic skill with the most favoured states. In reference to industrial life in England, Dr. Vaughan intimates that it is probable that the labouring and artisan classes under the Plantagenets were, on the whole, better fed and better housed than the majority of the same class in our time.

If we turn from industrial to intellectual life we find that in the epoch of which we are speaking the English language shared in the improvement. It obtained a greater fulness of expression, and became more easy in its structure. The fact that the French

was so long spoken side by side with the Saxon must have made the English familiar with many words and forms of speech which were of French origin. French, on the other hand, as the language of the conquerors, possessed no attraction for the conquered. The influence of the French language upon the English was not very perceptible until the French in its turn began to give place to the improved native dialect.

The influence of the French language was strengthened in this country, as Dr. Vaughan states, by the action of the metrical and romance literature which became prevalent. In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, several writers, born and resident in England, distinguished themselves in French literature. The sketch of character which we present appears to us very admirable:—

"As a satirist of manners, and of the manners of the clergy and of the religious orders, Chaucer is not at all less outspoken than *Piers Plowman*. Such freedom was in the spirit of the age. It is in the painting of character, even to its minutest finish, that Chaucer is especially felicitous, and on such painting he has bestowed his chief labour. He is eminently the poet of men and manners. What may be learnt from his pictures touching the religious life of the age, we shall mark elsewhere. But poet of manners as he is, the compass of subject included in his works is a conspicuous fact relating to them. His characters, and his descriptions of social life, include the good and bad. Milton seems to find it easy to become either angel or devil, according to the occasion; and Chaucer appears to have the power of understanding the pleasures of the most ethereal virtue, and those found in the most free and riotous indulgence of the sensuous passions. The comedy and tragedy of earth, the hell in it, and the heaven above it, were open to him. Hence, while some of his descriptions are so impure as not to admit of being read to the ear of a second person, others are so elevated as to seem to be addressed to natures in a higher condition of being than the present. In this respect the compass of his genius reminds us of Goethe. His universe embraced the real and the ideal—his poet's world, and the world in which he lived like other ordinary mortals. Some poets, indeed, have brought a richer inspiration to the lofty and unseen, but none have seized on the immediate and the actual in man or in nature with more truthfulness, freshness, or completeness. His men and women have the fidelity of a photograph, while every shade is felt as coming from the hand of a living artist; and in regard to nature, the blue sky, the floating cloud, the golden light, the shady forest, the flowery plain, and the song of birds, all have their poetry for him. So, too, had worldly pomp, when he thought of its evanescence; and loving hearts, when he thought of their tender sorrows. . . Chaucer was learned in literature. But his learned material had been made accessible to him by other hands. He discourses on themes borrowed from old Greece, and from old Rome,

and from modern Italy. Much of this ancient and modern learning had come to him through France. But in his day whatever was French may be said to have been English. With the Norman blood came the things which Norman taste was disposed to patronize."

In his chapter on the intellectual life in England, Dr. Vaughan is extremely felicitous. He tells us that for the intellectual life we must look beyond what is to be found in colleges or books. Books and men, he shrewdly remarks, are ever acting on each other, and it is their combined influence that makes society what it is. London, truly says our reverend and learned coadjutor, has always been a great educator—not less so than Oxford. This is quite true.

We know not whether the chapter on Political Life in England is not one of the ablest in the volume. A practising lawyer would conclude that it had been written by an accomplished constitutional lawyer, so familiar does the author appear to be with Glanville, Bracton, Britton, and Fleta, with Horne, Fitzherbert, Littleton, Coke, Fortescue, Hale, Selden, Prynne, Somers, and Barrington, and the ancient statutes. The remarks on Trial by Jury, on the Great Charter, on the statute *De Tollagio non Concedendo* are worthy of any legal antiquary of the past generation. It is evident that Dr. Vaughan has studied the constitutional history of our country in the spirit of a Somers, and that he has read on the subject as conscientiously as a Lord Chancellor Camden. Not merely has he studied the best text-books, but he appears to have perseveringly plodded his way through the Statutes at Large, without which labour no man can write a proper history. These are rare merits in a divine of any Christian denomination, and credit should be given where it is so pre-eminently due. Hallam, Brodie, and McIntosh were professional lawyers, and Macaulay also was bred a lawyer, and followed the circuit for some four or five years. But here is a Nonconformist clergyman who touches on constitutional law in as learned a spirit as any of the professional writers, and who is evidently as well read in constitutional lore as Dean Tucker, Horne Tooke, and Dr. Paley, all of whom were men thoroughly informed on constitutional lore.

Political life in England may be said to have begun in the reign of Edward I. In the thirty-fourth year of his reign a statute was passed declaring that the nation should in no way be taxed without its consent, and the two great principles—taxation solely by authority of Parliament, and a representation of the Commons as essential to the constitution of a Parliament—were first recognized. Edward, as Dr. Vaughan truly states, would have crushed English liberty in all its tendencies had he been permitted. But the people had been schooled and trained in political knowledge,

and it is a great mistake to suppose that they cared nothing about their liberties. These views are well set forth in the following extract:—

"With these new ideas property seems to acquire a new sacredness, and law a new authority. Neither the kings of England nor the baronage of England, may henceforth touch the property or the person of an Englishman, except according to law. The law takes a precedence of both. Both owe to it obedience—all owe to it obedience: knight and baron, burgesses and freeholders, subject and sovereign, have their ground to this respect in common. According to maxims which have now become credited and familiar, will is nowhere law, but law is everywhere in place of will. The English yeoman of those days, and many below them, thought, and spoke, and debated concerning these maxims. So did the merchants in their guilds, and so did the men of handicraft when they gathered about their homely hearths, when they met in their local courts, or assembled as fraternities in the manner then common in men following the same calling or mystery. The educating power of such influences might be seen everywhere. To congregate was to learn, and there was scarcely any other way of learning. Even in the Universities more knowledge was obtained from the lips of the living men than from books. And there could be no greater mistake than to suppose that the people of England, in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, cared little about politics. Concerning politics as a theory or a science, they thought little; but concerning government, as a matter immediately affecting their personal liberty and personal gains, they were keen observers and keen disputants."

In the days of which we are speaking, parliament, instead of meeting as now, at five p.m. and sitting till one or two a.m., met at eight in the morning, and then dined at noon.

Very admirably, in his chapter on religious life in England, does Dr. Vaughan exhibit the culminating point in the history of the Papal Power. Though Innocent III. was a sagacious and able man, yet in the vassalage which he imposed on John he brought the Papacy to its culmination. The successors of Innocent often appealed to his maxims, but the time to act upon them for the purposes of ambition had passed. So the Romish pontiffs were content with less power than formerly, if the power retained should only be sufficient to secure a fat revenue. Hence a low and sordid rapacity supplanted higher passions. The ecclesiastical history of England, from the time of king John to the Reformation, as is well remarked in chapter five, consists—in so far as the relation of this country to Rome is concerned—in a constant struggle on the part of the Popes to enrich themselves as far as possible from the revenues of the English Church; and on the part

of the Crown, of the lay patrons, and of the clergy generally, to protect themselves against this war of spoilation. The papal officers engaged in conducting the financial affairs of the Court of Rome, in the thirteenth century, are said to have been more numerous and better organized than the agents of the king's government, and the amount annually transmitted to Rome from all sources is said to have been greater than that raised for the Court. So unpopular and even odious had the Pope's officers become as to be liable to every sort of insult, to assault, and in some cases to the loss of life. Looking at all these things, here is Dr. Vaughan's retrospect of the laws of Revolution.

"Such was the political machinery of the ecclesiastical system of Europe in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and such are some of the more potent influences then in action around it; to what issue did it tend? In attempting to answer this question, it behoves us to bear in mind, that depraved men rarely cease to be depraved men. Such instances occur, but they are exceptional. But if a self-reformed man is a phenomenon rarely seen, still less may we hope to see a community or a corporation become self-purified. In the fourteenth century, all things seem to point to reform or ruin. But there was room for fear that reform would be long resisted, even at the hazard of ruin. When do the crafty learn to be ingenuous? When do the avaricious learn to eschew the disgust of gain? What will not an individual do, still more what will not corporate bodies do, rather than submit to such self-crucifixion! It is no marvel that Wycliffe, and Huss, and Jerome, should give signs of the coming change. But as little marvellous is it, to those who look beneath the surface, that the course of this change should have been so unequal and so slow, and that to the last it should have been so limited. It is a law of Providence, that change in bodies should be slow when the body is great. Nor is it less a law that what the great heart of humanity has been long in constructing, it must be long in taking to pieces and in casting utterly away. Revolutions, like creation, have their laws—laws which determine their time, and speed, and mode, and result. Good men would fain be fast workers, but Providence is ever schooling them in two great lessons—*to work, and to wait.*"

In the history of religion, as is here philosophically observed, there is the law of action and reaction. When the priesthood became rich and worldly, monachism arose as its fitting rebuke; and when monachism became corrupt, then appeared the Mendicant Orders. The Franciscans and their preachings and success are thus described:—

"In common with the parochial clergy, there were preachers having the cure of souls, but in distinction from the clergy. They made preaching their great work, found their parish everywhere, and

especially where ignorance and vice, filth and suffering, were known to be most accumulated and least disturbed. The wealth of the church had been her great snare, had rendered her inefficient—helpless, in regard to the great wants of the age; and the Franciscan was to know nothing of religious endowments, nothing of a settled revenue for the support of his ministry. His dress, his diet, his home, all were to be such as to bespeak him a poor man, and to proclaim him as a poor man's minister. He was to be the willing servant of the community, especially of the most needy and forgotten portions of it; and he was to depend on the free offerings of the community from day to day for his maintenance. To the honour of Romanism, within its pale poverty in the minister of religion has never been a bar to the reverence due to his office. Hence, in originating even such an institute, Brother Francis could exact that men, to become his disciples, should not only be men of fervent piety, but men of fair capacity, and competently learned. In the Franciscans of the thirteenth century, what has become known in our time under the name of the voluntary system may be said to have been put upon its trial.

"When the first delegation of friars landed at Dover, in 1224, the authorities took them for vagrants, or something worse. But one of their number satisfied these men in office of their mistake, by making very light of being hanged, and offered the rope from his waist to be used in the ceremony if no better should be available. Such is the temperament generally given to men who have some mission in life. With the help of the scanty fare, sour beer, obtained at religious houses, the first colony of Minorites reached London, and constructed tenements for themselves on the Cornhill, near the New-gate. The buildings are of the poorest description imaginable, dried grass being stuffed in the crevices to keep out the wind and rain.

"In that age plague and leprosy were the terrible maladies, especially among the crowded population of crowded towns. But leprosy had come into Europe from the Holy Land, with the return of the Crusaders. Much had been recorded concerning it in the sacred Scriptures. It was the figure of what all men are by nature. Even the Incarnate One was regarded as taking his place, in the language of prophecy, with this class of sufferers.

"In their preachings, the friars eschewed the learned and eloquent style then so common. In their view the clergy had disqualified for their work by their learning, hardly less than by their wealth. They were themselves poor men, preaching to the poor, and laymen, preaching to the laity. Their language was studiously simple. Their illustrations were studiously popular. Their material for discourse lay in the well known legend, in dramatic dialogue, in every day life, and in their own thoughts and experience. Meditation and feeling more than books, made them what they were as preachers. Men and women to whom sermons had long been beyond all things unintelligible and dull now hang upon the lips of the preacher, and would travel far to enjoy that privilege. Great was the success of

the new institute. In little more than thirty years the Minorites of England could boast of being more than twelve hundred in number, of having fixed centres of operation for their missionary work in nearly fifty English towns."

It was to be expected that the author of the excellent "Life of Wycliffe" would dedicate a few pages to this great and pure reformer, who upheld the authority of the parochial clergy, and also give a summary of his doctrines. The summary is given, as may be supposed, in a masterly style, but as most of our readers possess the monograph, now published in small quarto, we forbear from extract. The last two chapters in the book describe the reaction at Oxford, the decline of learning, the aristocracy during civil war, the state of science, the decline of the papal supremacy, the revival of literature and art, and the prospects of society on the opening of the fifteenth century. These are noble topics, and they are grandly handled by one whom we feel to be a master in his art. We have before observed that the constitutional and legal portion of the work is admirably performed, and to those who concern themselves more with the religious portion of the work, we need but commend the passage on the secularized policy of the pontiffs.

And now we must have done. The "Revolutions in History" is without any manner of doubt one of the most solid, one of the most attractive, one of the most instructive books, which have issued from the press in our day. It is a book which speaks with almost magisterial authority, and yet it is full of charm. There is erudition, there is varied learning, there is taste, there is depth and solidity of judgment combined with a vivacity, and a picturesqueness of style very rare in their separate excellencies and wonderful as here found in combination. The subject Dr. Vaughan proposed to himself, no doubt, was a noble one, but it was surrounded with difficulties. These he has so marvellously vanquished, that his work must become a standard classic, and a staple book of reference. He teaches us in this volume the moral as well as the philosophy of history,—attachment to our pure religion, to our common country, attachment to our liberties, and attachment to our improved and improving institutions. He enforces, on every occasion, a high and pure morality, fidelity to treaties, humanity in war, perseverance, patience, and longanimity in all our courses. The author displays in every page the learning of the divine and the scholar, with the best qualities of the statesman, the politician, and the man of the world.

II.

JOHN EVELYN, HIS LIFE AND TIMES.

Diary and Correspondence of John Evelyn, F.R.S. New Edition. 4 vols. Bohn. 1839.

MANY thanks to those good people of past times, who, if they did nothing else to be remembered by, left us a diary. Many thanks, whatever its character,—whether, like that worthy merchant taylor's, Henry Machyn's, it details with equal prosiness the gay wedding procession of Master Atkinson's three daughters, with bride cups garnished with flowers and rosemary, or the forty-six men hanged after Wyatt's rising,—whether the goodly oyster supper, with claret and malmsey, or the "eleven heretics burnte in Smithfeeld;"—whether, like Samuel Pepys, it gossips about "the suit that did cost me £30," and the new perriwig, or the maids of honour in their pretty hats and feathers, or the pleasure-hunting in Hyde Park and Spring Gardens of "I, and my wife, and Mynn;" nay, even if like Narcissus Luttrell's, it jumbles together everything which the writer has seen and heard,—the "genteel person" picking pockets at the Exchequer, and "the Swedes in great alarm about the Muscovites," Whitney the highwayman, and Marlborough the hero,—even (and can we descend lower?) Archbishop Laud's with its personal *notabilia*, "this day I lost a tooth,"—still, thanks to all,—for difficult indeed would it be to find a diary which did not afford some fragment of information as to passing events,—some suggestive hint, at least, of the social life, the views, the feelings, of our forefathers, which we might seek for in vain elsewhere.

And, therefore, again we say, thanks to all diarists, even the prosiest who ever handled pen to jot down the infinitesimal scraps of information which they met with in their daily walk. But tenfold thanks to the intelligent and the good, who, during the course of a long and active life, have noted those events which to us have become history; securing to us those pleasant and vivid traits of past times, and persons, which bring the "very form and pressure" of those times, the very habits and speech of those persons, photograph-like, before us. And, therefore, an especial welcome to John Evelyn's Diary, beginning with his birth, at "twenty minutes past two in the morning, on the 31st of October, 1620," and ending with the notes traced by the feeble hand of the aged man, of the last sermons he heard, eighty-five years after! Very amusing and characteristic, as well as instructive, is

John Evelyn's Diary; and a pleasant half hour may be well spent in turning it over.

A fair inheritance was that of Richard Evelyn, our diarist's father. An estate valued, even two hundred and fifty years ago, at £4000 per annum, in the picturesque county of Surrey, with rising grounds and meadows, and a prospect extending over thirteen counties; and an ancient mansion too, "sweetly environed with delicious streams and venerable woods,"—beautiful Wotton, which, although barely twenty miles from London, was as secluded as though it had been two hundred. And here dwelt the worshipful Richard Evelyn, Esq., justice of the peace and of the quorum; a bountiful old English gentleman, "of well composed visage and manly aspect, his wisdom great, and his judgment most acute; of solid discourse, affable, humble, and in nothing affected;" as his son, looking back on the pleasant memories of his boyhood, tells us. And here his gentle wife, Eleanor, on whose "eyes and hair of lovely black," and more, on whose many excellencies and deep piety, though not untinged by sadness, the son dwells with such fondness, watched over her young family, and taught those lessons of religion, from which, when flung, without guide, into the midst of foreign society and profligate companions, John Evelyn never departed.

The owner of Wotton had five children, of whom John was the fourth; he was named after his maternal grandfather, and, with a minute particularity that makes us smile, he tells us, that although he was christened in the dining-room instead of in the church, the forms were in strict accordance with those "of the then glorious Church of England." With greater interest we read the next paragraph, which tells us that he was put to nurse to "one Peters, a neighbour's wife and tenant, and in a most sweet place towards the hills, flanked with wood, and refreshed with streams; the affection to which kind of solitude I sucked in with my very milk." Two years he remained with his nurse, and then he took his place with his elder brother and two sisters in the nursery at Wotton, where the appearance of his youngest brother in his nurse's arms, soon after, awakened the interest of the little child, scarcely three years old, and "from that time forward I began to observe." It is to us strong proof of the father's good sense that the children at Wotton were not attempted to be drilled into premature learning; that there was no wish to make them little prodigies. Although at a period in which learning was highly esteemed, and when the age for entering the universities was much earlier than at present, we find Evelyn remarking that he was not even taught to read until four years old, and then "one Frier," doubtless the village schoolmaster, taught him "in the church-porch of Wotton."

Another four years passed ere he was "put to learn the Latin rudiments, and to write." Poor young gentleman! Many a little boy of the present day, crammed for an examination, would consider him a sad dunce; but the child had better instructors than books. His "daily teachers were the woods and hills," and in the park the future author of *Sylva* watched the growth of the stately trees; and in the "pleasaunce," and along the terraced walks, marked the bright flowers as they came out in their season, or gazed upon the glorious changes of cloud-land from those hills which formed the picturesque background to his home. Whatever else was unlearnt, the whole after-life of John Evelyn proves that he had thoroughly mastered that most important of lessons, "how to observe."

Meanwhile, twelve years quietly passed away, and found Richard Evelyn still engaged in his duties as a worthy country gentleman, and, from time to time, events, which awakened the attention of all England, became known to the secluded family at Wotton. Thus, the fearful plague of 1625, the assassination of Buckingham, the tardy justice which at length overtook the monopolizers, are noted by the boy, who, even in his eleventh year, began, he tells us, to keep a diary; but those more important events, which hastened on the stern strife between king and parliament—all the iniquitous proceedings in the Star Chamber and High Commission Court, the voyage of our pilgrim fathers, the resistance to ship-money—we doubt whether aught, beyond the faintest whisper of these, ever penetrated the shades of Wotton. Quietly and pleasantly did the Evelyns take their places in their parish church, unconscious that men could be found who preferred exile or imprisonment to ministry at the altars of that "glorious church of England;" and merrily did they celebrate the royal birthday with largesse and bonfires, even more unconscious that "the strong man" was even then arming himself to do battle, and that in a few short years "Church and King" should be but the rallying cry of a weak and divided minority. We need bear this in mind to account for the really strange fact, that a man, who in habits and character was actually more of a Puritan than many who boasted the name, should, throughout a long life, have adhered to a party whose loose morality, and gross irreligion must have ever been most distasteful to him.

After having been for some years at Lewes School, residing meanwhile, he tells us, with an indulgent grandmother, young Evelyn was sent to Baliol College, in May, 1637,—Oxford being then "under the exact discipline of Archbishop Laud, and the Church in the greatest splendour." Here he continued two years, taking lessons in "vaulting" and music, as well as diligently at-

tending his severer studies. His father's health now began to decline, and, after some months of suffering, Richard Evelyn, "that excellent man, and indulgent parent," died, at the close of the year 1640. "It was a sad and lugubrious beginning of the year, when, on the 2nd of January, 1641, we at night followed the mourning-hearse to the church at Wotton, when, after a sermon and funeral oration by the minister, my father was interred near his formerly erected monument, and mingled with the ashes of our mother, his dear wife! Thus we were bereft of our parents in a period when we most of all stood in need of their counsel and assistance, especially myself, of a raw, vain, uncertain, and very unwary inclination: but so it pleased God to make trial of my conduct, and if I did not impeach my liberty, nor my virtue, with the rest who made shipwreck of both, it was more the infinite goodness and mercy of God, than the least providence or discretion of my own."—Such is John Evelyn's grateful acknowledgment, looking back upon this solemn page of his history.

Although not heir to the estate, young Evelyn seems to have possessed a handsome competency, so he went to London. Troublous times were beginning, and we find him attending the trial of Strafford, and his subsequent execution; but soon after he determined to "absent himself from this ill state of things at home," so he set out on a short journey to Holland, where he noted many things—especially the first elephant he had ever seen, and divers curiosities, whether of books, antiquities, or natural history. After three months' absence he returned to find all in confusion, and, on one occasion, he seems to have been very near taking part in an actual battle. This was at Brentford, where "I came in with my horse and arms just at the retreat; but I was not permitted to stay longer than the 15th, by reason of the army meeting at Gloucester; which would have left both me and my brothers exposed to ruin, without any advantage to his majesty."—There is a prudence in this that speaks not very favourably for the chivalrous feelings of the young man just one-and-twenty; but whatever John Evelyn's excellences, and he had many, we fear he was totally deficient in heroism; so, while regretting "the confusion that threatened us," he returned to Wotton, and, "by my brother's permission, built a study, made a fishpond, an island, and some other retirements there." He, however, made a present "to his majesty, then at Oxford, of my black menage horse and furniture." Alas! the poor king stood in need rather of bold, brave men, than of goodly steeds, however handsomely caparisoned. John Evelyn, however, did not long enjoy either his study or his fishpond at Wotton; for, "the Covenant being pressed, I absented myself; but finding it impossible to evade the doing very unhandsome things, in October I

obtained a license of his majesty to travel again." He therefore set out for France, and from thence visited Switzerland and Italy.

The diary of these travels is very full and minute, and, doubtless, must have afforded much gratification to his friends who saw the manuscript; for in those days crossing the Alps was a serious matter, and there were few facilities for Brown, Smith, and Robinson to "do" Venice, Rome, and Mount Vesuvius, in two or three weeks; so a continental tour was a sober undertaking indeed, and the traveller most deliberately set about seeing all that was to be seen. And plenty was there to awaken the utmost attention of sight-seeing John Evelyn. How minutely he notes down the treasures at St. Denis,—the crown of Charlemagne, and a box with some of the Virgin's hair; Virgil's magical mirror, a cup out of which Solomon used to drink, and the lantern Judas carried! All these, with half a hundred more, are set down apparently without a misgiving of the evidently apocryphal character of the whole collection. And how pleased is he with Paris, and the gardens, and terraces of Marshal Bassompière, and Nôtre Dame, and the Valaise; but, above all, the "famous Jardine Royale," and the Luxemburg, and the great garden of the Tuileries, with its tall trees, Evelyn's especial delight. And, then, the Sorbonne, lately repaired by the Cardinal Richelieu, and where, entering into one of the schools of divinity, "we found a grave doctor in his chair." And how Evelyn's companion, "rudely enough, started up and began to dispute with him;" and how students and doctors alike "fell into a fit of laughter; but, silence being obtained, he began to speak Latin, and made his apology in so good a style that their derision was turned to admiration, and, beginning to argue, he so baffled the professor, that with universal applause they all rose up, and did him great honours, waiting on us to the very street." Where will the English scholar of the present day obtain such a a gratifying compliment, and where are the divinity professors of the Sorbonne? It is these allusions to a state of things now wholly passed away, and to persons who have taken their place in history, that renders the old book of travels so interesting. Thus Evelyn is introduced to the Queen of Bohemia, and to Mary de Medicis, as well as to Henrietta Maria, and sees Cardinal Mazarin, and the sculptor Bernini, and Poussin, then only rising into notice as a painter, and witnesses the gorgeous procession of the young French monarch, Louis XIV.—then a beautiful boy of thirteen—to open his first parliament. With great delight does Evelyn describe this and the royal bearing of the king, who, "like a young Apollo," rode hat in hand, most gracefully bowing to the ladies, as was his wont more than fifty years after, when, in the stately

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having packed up his books, casts, and pictures, together with sundry curiosities, among which were "some of the celebrated Venice treacle, and the fingers of a mummy," he departed from Venice, "with Mr. Waller, the celebrated poet," and two others, and proceeded to Milan. On his journey, Verona especially awakened his admiration; "for it is so sweetly placed in grounds and valleys, so elegantly planted with trees on which Bacchus seems riding in triumph every autumn, the vines reaching from tree to tree, that here, of all places, would I fix my residence." At Milan, "the learned and courteous Dr. Ferrarius," showed them all the sights, including the celebrated "Last Supper" of Leonardo da Vinci; but, even then, Evelyn remarks that, "this incomparable piece is now exceedingly impaired."

Leaving Milan, the travellers crossed the Alps, "through strange, horrid, and fearful crags, and tracts abounding in pine trees;" and his remarks upon the great cataracts of melted snow, and the blinding mists, and the broken bridges, afford an amusing contrast to the indiscriminate admiration with which the fashionable traveller of the present day speaks of the same localities. The excessive ugliness of the women, too, almost affrights him: indeed, "some of them have wens of flesh growing to their throats, some of which I have seen as big as a hundred pound bag of silver, hanging under their chins." Evelyn, however, at length arrived safely at Geneva, where he had letters of introduction to the celebrated Diodatus, and was just beginning to "recreate" himself in "that famous city," when he fell sick of the smallpox, from which, notwithstanding the blundering treatment of his physician, he after a long time recovered. From Geneva the travellers went down the Rhone in a boat they had purchased, taking it by turns to row, "of which I reckon my share came to little less than twenty leagues." And pleasantly they proceeded on their journey from Lyons to Orleans; "sometimes footing it through pleasant meadows, sometimes shooting at fowls, or we sung, or composed verses, for we had the great poet Mr. Waller in our company, and some other ingenious persons." Thus they safely arrived at Paris at the beginning of October.

Our diarist next remarks that here he spent his time for some weeks "most idly;" but when we find that he was paying attention to the daughter of Sir Richard Browne, whom he married some months after; and when we find, too, that even during this period he "fell to study of the High Dutch and Spanish tongues, refreshed my dancing, and took lessons on the lute," we fully exonerate him from his fancied charge of idleness. In June, 1647, having, like a dutiful subject, acquainted the prince with his intention, and solicited the orthodox services of Dr. Earle (afterward Bishop of

Salisbury), he was married to Mary, only daughter of Sir Richard Browne, in the chapel of the Embassy. Evelyn was now in his twenty-seventh year, his wife little more than thirteen! But the disparity of age does not seem in this instance to have interfered with their happiness, for the "child-wife" became a remarkably accomplished and well educated woman, attached, too, to her husband's pursuits, and the union, commenced so early, lasted well-nigh threescore pleasant and peaceful years. In September Evelyn returned to England, after an absence of four years, "leaving my wife, yet very young, under the care of an excellent lady and prudent mother; visited Wotton, and then proceeded to Hampton Court, where I had the honour of kissing his majesty's hand, and gave him an account of several things I had in charge, he being now in the power of those execrable villains who not long after murdered him." We think Evelyn's marriage must have been kept strictly private, for we can scarcely imagine Sir Richard Browne's son-in-law to have been allowed access to the king, although young Mr. Evelyn, as the mere country gentleman, might have been. He now settled at Sayes Court, near Deptford,—an estate belonging to his father-in-law, and which he subsequently bought,—and endeavoured to beguile his loneliness by going to see "the rare miniatures of Peter Oliver, and then the curious flowers in Mr. Barill's garden," together with the "celebrated follies of Bartholomew Fair." Truly, here was variety enough. These amusements were, however, sometimes varied by scenes of a sterner character: thus, "I got privately into the council of the rebel army at Whitehall, and heard horrid villanies;" and, soon after, "heard the rebel Peters incite the rebel powers, and saw that arch traitor Bradshaw." We smile when we find that almost the next entry is, "I went through a course of chemistry at Sayes Court." And yet, at this very time, the king was on his trial, and sentence about to be pronounced; for the entry dates only eight days before his execution. In Evelyn's next entry he alludes to this, and remarks that it struck him with such horror, that—what would the reader think?—"I kept the day of his martyrdom a fast, and would not be present at that execrable wickedness." Truly, worthy John Evelyn was a patriot after a very philosophical manner. Soon after we find him visiting two or three collections of pictures, and receiving visits from Captain John Evelyn, the great traveller, and "Dr. Joliffe, the discoverer of the lymphatic vessels." So, notwithstanding the proceedings of "the New Court of Injustice," his time passed pleasantly. In June he revisited Paris, when he had the honour to kiss his majesty's hand at St. Germain's, going thither in Lord Wilmot's coach, "with Mrs. Barlow, the king's mistress, and mother of the Duke of Monmouth,

a brown, beautiful, bold, but insipid creature." How strangely must Evelyn have felt in such society; we wonder if any misgiving arose in his mind as to the possibility of the "Lord's Anointed" being anything more than a profligate young man.

After a pleasant sojourn in Paris, where he recreated himself in picture galleries and stately gardens, one of which, the president Maison's, he remarks, occupied the site of "a whole village, which he pulled down to make his pleasure about it," he returned to London, after a twelvemonth's absence, and "having a mind to see what was doing among the rebels, then in full possession of Whitehall, I went thither, and found one at exercise in the chapel, after their way, thence to St. James's, where another was preaching in the court abroad." Even their enemies themselves being witnesses, little enough could be charged against these rebels. Returning to France soon after, Evelyn was edified with the sight of a "dromedary, a very monstrous beast," and Friar Nicholas' laboratory, with his goodly collection of drugs and simples; he was also introduced to some alchemists, but, although like all the philosophers of that age, believing that the great secret might eventually be discovered, he found these to be "egregious cheats." In February, 1652, Evelyn returned to England, just in time to see "the magnificent funeral of that arch-rebel Ireton, carried in pomp from Somerset House to Westminster." His description of the procession is interesting, as proving that there was no desire on the part of the Government to strip *secular* observances of their picturesque and time-hallowed forms; but that heralds, and banners, and solemn music, and soldiers trailing their pikes, and attendants bearing the helmet, and spurs, and the good sword which the hero should never wield again, were all there, just as in the olden times. And there, chief-mourner in very deed, was "General Cromwell;" but who could fathom the deep sorrow, the anxious questionings of that mind, as the son-in-law, but yet more, the brother-in-arms and in counsel, was so mysteriously borne to his grave, while so much still remained to be done? "The rebels," however, notwithstanding the death of Ireton, seemed to have it all to themselves; so "there being now little appearance of any change for the better," Evelyn determined "to endure a settled life in England;" so he compounded for Sayes Court, and "having addresses and cyphers to correspond with his Majesty and ministers abroad," sent for his wife. In the interval, sight-seeing, as usual, occupied our worthy diarist's spare hours. He saw two men-of-war launched at Deptford, and heard the loud welcomes given to Cromwell; then he went to a supper at Lady Gerrard's, where all the vessels were of porcelain, "she having the richest

collection of that curiosity in England;" he heard that excellent man Archbishop Usher preach at Lincoln's Inn, and also inspected the manufactory of camlets in Moorfields; but most important of all is the entry of the 20th May: "I went to give orders about a coach to be made against my wife's coming, being my first coach, the pattern whereof I brought out of Paris." Would that this pattern had been as carefully preserved as the diary, that we might have seen the lumbering, leather covered, Noah's-ark-looking vehicle, with its silk curtains instead of glasses, and clumsy wheels, but carved and gilt, and the huge boot, and literal "box" on which the coachman sat, and which was indeed a tool-box, containing every implement needful to put in repair the ponderous machine, when it jolted over into some rut in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden or May Fair, or left a wheel behind in one of the many quagmires between London and Wotton. And yet, a splendid sight was the old lumbering coach, with its six dappled Flanders mares (the reader will probably remember, that in the old gilt story-books, virtue always is rewarded with "a coach and six,"), and its broad panels glowing with the gold and bright colours of the armorial bearings, and its lining of the richest damasks, and curtains of the brightest silk. And fair were the faces that often peeped out from behind those curtains; and very fair was the young wife for whom this coach was provided. It must have been a pleasant sight the first time John Evelyn, Esq., of Sayes Court, went "to take the air" in it. Mary, almost as new to England as if she had been born at Paris, looking out with that bright intelligent eye at every thing around her, and that rosy mouth, half opening with a sweet smile, and those abundant ringlets of fair hair half shading her graceful shoulders, just as she looks in her portrait here.

And so John Evelyn settled down a family man at Sayes Court in the summer of 1652, and here his eldest son was soon after born, and Lady Brown, his mother-in-law, died. Work of all kinds he soon found just as formerly. There was the oval garden to be made, and as the grounds included 100 acres, there was ample space both for that, and the labyrinth, and the orchard, which he carefully notes was "planted at the new moon, the wind west." There were also many learned men with whom he corresponded: Jeremy Taylor was among them, and many pleasant letters passed between the gifted author of the "Golden Grove" and him; Dr. Walton, too, who consulted him respecting the Polyglott Bible, which he afterwards published, and Dr. Wilkins, albeit brother-in-law to the Protector. And then many visitors flocked to Sayes Court, especially when, after a few years, the grounds began to put forth their beauty, but many to enjoy

Evelyn's society, as when Jeremy Taylor, and Dr. Wilkins, and "the ingenious Mr. Robert Boyle dined there," and "I presented Dr. Wilkins with my rare burning-glass." He also became an author, publishing, in 1655, an English version of the first book of *Lucretius*, for which Mrs. Evelyn designed the frontispiece, which was engraved by Hollar. The work, however, awakened but little attention; and Evelyn, smarting under the new irritation of unsuccessful authorship, lays the blame—as is not uncommon in later days—on the printer, and the person who rather officiously offered to see it through the press. He, however, soon after solaces himself with a journey, and then with visiting Tradescant's Museum at Lambeth, and two live rattle-snakes at Dr. Joliffe's, and Sir Edmund Bowyer's "melancholy seat at Camberwell, where there is a handsome row of tall elms, and a pretty grove of oaks." How curious this seems to us. Camberwell, now joined to London by an uninterrupted line of houses, then, a melancholy, lonesome place. And thus, too, he records his visit to Hackney, then only to be reached through long intervening fields, and where Lady Brook had one of the most celebrated gardens in England, and Mr. Tomb's grounds were adorned with statues and a vineyard.

The beginning of the year 1658 was sadly marked by Evelyn's first domestic sorrow; the death of his son Richard, "five years and three days only, but at that tender age a prodigy for wit and understanding; for beauty of body a very angel; for endowment of mind, of incredible and rare hopes." His attainments appear to have been marvellous; and the exceeding sweetness of his disposition and early piety seemed to have proved that his life would not be long. The account given by his father, far too long to extract here, narrates most beautifully how the little child gradually sank into death, the words, "Sweet Jesus, save me, deliver me, pardon my sins, let thy angels receive me," on his dying lips. Indeed, "so early knowledge, so much piety and perfection! God having dressed up a saint fit for himself, would not longer permit him with us, unworthy of the fruits of this incomparable hopeful blossom. Such a child I never saw; for such a child I bless God, in whose bosom he is. May I and mine become as this little child, who now follows the child Jesus, that Lamb of God, in white robe, whithersoever he goeth! Even so, Lord Jesus! Thou gavest him to us, Thou hast taken him from us, blessed be the name of the Lord. That I had anything acceptable to Thee, was from Thy grace alone, seeing from me he had nothing but sin, but that, Thou hast pardoned, blessed be my God for ever!" "Here ends the joy of my life," mourns the heart-broken, but resigned father; and long was it, doubtless, before the memory of that

deep sorrow came to be looked upon with the calmness that "lenient time," eventually brings.

Meanwhile, clouds were gathering in the political world, and on the 3rd of September died "that arch-rebel Oliver Cromwell;" but the Royalists seem to have quietly acquiesced in the accession of Richard Cromwell, and not until the April following, do we find any indication of disturbance. Then comes the entry, "All anarchy and confusion, the Lord have mercy upon ns!" Evelyn however tries to beguile his sad thoughts, by "communicating to Mr. Robert Boyle, my proposal for erecting a philosophic and mathematic college;" he also goes to see the foundations now laying for a long street and buildings in Hatton Garden, lately an ample garden." At length the happy time arrived when "the King should enjoy his own again," and strange, indeed, is it to find so excellent a man as Evelyn exulting on the day of that disgraceful restoration, that "such an interposition of Providence was never known since the return of the Jews from the Babylonish captivity!" So, after standing in the Strand to see the long procession, poor Evelyn goes home, blessing the mighty Hand that had thus "turned the captivity of Zion," all unconscious, we doubt not, of the scene so *naïvely* described by Samuel Pepys, of the drunken carouses around the bonfires, and "the ladies, how they did tipple!" Evelyn, however, had certainly some private reasons for rejoicing; his father-in-law now returned to England, after an absence of nineteen years, and many other old friends also returned from their exile. He "went to the king," he tells us, "with the Sussex address, and his Majesty was pleased to own me more particularly, calling me his old acquaintance." Charles was perfectly *au fait* in this part of the art of kingcraft, as many a devoted cavalier too soon found to his sorrow. Still, each succeeding day brought some new gratification to loyal and guileless John Evelyn. He saw his Majesty go in royal state to the city banquet; and then he saw him touch for the evil! then the Thirty-nine Articles were read in his parish church; and then he witnessed an ordination of bishops! And nothing could exceed the courtesy of Charles towards his devoted admirer: he led pretty Mrs. Evelyn himself into the queen-mother's presence, and then into his closet, "where, with his own hands, he showed her divers curiosities." He also promised her the office of lady of the jewels to the future queen, and received most graciously a miniature copy of "the Madonna of Raphael, which she had wrought with extraordinary care and judgment."

The rapid deterioration of manners about the court, could not, however, be unnoticed by so worthy a man; and we now find frequent notes on the excessive gambling that prevailed, and hints of

the insolent forwardness of "these cattle," the king's mistresses, together with forebodings of approaching judgments. Meanwhile the blameless pursuits of gardening and scientific inquiry occupied our diarist's leisure, and he notes his waiting upon Prince Rupert "to our assembly," now the Royal Society, to see Mr. Boyle's air-pump, when a man thrust in his arm, and the air being exhausted, the veins were swelled almost to bursting. Soon after, he was appointed one of the commissioners for improving the streets of London, and, among other things "ordered the paving of the Haymarket, which was a quagmire." He also notes the royal gift of the silver-gilt mace to the Royal Society, with much satisfaction. The following year, his "Sylva, or a Discourse on Forest Trees," was published, and presented to the king. But sorrow during this time had repeatedly visited Sayes Court, in the loss of his infant children; and now the youngest was taken, "it being suspected that the nurse had overlaid him, and we are again reduced to one,—but the Lord's will be done!" Evelyn soon after was appointed to an office which, although onerous, was well fitted for so kind and conscientious a man—that of commissioner for the sick and wounded in the war which was now being carried on against the Dutch. And now followed the fearful plague of London; and solemn are the entries in the diary, "died this week 4000;" "died this week 5000;" while, on the 7th of September, he writes, "near 10,000 poor creatures weekly! I came all along the city and suburbs, from Kent-street to St. James's, dismal passage, to see so many coffins exposed in the streets, now thin of people; the shops shut up, and all in mournful silence, not knowing whose turn might be next." The plague had spread to Deptford, so Evelyn sent his family to "dear Wotton," and from thence, in the midst of these dangers, while at evening prayer, he received the pleasant news of the birth of an eldest daughter, "in the same chamber I first took breath in, forty-five years ago."

The next year brought the fire of London, and of all the descriptions by contemporaries at that fearful visitation, Evelyn's is certainly the best. We wish we had space to give the details in full length. It is curious to notice the entry just before, how the commissioners for "repairing" St. Paul's, and Evelyn, and "Mr. Wren" were of opinion that if the steeple could be removed, "we had a mind to build it with a noble cupola, a form of church building not as yet known in England, but of wonderful grace." This was on the 27th of August, and but just a week after, that awful fire made way, not for the cupola, but for that noble dome which gives its characteristic feature to the distant view of modern London. "2nd Sept.—This fatal night, about

ten—began the deplorable fire," is the first entry; and then the next day, "the whole city was in dreadful flames, from the Bridge to the Three Cranes." The third day Evelyn went "and saw the whole city in a blaze, and the fire taking hold of St. Paul's, to which the scaffolds intended for the repairs contributed." Evelyn, with every other contemporary, remarks on the strange apathy of the whole population. We have no doubt that gross misgovernment since the Restoration greatly contributed to this; but we think the chief reason to be assigned was, the depression consequent on the plague. Such an epidemic is always followed by great lassitude and weakness; and mental debility, we know, is frequently the successor of physical. From Evelyn we find that this season the plague had broken out again, and thus, even among the greatly reduced inhabitants, there could have been few vigorous enough, in mind and body, to meet with due energy so crushing a calamity. And still the fire raged on among the narrow streets, and lofty wooden houses of picturesque old London; and one after another the noble Gothic halls, the beautiful Gothic churches, the glorious chancel and lady chapel of old St. Paul's, sank in masses of smoking ruins: "God grant my eyes may never again behold the like, who now saw above 10,000 houses all in one flame! All the sky was of a fiery aspect, and the light seen forty miles round for many nights. The noise, and cracking, and thunder of the impetuous flames, the shrieking of women and children, the hurry of people, the fall of towers, houses, and churches, was like a hideous storm; and the air all around so hot and inflamed, that at last one was not able to approach it, so that they were forced to stand still, and let the flames burn on, which they did, for near two miles in length and breadth." So Evelyn sadly left the burning ruins, solemnly meditating on the text, that "here we have no continuing city." At length, when the flames menaced Westminster, orders were given, which four days earlier might have saved the greater part of London, to blow up some intervening houses, and thus their progress was stayed. The subsequent entries, where Evelyn relates how the Thames was covered with boats laden with household furniture, how the multitudes, almost shelterless in Moorfields, sat with the wrecks of their little property around them, and how the scattered groups, even up to Highgate, wandered bewailing their destitution, afford a most graphic picture of this sad calamity, and illustrate the kindly feeling of the good man, who while he returned grateful thanks for "my little Zoar, wherein I and mine were safe," felt so deeply, and exerted himself so anxiously, for the many sufferers around him.

The subsequent entries in Evelyn's diary show, how great was

his disappointment at the result of the "glorious Restoration." "The Dutch fleet lying triumphantly within the very mouth of the Thames," could not but awaken his indignation; while the increasing profligacy of the court, and the delight in fierce and cruel sports—for bull-baiting, and even horse-baiting, he tells us, were now in fashion—disgusted him with the world, and he but seldom visited Whitehall. He was there, however, when "his majesty" tasted the first pine ever brought to England, and also when he, curiously enough, presented him with a pamphlet he had written against the Roman Catholic faith, and which the king gravely received with abundance of thanks! But Evelyn had still plenty of work at home. His son was to be sent to Oxford, his younger brother to be watched over in his last illness, and then, among lesser matters, "that incomparable young man, Grinling Gibbons," whom he had discovered in deep poverty, was to be relieved, and patronized, and, better still, watched over in a most fatherly manner, until he took his place among the very first carvers of wood. And thus age gradually stole on; his three daughters were growing up, his son well married, his gardens at Sayes Court were the admiration of every stranger; so on the 30th of October, "I went to London, to be private on my birthday, I having arrived at my sixtieth year, that I might make a more solemn survey of my whole life." And with great piety and humility does this excellent man enter on the "sabbatical decade" of his life, imploring grace so to number his days, that "I may apply my heart unto wisdom." Meanwhile, although Evelyn still occasionally visited the court, and his notices of the various public characters he saw there, are often curious, it is evident he looked forward to the future with apprehension. His love of sights still continued, and he notes especially a rhinoceros, the first ever seen in England, and which was sold for above £2000! On the last Sunday in January, 1685, Evelyn was at Whitehall, and when we remember that ere the week passed, "the merry monarch" had gone to his account, there is somewhat awfully solemn in the account he gives us. "I never can forget the inexpressible luxury and profuse gaming, and all dissoluteness, and, as it were, total forgetfulness of God, that Sunday evening I was witness of—the king sitting and toying with his concubines Portsmouth, Cleveland, Mazarine, &c., a French boy singing love songs in that glorious gallery, while about twenty of the great courtiers were at Basset round a large table, a bank of at least £2000 in gold before them—six days after, all was dust!"

The accession of James, although Evelyn remarks "the whole face of the court was changed to a more moral behaviour," greatly

distressed him; nor was it surprising, when scarcely a month passed ere he saw the new pulpit set up in the popish oratory at Whitehall, for the Lent preachings. But a greater sorrow was at hand. His eldest daughter, Mary, remarkable equally for her beauty, her accomplishments, and her many excellences, now in her nineteenth year, was seized with small-pox, and died on the 14th of March. Beautiful is the character the bereaved father gives of her, and beautiful the resignation he displays under this, the greatest of his trials. He tells us how highly accomplished she was, how excellent a musician, how well read, and yet "condescending to the meanest servant in the family, whom she would read to, examine, instruct, and pray with, if sick." How "among equals and superiors she no sooner became intimately acquainted, but she would endeavour to improve them, by insinuating something religious," and how she calmly took leave of her broken-hearted parents, and went to a better world. "O dear, sweet, desirable child, how shall I part with all this goodness and virtue, without the bitterness of sorrow! Let God be glorified by our submission, and give us grace to bless him for all the graces he implanted in thee, thy virtuous life, thy pious and holy death, which is indeed the comfort of our souls, hastening through the infinite love and mercy of the Lord Jesus, to be shortly with thee, dear child!"

From this time, the entries in Evelyn's diary, although frequently curious and valuable for reference, present but little of general interest. Although he could not regret the expulsion of James, the accession of the Prince of Orange could scarcely be grateful to the Royalists of almost fifty years' service; but he seems to have acquiesced, and to have acknowledged the sovereign *de facto*. It was indeed of little consequence to the old man of seventy; but although politics had but little interest, Evelyn was as delighted as ever to hear of any new scientific discovery, and to converse with his old "Royal Society" friends. In 1692 he sustained a severe loss in the death of Boyle, who for so many years had been his associate, and although doubtless flattered by the request that he should succeed him as President of the Royal Society, the aged man refused the honour. Having married his only surviving daughter to a very excellent young man, and his son and family having gone to reside in Ireland, Evelyn, in 1694, came to the determination to give up Sayes Court, after forty years' residence, to his son-in-law, and retire to his aged brother at Wotton. He, however, came up to London for the winter, and notes the progress of the works at St. Paul's, "the choir being finished as to the stone work," and again returned to Wotton. A letter from Evelyn to Dr. Bohun, in 1697, gives

a pleasant account of him and his wife, and how they passed their time, ending, "And so you have the history of an old man, and his no young companion, whose society I have enjoyed more these three years here, than in almost fifty before; but I am now every day trussing up to be gone, I trust, to a better place." Nine years were, however, to elapse ere the aged man went to his rest; and during this period he lost his last surviving son, while the death of his brother, made him, in his eightieth year, owner of Wotton. His last days, however, were cheered by the dutiful attention of his grandson and heir, by the gentle cares of his surviving daughter and her children, and the companionship of the wife of his youth. At length his last birth-day, his eighty-fifth, came. "Lord teach me so to number my days to come, that I may apply them to wisdom," is the solemn entry. On New year's-day, having settled his money accounts, "though much indisposed, and in so advanced a stage, I went to our chapel (in London), to give God public thanks, beseeching Almighty God to assist me and my family the ensuing year, if He should yet continue my pilgrimage here, and bring me at last to a better life with Him in His heavenly kingdom." This is the last entry, save one noting the increase of his indisposition, and then, after a few memoranda of sermons heard on the 3rd of February, the busy pen of the diarist was laid aside for ever. But a short sickness awaited him, for on the 27th of February, John Evelyn was gathered to his fathers, and to those dear children who had gone before him to that heavenly kingdom; while within little more than two years, Mary Evelyn also departed to her rest.

III.

THE GOSPEL AMONG THE KARENS.

Twice has the sword of war been borne by the English army against the Burman empire, and twice has the great Pagoda of Rangoon, at once the military and priestly stronghold of Burman tyranny, been captured by English valour, after a short but severe struggle. Whatever be the political merits of these petty wars, there can be no doubt that each has had a most material bearing on the religious history of the country. The first handed over

to the East India Company two of the sea-coast provinces, and secured in them for the future that uninterrupted course of christian instruction which is rapidly renovating their entire character. Then first the Karens, as a nation, became known to the christian church, and the earliest converts were gathered from among their tribes. The second war relieved them from the fierce oppression of their Buddhist rulers in the third of those provinces, and secured to them that liberty of worship which had been long and inexorably refused. Of late years, a lively interest has been felt in this remarkable people by numerous Christians, both in Europe and America: and anxiety has frequently been expressed, to secure full and correct information respecting their character and history. That information, though by no means scanty, has been scattered through a long series of periodicals connected with the American mission, and was very difficult of access. Recently, Mrs. Macleod Wylie, of Calcutta, has prepared for English readers a clear and complete outline of their history: and the publication of a second, and much improved edition of her most interesting work,* furnishes us with a fitting opportunity for pointing attention to the principal features of the Karen mission, the strange character of the people, and the rapid advance which the gospel has made among them during the last few years.

The Karens form the aboriginal portion of the races that occupy the thinly populated provinces of Burmah. The Talaings came upon them from the north, the Shans from the south, and oppressed and plundered them without mercy; till the proud Burmans rolled over the land the iron wheel of conquest, and crushed them altogether. The Shans fell back into Siam; the Talaings, for sympathizing with the English in the first war, were bitterly punished by their Burman rulers, and have become almost extinct. The Karens and Burmese are thus left the principal occupants of the empire; and in the three southern provinces, now governed by the English, the Karens are the most numerous, and most valuable element in the population. Like all oppressed tribes, they were driven from the open plains of Burmah, along the fertile banks of the Irrawaddy and the Sitang, into the dense forests which clothe the hills, and among the spurs of the lofty mountain range that separates Burmah from Siam. They are a rude and simple people, very docile and very intelligent; retaining, in spite of oppression, the traditions of their fathers, and an unconquerable desire for liberty. They are short in stature, have square, fat features; and, like all the races of the Malay Peninsula, have long and

* The Gospel in Burmah. By Mrs. Macleod Wylie. Second Thousand. London: W. H. Dalton, Bookseller to the Queen, 28, Cockspur Street.

narrow almond eyes, which link them in origin with the Tartars and Chinese. In dress they have a singular fondness for checks and tartans; with bright red and yellow handkerchiefs for turbans; and amongst their little luxuries in food, a taste for potted shrimps ranks high. The two tribes of Karens, the Pwos and Sgaus, which inhabit the maritime provinces, are comparatively civilized; but away in the eastern hills that overtop the plains which are watered by the river Sitang, unconquered to the last, are the Bghais and Red Karens, who are wild and savage in the extreme. These Bghais are divided into two classes, the Bghais who wear kilts, and those who wear trews; it being left, we presume, to the gospel to produce a third class, who, like the christianized highlanders, have the common sense to wear both. The independent Bghais are extremely lawless and revengeful; and the whole tribe, in all its branches, is excessively filthy and degraded. Amongst these savage people, however, the gospel has already won amazing triumphs, and their defects are disappearing rapidly.

The religion of the Karens forms one of the most singular features of their character and history. While civilized nations have fallen into all forms of gross idolatry; while philosophers, falsely so called, have invented and discovered all sorts of anti-christian systems; these simple tribes have preserved among themselves, for hundreds of years, the knowledge of one God, and have honoured Him above all, without images, as their One Supreme Lord. They have handed down, from generation to generation, the most singular traditions concerning the creation, the fall of the first human pair, the deluge, and the dispersion of the human race. They have described to their children how, for the sins of their fathers, God took away His sacred book from among them, and left them to fall into ignorance and suffering; and how, in His good time, He would bring among them white teachers from the West, who should restore the book again. Whence these singular traditions came, none have been able to discover; but that they existed, that they prepared the minds of the people in the most wonderful manner to receive the gospel, and that the gospel has been accepted with avidity, are facts which lie beyond dispute. Practically, to these native elements in their religious knowledge, the Karens added a great fear of *Nats*, the spirits of the dead; and, like the devil-worshippers of Southern India, they have constantly presented to them worship and offerings.

The gospel was first introduced among the Karens by the American missionaries in Burmah just thirty years ago. In the town of Maulmain there belonged to the little Burman church, then taught by Dr. Judson, a Burman noble, named Myat Kyau, who had held the appointment of Revenue collector under the former govern-

ment. He had passed through a strange religious history. Dissatisfied with Buddhism, he had tried hard to discover the true religion. He had examined the claims of Hindu asceticism and idolatry; weighed the traditions and worship of Mussulman mosques; and tried the image worship of a Roman Catholic Church; but he found all wanting. When, at length, by "accident" he heard Dr. Judson preaching Christ to the thirsty, as the well of everlasting water, his heart leaped in response, and said, "This is what I need." He at once received the Gospel with his whole heart, and entered on a course of Christian consistency and usefulness, which ceased only with his life. His former duties had made him acquainted with the Karens, and after becoming a Christian he advised Dr. Wade and Dr. Judson to found a mission among them; asserting that they were a people far more prepared to receive the gospel than the proud, self-righteous Burmans. After some importunity on his part, Dr. Wade agreed to visit them; and with Myat Kyau as his interpreter, set out for the Karen village of Dongyan, about twenty miles of Maulmain. The interview was one of deep interest on both sides, and involved the most momentous consequences. Observing that one of their visitors was indeed a white man and a teacher, the Karens referring to their traditions, instantly asked Dr. Wade, "Have you brought us the Book of God?" and made known to him for the first time the strange expectation of their nation, that men of his race would bring them the Divine message, which should restore them from ignorance and degradation. Taking out his English Bible, Dr. Wade replied, that he had indeed brought it, and that his most anxious wish was that they should read it to their profit. They expressed the most earnest desire to receive it in their own tongue, and begged Dr. Wade to come and settle among them as their teacher. Rarely has any missionary, on a first visit, been received in any part of the heathen world with the hearty confidence and cordiality at once accorded to Dr. Wade by the Karens of Dongyan. On his return to Maulmain he felt that a mighty work had opened before him. The Karen language was unwritten: it differs from the Burman; and Dr. Wade, therefore, steadily set himself to write it down. Months and years were spent in the important task, and by modifying the Burman alphabet in the powers of its vowels, and in the shape of its consonants, so as to include new but kindred letters in Karen, Dr. Wade, after immense labour, succeeded in devising a satisfactory medium for recording the Karen language. The experiment was watched with intense interest by the people whom it concerned; and when they found it was successful a thrill of delight shot through their hearts: and the con-

viction was felt with thankfulness and wonder that they were again a people. Till that day not one book existed in their tongue; but missionary labour has added to similar achievements in other lands, a suitable alphabet for the Karen, and in the translation of the Bible, the compilation of the dictionary, and of the national legends, has begun a series of literary works of the greatest importance to the instruction of that long-crushed race.

The first convert to the gospel among the tribes was a slave, who had been sold to his Burman creditor for debt. Redeemed by Dr. Judson, he had been employed as a servant in the mission family, and brought within the influence of christian truth. Energetic and fiery, he was by no means a favourite among his neighbours; but the gospel completely changed his nature, and at length, by the unanimous judgment of the Burman Christians, Ko-thah-byu was accepted as a member of their church. Mr. Boardman was at the time leaving Maulmain for Tavoy, to commence a new branch of the mission; and Ko-thah-byu accompanied him, destined, in God's good providence, to be the means of winning many souls among his ignorant countrymen in that region.

Nearly two hundred miles south of Maulmain, in one of the many gulfs which fringe the shores of the blue Bay of Bengal, thirty miles from the mouth of the river, stands the town of Tavoy. The city is large, and contains a population of ten thousand persons, scattered in the massive timber houses so abundant in the provinces of Burmah. It is peculiarly devoted to Buddhism, and contains two hundred priests, and more than a thousand pagodas, of which four, like the pagodas of Rangoon, are buildings of immense size. Built in a solid mass, on a lofty platform, their massive domes two hundred feet high, tapering elegantly to a flagstaff at the top, gilded and enameled to the summit, these vast pagodas are objects of great beauty, and are conspicuous for immense distances among the leafy jungle by which they are surrounded. They are surrounded by numerous idol-houses, full of colossal Buddhs; and on the platform at the side are placed huge brass bells, with figures of demons, and tall posts, from which hang the praying streamers, whose movements in the passing breeze set free the souls in purgatory. Hither would gather, on the days of festival, crowds both of men and women, dressed in their gay tartan silks, to pay such worship as their system teaches to those who help them in the course of merit which ends in total annihilation. Far east of the town lies the mighty chain of mountains which form the backbone of the peninsula; nearer the shore a lower range runs parallel to the greater chain, which throws

off numerous spurs both inland and towards the coast. Numerous streams drain the slender valleys, enclosed among these hills and ridges, and rush in wild cascades and rapids through the deep dells, whose steep rocky sides are crowned to the summit with leafy jungle. These massive chains of mountains, stretching for hundreds of miles along the Burmese provinces, are clothed with dense vegetation. Upon the higher ranges grow rich forests of teak, with their broad, umbrageous leaves. The lower slopes are clad with a thick growth of brush and jungle, amongst which loftier trees are frequently conspicuous. There may be seen the oil-tree, the camphor-yielding blumia, and the sugar-palm; forests of tall bamboos, often of giant size, with their soft foliage of richest green; while thick masses of tangled creepers completely hide the huge forest trees, and ornament their decayed trunks with myriads of white and crimson flowers. From these lofty heights the eye looks far away over a brilliant sea, studded with a thousand granite islands, mantled with living green, against whose rugged sides the restless surf scatters its silver foam.

It was not amongst the proud self-sufficient Burmans of the town and province that Mr. Boardman's usefulness was manifested. His work lay, and his words were accepted, among the rude tribes of Karens that were scattered or hidden among the numerous hills and fastnesses of the interior. He and Ko-thah-byu soon discovered their peculiar views, and turned them to account for the gospel. And just when Dr. Wade and Myat Kyau were working at Dongyan, Mr. Boardman and his assistant were finding an entrance among the Karens of Tavoy. In one of their visits to the country they discovered a village, where an old Psalter was worshipped under the belief that it was the long-desired Book of God. Its real character, however, being explained, both priest and people gave up their idol, to worship in spirit and in truth the God of whom it spake. Mr. Boardman was soon called home. A noble missionary, spiritual, earnest, thoroughly consecrated to his work, he suffered early from pulmonary disease, which his constant labours, "in season and out of season," tended to increase. He saw the mission begun; he saw the doors of usefulness opening wide; one after another some twenty Karens were brought into the Church: at length, in one of the mountain villages, thirty-four were baptized in one day, and the next day he was "gathered to his fathers." Dr. Mason, however, took up the work and consolidated it; Mrs. Boardman and Mrs. Mason giving great attention to the maintenance of good female schools. In all their labours Ko-thah-byu took a large share. His zeal never seemed to tire: day by day he went forth, wandering among the inner villages of the province, preaching to the many, talking with the few; never so happy

as when telling his people of the Book of God, and of the great salvation which it reveals. Distrusting himself, he sought that his message should be accompanied with power from on high, und gave himself in a remarkable degree to prayer. To that work and to the study of the Divine Word, he gave up every hour not employed in explaining that Word to others. During the later years of his life he regularly prayed three times in the course of the night, and frequently spent the entire night in prayer. His usefulness was marvellous. At times, after his visits to the hills, from ten to forty inquirers would constantly come and stay at the mission, in order to be instructed in the gospel. Thoroughly earnest himself, he was the means of rousing earnestness in others, and his influence as a christian teacher spread far and wide throughout that region. He lived a Christian but twelve years; and though originally an untaught slave, he was the means of converting hundreds of souls and leading them to the Cross of Christ. His very zeal hastened his death. Constant exposure in the forests and jungles of Pegu induced severe attacks of rheumatism; and on his removal to the pestilential climate of Arracan his health immediately gave way. No mound marks his grave, no storied urn his resting-place, but the eternal mountains are his monument, and the christian villages that clothe their sides are an epitaph never silent in his praise.

Several of the Karen converts displayed a spirit similar to his own. On one occasion the chief of a hill tribe came to Mrs. Mason to beg a visit to his people. "We have heard of Christianity, and it seems to us something wonderful; we don't understand it, but it seems the thing we want. Come to our jungle-homes, and preach to us on our streams. Many will believe; my wife, daughters, brothers, nephews, will all become Christians as soon as we understand." Five years passed before even the chief was baptized; but then he became one of the most active Christians in the Tavoy. Through his influence numbers of his relations and his neighbours were led to embrace the gospel. Describing a visit to his brother, he told Mrs. Mason how he had travelled a whole day on the shoulders of his willing grandson, that he might talk to him of the wonders of divine grace. "I can't die," said he, "till I see my brothers converted." Twelve years were spent in faithful labours like these, many of those who sowed the good seed being gathered, one after another, to their rest. But the soil was well tilled, the seed was sown far and wide; a larger proportion than usual fell into good ground, and soon the fields began to appear white unto the harvest. Five hundred members had been gathered into numerous churches; native agents in large numbers were helping the missionaries in their work of love,

and a new mission had been commenced at Mergui, a hundred miles further south, on the banks of the Tenasserim, which had received two hundred members more.

Till 1852 the province of Pegu remained under the Burmese Government; but the missionaries at various times visited its cities, and even endeavoured to secure a permanent residence in Rangoon. While so much was being attempted for the Karens on the Tenasserim coast, it was natural that some efforts should be put forth for their brethren in Pegu. A branch of the Rangoon mission was commenced among them as early as 1833, by Mr. Bennett, along the Karen Brook, at Maubee. Ko-thah-byu was his able assistant, and soon was seen among this strange race at Maubee, the excitement, the inquiry, the faith, the joy, which had cheered the missionaries at Maulmain and Tavoy. Such was the power of Ko-thah-byu's stirring exhortations, that the whole country was roused. Crowds flocked to the mission-house, anxious to hear about the religion of Jesus, and begging for the establishment of schools. Hundreds were soon found observing the Sabbath, praying in families, reading tracts, instructing each other as well as they could, and striving to practice the precepts of the Saviour. The missionaries were overwhelmed with work, and earnestly besought aid from the churches in America; the more fully they inquired, the more widely they found their sphere of labour among the Karens opening before them. But the pride of Buddhism could not suffer unchecked the mighty progress of the gospel, and in 1835 a bitter persecution was raised against the Christians. Several of the Burman converts in Rangoon were imprisoned, and the Karen churches at Maubee were almost broken up. Ko-thah-byu and his friends, however, though scattered abroad, went everywhere preaching the Word, and thousands of Karens, unvisited before, were brought within its influence. Among the creeks of Bassein, and in the thick jungle that covers the eastern slopes of the lofty hills of Arracan, small christian communities began to spring up; while the persecution raged more and more fiercely, and threatened to clasp all within its fiery embrace.

At this time the Providence of God interfered in a most signal manner on their behalf. At Ava, under the teaching of Mr. Kincaid, a young Burman noble had recently become a Christian; his relations were greatly displeased, and his sister, who was a maid of honour to the Queen of Burmah, in order to separate him from his teacher, procured for him, by the queen's influence, the appointment of Governor of Bassein. He left Ava with a sad heart, afraid lest, absent from his instructor, he should fall into temptation, and decline from the way of truth. But

though his spirit was overwhelmed with him, the Lord knew his path. He had only been Governor three days, when the officials brought before his tribunal some poor villagers, whom they accused of worshipping a strange God. He inquired whom they honoured, and where they had learned about him. "We worship Jesus, whose story is written in the white book," was their reply; and greatly to their own astonishment, and that of the officials, they were dismissed with words of commendation and kindness. It was soon observed that the new Governor himself studied a book like theirs; and that he kept holy one day in seven: and then the truth flashed upon all, both persecutors and oppressed, that he was himself a Christian. For two years he ruled the province with justice and with wisdom, and gave to the poor down-trodden Karens a protection and peace which they had not enjoyed for long, long years. During his brief and benevolent rule, the Bassein churches were so blessed and enlarged as to reckon within their fold two thousand baptized converts.

On his departure, the presecution was renewed, and was continued without intermission in the other districts of Pegu and Ava. So steady was the ill will of the Burman Court and all its underlings, that, in 1840, the whole of the missionaries felt compelled to quit the native provinces, and retire into the districts of Burmah under English rule. Mr. Kincaid left Ava for Arracan, and Mr. Abbott took up his residence at Sandoway. The churches suffered dire distress. In 1842 a royal order was issued, that their religion should be exterminated; and the rage of their enemies burst forth with unmitigated fury. The pastors were seized, and again and again were subjected to stripes, imprisonment, and fines. In their homes and churches whole families were seized and beaten; while mothers, separated from their children, were driven like sheep to prison, until their friends could satisfy the rapacity of the harpies who ruled the Burman courts. Even in their dire peril, however, these faithful converts glorified their Master by the fearlessness and consistency of their conduct. Finding that Mr. Abbott was living on the English side of their mountain range, hundreds of families resolved to emigrate, and in spite of the vigilance of Burman spies, who watched the passes, vast numbers succeeded in making good their escape. They were received with a hearty welcome, and obtained great sympathy from Major Phayre, the commissioner of Arracan, who has ever been a friend to the Karens. He supplied them immediately with food, lent them money, endeavoured to settle them down in the province, and gave them twelve months to repay their loans without interest. So great was the blessing poured upon the

province, and upon the labours of Mr. Abbott and his native assistants, that within five years three thousand converts were baptized in Arracan alone. But while prosperous in its converts, the mission suffered greatly in the loss of its agents; and owing to the deadly climate, in which jungle fever extensively prevails, Mr. Abbott and many other most useful missionaries, both male and female, were cut off within a few years.

Ten years passed away before the great crisis of the Karen missions arrived. They were years of steady satisfactory progress at all the various stations. In Arracan, around Maulmain, in the districts of Tavoy and Mergui, the churches were established in the faith, and increased in numbers daily. Even in Bassein and Pegu, though persecuted still, the truth was great, and continued to make many converts. In all the missions native teachers and pastors occupied a more prominent position than before, and became the most active means of spreading the gospel in jungle depths, and in the lofty hill ranges which missionaries could scarcely visit. Many of these pastors were men of great intelligence, as well as sound religious character. In all the Southern province, they zealously studied, taught, and laboured, till they had visited nearly every village and hamlet in which Karens could be found; and under their faithful preaching and earnest prayers, marked revivals took place in the piety of their congregations. In all the settlements, too, great improvement was made in the habits of the people. Their villages were built in order and with care; and the straight streets, the pretty gardens, the plots of vegetables, the orchards and nurseries, and the well-tilled rice fields, bore testimony to a settled life and patient industry on the part of a people who had heretofore been most rude and wild. Large tracts of country were reclaimed from the jungles, in which roamed wild elephants and beasts of prey. The decent worship, the neat dress of the congregations, the union prevalent in the "associated" churches, and the orderly rule maintained in a church government which fell so largely on the people themselves, proved that these signs of peace and prosperity were not merely the result of outward influence, but sprang from powerful inward principle. The following admirable rules, adopted for their mutual guidance by the Tavoy churches, furnish a singular illustration of the completeness with which they sought to christianize all the principles both of their outer and their inner life, and to remove from their midst the elements of heathenism which had oppressed them for so many generations. Numerous Christians in this country have not learned to act upon them yet.

RULES FOR THE TAVOY CHURCHES.

"1. We will avoid that superstitious forsaking of property [such as quitting a house because a person has died in it, and a thousand things of that kind,] which was practised by our ancestors, but is contrary to the Scriptures.

"2. We will avoid all vain oaths, particularly such as refer to the name of God.

"3. We will avoid all attempts to frighten our children into obedience, by telling them what is not true, (as that some fearful thing will happen to them, a tiger will bite them, and the like); also, we will endeavour to avoid all kinds of DECEPTION, and lying words.

"4. We will avoid all kinds of vain and foolish songs, such as the heathen use to excite their passions.

"5. We will avoid all kinds of personal contests, as wrestling, betting, and the like.

"6. We will avoid all charms and amulets, and all those supposed medicines which the heathens regard as securities against superstitious ills; tattooing, and so on.

"Avoiding all these, we will endeavour strictly to obey the commandments and doctrines of the Holy Scriptures. And every custom or practice which we find contrary to the Holy Scriptures, whatever it may be, we will be contrary unto it, and carefully avoid it. Whatever cannot be found in the Holy Scriptures shall not be reduced to practice."

In the Burman province of Pegu, the hatred felt against the gospel was undiminished, and the converts were unable, as in the English districts, to manifest all the fruits of their faith. Still that faith was active, their numbers continued to increase, and the very patience with which they submitted to their trials served to increase in the heathen around them a respect for the religion which could produce such noble results. Many hundreds emigrated to Maulmain and Arracan; thousands more remained. Occasionally a native pastor, and after some time a missionary, would pay the oppressed people a secret visit; and at length three of the missionaries, Mr. Kincaid, Mr. Vinton, and Mr. Dawson, took up their residence in Rangoon. Matters soon came to a crisis between the English and Burmese Governments, and all dislike to the English was visited with fearful punishment upon the poor Karens. The darkest hour in their history arrived. Ruinous taxes were laid on them; their worship was forbidden; their chapels were destroyed; hundreds were fined and imprisoned. They were subject to the most cruel extortion, and at length, after fearful tortures, one of their pastors, Thagua, was crucified. Bands of robbers ravaged the country, plundering and murdering the defenceless villagers; and at length, goaded almost to mad-

ness, the despised and oppressed Karens, though disarmed at the commencement of the war, took up what weapons they could find and resolutely stood on their defence. To Him also did they turn, who is the refuge of the poor; and loud were their cries, intercessions, and entreaties, that the English might conquer the Burmans and set the country free. That cry was not offered up in vain. By the annexation of Pegu, the Burman rule was brought to an end, and henceforth, in full freedom to worship God, they sat under their own vine and fig tree, none daring to make them afraid. On the day that the English regiments attacked the Great Pagoda, the fortress of Rangoon, three Karen Christians were hovering about the town, a deputation from the churches of the interior, anxious to find the missionaries, and secure the benefit of an immediate visit. On the restoration of peace, the missionaries most gladly returned to their injured flocks. In Bassein, Mr. Abbott was received with unbounded thankfulness and joy. For several weeks hundreds flocked to see him, and hear the gospel from his lips. Christian and heathen alike looked on the English as their deliverers; and hundreds of the latter placed themselves at once under instruction. One old man expressed in strong terms the joy that was felt by all. "Oh! how I honour the Queen of England! I could worship her."

From the annexation of Pegu, the cause of the gospel among the Karens took a new start in its race of usefulness. That event directly affected the oppressed churches of the province itself; and indirectly affected all the churches in the neighbouring English provinces. A new distribution of missionary strength was required, and several new stations of the greatest importance were occupied for the first time. Mr. Beecher and Mr. Van Metar took up Bassein; Mr. Vinton, Mr. Ingalls, and others went to Rangoon; Mr. Kincaid and Mr. Simon advanced up the Irrawaddy, to Prome; Mr. Harris occupied Shwaygyeen; and Dr. Mason left Tavoy for Toungoo. Special demands were made upon the native churches for suitable assistants, who were cheerfully and promptly supplied. The great field seemed to enlarge visibly before all eyes, and the past expansion of the mission led all to rejoice in the prospect of conquering new territory from the kingdom of Satan for the Son of God. The churches had been growing in principle, in knowledge, in settled experience; and had benefited and been consolidated by lessons of fearful suffering. Some were in advance of others; but we find all from that period making an important advance in carrying out two principles by which all prosperous churches must be guided:—all have contributed more freely to maintain the ordinances of the gospel among themselves; and all have supplied both men and means to

a larger degree than before, to carry on missionary work among their heathen countrymen.

In illustration of these facts, it may be mentioned, that in 1857 the churches in Bassein, containing six thousand members, and a christian population of twenty thousand souls, contributed out of their dire poverty no less than six hundred pounds to the cause of the Gospel. They also organized a special mission to the Karens of Ava, and ordained several native missionaries, both from Ava and Toungoo. Other churches have adopted the same plan, and during the last five years a very large extension has taken place in the missionary field cultivated among the Karen tribes.

The most interesting of these new fields is the mission at Toungoo. The establishment and growth of this mission are perhaps as extraordinary as anything that has been effected in the whole range of modern missions. When Mr. Boardman went up into the mountains, to baptize his thirty-four converts, and thence was borne back to the sea-shore of Tavoy to die, he little thought that, amongst the few Karen Christians who surrounded his dying bed, there were two men appointed by the Spirit of God to accomplish mighty deeds in the establishment of His kingdom among the Karen tribes. One of these was Ko-thah-byu, "the Karen Apostle," of whose labours in Tavoy and Pegu we have already spoken; the other was Sau Quala, the Apostle of Toungoo. Quala was born in Tavoy, in the days of Burman tyranny; but his father, who had an intense longing after the freedom of his people, and looked forward to it as if in immediate prospect, gave to the boy the name of Quala, or "Hope." The family was one of the first to recognize and rejoice in the English Government, when the province was ceded to them in 1826. Quala was one of the earliest scholars placed under missionary instruction, and from the time of his conversion was regarded as a lad of peculiar promise. He was placed under the direct instruction of Dr. Judson, and then of Dr. Mason, in the hope that he might be fitted for a sphere of usefulness. The highest hopes cherished respecting him have been more than fulfilled. Appointed teacher of a Karen church among the mountains, he so extended his influence as to become the superintending pastor of a large circle of churches, and the most zealous missionary in an immense district. He continually assisted Dr. Mason in compiling the Karen dictionary, gathering together the Karen legends which constitute the sole standard of the language, in translating the Karen Bible, and preparing the first elements of a Christian literature. For more than twenty years he laboured faithfully, increasing in usefulness, growing in character, and acquiring fresh esteem, year by year. With

the full approval of the missionaries of the province, and to the satisfaction of the native churches, he was at length ordained. Just before the annexation of Pegu, a Karen, named Dumoo, who had long been searching for the true religion, and had tried various schemes of salvation suggested to him, found his way to Tavoy and became a Christian. Dumoo often talked to Quala about their fathers, and with great earnestnes, besought him to leave the southern provinces, that they might return to the original seats of their ancestors, far north of the Salween. This appeal woke in the breast of Quala an enthusiasm akin to his own. After the annexation, Dr. Mason resolved to establish a mission in Toungoo: but having commenced the station, was compelled, from failing health, to leave it for America. Quala desired to take up the work thus laid aside, but the Churches were loth to part with a pastor so beloved. When the whole case, however, was fully laid before them, they saw the hand of God in it, appreciated the case of the vast heathen regions still unblest, and cheerfully sent him forth with earnest prayers for his success. The two friends set out together. Dumoo began to work at Shwaygyeen, Quala went forward to Toungoo. There he commenced a career of amazing usefulness, which continues to this hour. He preached everywhere in the town and neighbourhood with singular power, sustaining the instruction of his life by remarkable sobriety, kindliness, and consistency of life. The Karens recognized him as one of themselves, saw in him the powers of the truth he preached, and were attracted to him in crowds. In the first year of the Toungoo mission he baptized seven hundred converts: at the end of two years their number was two thousand. In his "embarrasment of riches" he summoned some friends to his aid; and with their co-operation formed the converts into churches, appointed over them pastors, and sought in every way to secure the faithful administration of ordinances among them. When Dr. Mason returned to Toungoo, he was amazed at the sight presented in the numerous churches in the hills and vales which he had quitted three years before without a single Christian; and he testifies that no bishops or other ecclesiastical authorities from Europe or America could have arranged the affairs of the new churches more prudently, more wisely, or with greater success, than Quala and his coadjutors had done. Leaving Dr. Mason to consolidate the work in Toungoo and its neighbourhood, and to train up in normal schools young men and women who should become preachers and teachers, both to Christian and heathen, Quala has continued his beloved missionary work among the Bghais of the Toungoo district, and even among the Red Karens, an independent tribe beyond the English border, more wild and uncivilized

than any previously taught. Thousands of souls have been given him, as seals of the apostolic ministry, which he has so faithfully fulfilled. The churches almost entirely support their own pastors, and a large number of apt scholars have come forward to consecrate their lives to the great work of saving souls.

A similar blessing has followed like labours in the central parts of Pegu. It was only after the annexations of the province that Mr. Vinton and others were able to reorganize the scattered churches in the neighbourhood of Rangoon; but when the distinguished missionary was called away to his rest, in 1857, he was pastor-bishop of forty-two churches; and saw the whole country opening more widely to the Gospel every day. The districts so long watered by tears of suffering, have received an eminent blessing from on high. From Cape Negrais, along all the creeks and branches of the Irrawaddy up to Prome; from the mountain ranges of Arracan to those in the distant east above Toungoo, in all parts of the country, the Karens are crying out for the Gospel, and little churches have been established as centres of light and beauty amid heathen darkness. The word of the Lord has had free course and been abundantly glorified. He has let the oppressed go free, and has broken every yoke. Where tyranny and oppression enslaved the Karen nation, He has burst the bars asunder; and where the delusions of Satan wrapped them in thickest darkness, even in the shadow of death, He has poured into their souls the splendour of his "great light."

The imperfect enumerations yet made of the successes of this wonderful Karen mission, reckon the number of church members at the present time at fifteen or sixteen thousand; and the native Christians of all ages, brought under regular instruction at more than a hundred thousand. When we remember that the first convert was baptized only thirty years ago; that seven years ago there was not a single Christian at Toungoo, now so full of converts, we stand amazed at the marvellous progress of this valuable mission, and exclaim with joy, "What hath God wrought?"

The causes of this grand success it is by no means difficult to fathom. It is true that the mission has been blessed with labourers endowed with singular devotion, and engaged in the most simple and Scriptural plans. Brief as our sketch is, it would be wanting in justice to these distinguished servants of Christ, if it made no reference to the spirituality, the strong faith, the unreserved self-sacrifice of the Boardmans, the Masons, the Abbotts, the Vintons, and many other zealous missionaries, male and female, American and native, whose services the mission has enjoyed; some of whom have long since "entered into rest," while others are labouring in honour and usefulness to the present day. But it

is not in the labourers that we find the grounds of success, nor in their simple plans. Many of their own brethren have laboured in the same way, by their side, among the Burmans, and have not been similarly blessed. The Burman converts and churches are not for a moment to be compared with the Karen in number and extent. During the same years a large number of missionaries have preached the same gospel, in the vernacular tongue, in the cities of Upper India, and have made scarcely any converts at all. The difference between these cases lies not with the men, nor in the plans, but in the fields of labour. The pride and self-sufficiency of the Buddhist Burman produce in him a stony heart, very inimical to the gospel. The Hindu, with his ancient books, his Brahmin priesthood, his pantheistic system, his powerful caste prejudices, is fenced off from the gospel by barriers stronger than any which Christianity has fought with in any country of the world. But the Karens, with their simple faith, their knowledge of the true God, their strange traditions, their longing after the "White Book," crushed by long years of suffering, are a people eminently "prepared of the Lord." They have been literally "waiting for His law," they have no prejudices against it, it is their heart's desire; and they have accepted it at once, as the great object which they and their fathers have sought with groanings which cannot be uttered. Who can wonder that they have been a people willing in the day of his power; or that they have flocked to His altar in number like the dewdrops from the womb of morning. To them the gospel is no enemy, that fights against all the habits, predilections, customs, and religious faith of early life. It is their best friend, long desired, superior to their highest expectations, confirming and fulfilling all their knowledge, all their highest hopes. May a larger blessing yet be poured on them from above; may the millions yet in ignorance be speedily brought to know the truth; and may the brightness of the morning, which has dawned upon this oppressed nation, be soon lost in the meridian splendour of perfect day!

IV.

THE HIGHLAND ROUTE.

In Edinburgh summer has set in with its usual severity. Although the air is still and hot above the houses, every now and then the breath of the east wind comes startling you through the warm sunshine, like a sarcasm felt through a strain of flattery, and passes on, detested of every organism. But with these exceptions, the atmosphere is so close, and laden with a burden of heat, that a thunderstorm would be almost welcomed as a relief. Edinburgh, on her crags held high up towards the sun—too distant the sea, to send its cool breezes to hot streets and squares—is, at this moment, a rather uncomfortable dwelling-place. Beautiful as ever of course,—for nothing can be finer than the ridge of the Old Town, darkly etched on hot summer azure,—but decidedly breathless and suffocating. Great volumes of white smoke surge out of the railway-station, great puffs of choking dust issue from the houses and shops that are being gutted in Princes Street. The Castle Rock is grey, the trees are of a dingy olive. Languid "swells," arm-in-arm, promenade uneasily the heated pavement. Water-carts dispense everywhere their treasures, and the only human being really to be envied in the city is the small boy who, with trowsers tucked up, and unheeding of maternal vengeance, marches coolly in the fringe of the ambulating shower-bath. Oh for one hour of heavy rain! Then after would the heavens wear a clear and tender, instead of a dim and sultry hue. Then would the Castle Rock brighten in colour, and the trees and grassy slopes doff their dingy olives for the emeralds of April. Then would the streets cool and the dust be allayed. Then would the belts of city verdure, refreshed, pour forth their gratitude in balmy smells, and the Fife low lying across the Forth would break from its hot neutral tint in the greens, purples, and yellows, that of right belong to it. But rain won't come; and for weeks, perhaps, there will be nothing but hot sun above, and stony streets beneath; and for the respiration of poor human lungs an atmosphere of heated dust, tempered with east wind.

Moreover, one is tired and jaded. The whole man, body and soul, like sweet bells jangled, is out of tune and harsh, fagged with work, eaten up of impatience, and haunted with visions of vacation. One "babbles o' green fields" like a very Falstaff, and the poor tired ears of us hum with sea-music, like a couple of sea-shells whose memories are more than ordinarily acute. At last it comes, the 1st of August, and then—like an arrow from a bow, like a bird from its cage, like a lover to his mistress—we are off, and before the wild scarlets of the sunset die on the loud Northern Sea, we are in the utter silence of the hills, those eternal sun-dials that tell the hours of the shepherd, and in our nostrils is the smell of peat ruck, and in our throats the flavour of usquebaugh, administered as a remedy against fatigue of jour-

neying. Then come long floating summer days, so silent the wilderness that one can hear one's heart beat; then come long silent nights, the waves heard upon the shore, although *that* is a mile away, in which one snatches the "fearful joy" of a ghost story told by shepherd or fisher, who believes in it as in his own existence. Then one beholds the sunset, not through the smoked glass of towns, but gloriously, through the clearness of enkindled air; then he beholds sunrise, which, to the dweller in a city, provided he shapes his conduct by the usual proprieties, is almost the rarest of this world's sights.

Mr. De Quincey has, not without reason, declared that dinner—dinner about seven in the evening, for which one dresses, which creeps slowly on with multitudinous courses and *entrées*, which so far from being a gross satisfaction of appetite, is a feast, noble, graceful, adorned with the presence and the smile of beauty, and which, from the very stateliness of its progress, gives opportunities for conversation and sportive encounter of polished minds; the opinion has been stated that this solemnity of dinner, ending the day richly as sunset ends it—saves over-wrought London from insanity. This opinion, we believe, to be no humorous exaggeration, but a very truth; and what dinner is to the day, the Highlands are to the year. Away in the North then, amid its green or its stony silences, jaded hand and brain find repose; repose, the depth and intensity of which the idler can never know. In that blessed idleness you become in a strange way acquainted with yourself, for in the world you are too constantly occupied with other persons and things to spend much time in your own company. You live abroad all day, as it were, and only come home to sleep. Besides, this self-knowledge does not pay; it produces no fees. Away in the North you have nothing else to do, and cannot quite help yourself; and conscience, who has kept open a watchful eye, although her mouth has been sealed these many months, gets disagreeably communicative, and tells her mind pretty clearly about certain little shabby selfishnesses, and unmanly violences of temper, which you had quietly consigned to the waste basket of forgetfulness. You flourish like a flower in the summer air; the hurried pulse beats a wholesome measure, evil dreams roll off your slumber, indigestion dies. During your month's vacation you *bank* a fund of surplus health, and draw upon it during the eleven months that succeed. I confess I like to take every thing quietly and in moderation. It is better to read one good book leisurely, lingering over the finer passages, returning frequently on a delightful sentence, shutting the volume now and then, to run down in your own mind a new thought suggested by its perusal, than to rush in a swift perfunctory manner through half a library. Whatever may be the qualities of the viands, it is better to sit down to dinner in a moderate tone of mind, to please the palate as well as satisfy the appetite, to educe the sweet juices of meats by sufficient mastication, to make your glass of port "a linked sweetness long drawn out," than to bolt everything like a leathern-faced Yankee, for whom the cars are waiting, and who fears that

before he has had his money's worth, he will be summoned off by the clangour of the railway-bell. And shall one who wishes to extract from the world as much innocent enjoyment as his nature will allow him, be fool enough to use the Highlands in another manner than he would his dinner, or the "Idylls of the King"? At least not I. Therefore I shall never take the railway from Stirling to Callender, so long as the old coach-road, so dear to me, is open. I do not wish to be whirled through a magnificent country in the mail, with mountain and lake spinning past almost before they are seen, and all the while goaded to the verge of insanity, by the chatter of tweed-clad tourists* tinged with Cockneyism in its most aggravated form.

The Highlands can be enjoyed in the utmost simplicity, and the best preparations are—money to a moderate extent in one's pocket, a knapsack, containing a spare shirt and a tooth-brush, and a courage that does not fear to breast the steep of the hill, and to encounter the pitiless pelting of a Highland shower. No man knows a country until he has walked through it; he then tastes the sweets and the bitters of it. He beholds the grand and important points of it, and all the subtler and concealed beauties which lie out of the common track. Then, O reader, in the most glorious of the months, the very crown and summit of the fruitful year, hanging in equal poise between summer and autumn, leave London, or Edinburgh, or whatever city in which your lot may be cast, and accompany me on my journeyings. Our course will lead us by ancient battle-fields, by the castles of ancient chiefs, standing in hearing of the restless surge, by the bases of mighty mountains, along the wanderings of hollow glens, and may-

* A friend of the writer's had once to travel on the Highland mail in company with a bevy of Cockneys. One of the number was singularly talkative, and imparted to his companions in the freest manner what information, relative to the sights along the route he was in possession of. Passing a turf-hut he eagerly pointed it out as a *sheiling*. At the word a dozen eye-glasses were immediately leveled on the unfortunate turf-hut, almost frightening it from its propriety. "A sheiling! ah," ejaculated one vinous individual, after a prolonged stare; "and pray, sir, what is a *sheltie?*" "A sheltie," returned the Cockney Solon, after a moment's hesitation; "a sheltie is a building of a similar kind, only much more commodious. In a sheltie in Lochaber (one of the largest, though), I have known as many as thirty people being put up." "Ah," exclaimed the vinous individual, in that satisfied tone which the possession of truth never fails to impart. The Lochaber sheltie was evidently a greater wonder than the horse of Troy.—The present writer was once, early in the season, residing at the inn at Aberfoil. On that particular night he was the only guest, and held, by way of killing a dull hour, some conversation with mine host in the porch. A large sheaf of *pokers*, of a singularly worn aspect, attracted his attention thereon. On inquiring their use, he was informed that when "those glowering Englishers come down in autumn speiring about everything, he tauld them he had a great curiosity in the house, which he was loth to part wi', except for a consideration, being neither mair nor less than the poker with which Bailie Nicol Jarvie attacked the English sodgers. For a poker, sir, I hae gotten five-and-twenty shillings on occasion. I have just, see, gotten in my stock of auld pokers from Glasgow for the season."

hap, if the weather holds, and your company prove agreeable, we may see the keen ridge of Blaavin and the Coolin Hills; listen to a legend old as Ossian, while sitting on the broken stair of the castle of Duntulme, beaten for centuries by the salt foam flake and the wind; and in the pauses of ghostly talk in the long autumn nights, when rain is on the hills we may hear—more wonderful than any legend, carrying one away to misty regions and half forgotten times—the music that ever haunted the ears of the Berserkers of old, the thunder of the Northern Sea.

Stirling is Edinburgh's sister, more wrinkled in feature, more old-fashioned in attire, and not nearly so well-to-do in the world. She smacks more of the antique time, and wears the ornaments given her by old Scottish kings—sadly broken and worn now, and not calculated to bring much if brought to the hammer—more ostentatiously in the public eye than does Edinburgh. Perhaps, on the whole, her stock of these sandstone gewgaws is the more numerous. There is, in some respects, a striking resemblance between the two cities. Between them, they in a manner monopolize Scottish history: kings dwelt in both, in both may yet be seen the traces of battle. Both have castles towering proudly to heaven from the crests of up-piled rocks; both towns are hilly, rising terrace on terrace. The country about Stirling is interesting, not only on account of its historical associations, but also for its natural beauty. Many battles were fought in the seeing of the Stirling Castle towers. Standing upon the ramparts, right away some three miles before your face, beyond the church half destroyed by the Pretender, when he passed that way, across the blue smoke of the steep St. Ninian's, that paradise of nail-makers, Bannockburn, and the famous "bore-stone,"

> "Whose granite hand
> Held up the exulting banner of the Bruce,
> Which all that proud day laughed with glorious scorn
> Upon its baffled foes;"

from this spot, looking back, the finest view of Stirling is to be obtained. The Ochells all around you; yonder sleeps the Abbey craig, where, on a summer day, wight Wallace sat; to be ornamented by a freestone lion or a refreshment room; the patriotic Scottish nation having not yet decided by which erection they will honour their "ill-requited chief." As you look you see the houses climbing up, picturesque, smoke-wreathed, and the wonderful outline of the Castle Rock, seeming to mingle the strength of the everlasting hills with the lily's grace, and on which the castle sits proudly as ever did rose upon its stem. Shooting forward as a falcon might, we are once more on the ramparts; beneath stretches a great plain, bounded on both sides by mountains, and straight before you the vast fertility dies into distance, flat as the ocean when winds are asleep. It is through this plain that the Forth draws its glittering coils, a silvery dance of loops and links, a watery labyrinth, which M'Neil has sung in no

ignoble numbers, and which every summer the whole world comes to see. Turn round, look in the opposite direction, and the aspect of the country has completely changed. It undulates like a rolling sea, heights swell up into the blackness of pines, then sink away into valleys of fertile green. At your feet the Bridge of Allan sleeps in its azure smoke, the most fashionable of all the Scottish spas, and where by hundreds of invalids the last new novel is being diligently perused. Beyond the classic woods of Keir, and ten miles further what see you? A wild fringe of purple mountains climbing the heavens. The heart leaps up to greet them, the proud ramparts of a land of romance, from the mouth of whose glens broke of old the foray of the freebooter, and with a chief in front, with banner and pibroch in the wind, the terror of the Highland war; Stirling, like a huge cairn-gorm brooch, clasps Highlands and Lowlands together.

It is from Stirling we mean to start on our summer journey, and we purpose to perform it on foot. There is a railway now to Cullander, to the great saving of time and destruction of enjoyment; said railway we respectfully decline to patronize, meaning to abide by the old coach road. In a short time, we are beyond Bridge of Allan, beyond the woods of Keir, and holding straight on to Dunblane. Reaching it, we we pause for a little on the old bridge, to look at the artificial waterfall, and the ruined cathedral on the rising ground across the stream. There is really not much to detain one in this grey little town; and pressing on, in a short time we reach Donne, basking on the hill side. Possibly the reader may never have heard of Donne, yet it has its lions. What are these, does the reader suppose? Look at the great black tower of the ruined castle. There, on a summer's morning long ago, in the seeing almost of proud Stirling towers, where King James sat drinking his blood-red wine, with rage and shame boiling in the fierce heart of him, did a great Duke of Albany lay his head on the block. Fell rage and shame in the wild heart, a swift shear of the glittering axe, and ——. As you go up the steep town road, there is a well close to the wall.—Look into it steadily; you observe a shadow strikes on a sandy bottom, a twinkle of a fin. It is a trout—a *blind* one; it has dwelt, the people will tell you, in that watery cage for ten years past. It is considered a most respectable inhabitant, rather a feather in the town's cap; and the urchin daring to angle for it would hardly escape whipping. Let us leave Donne now. A Duke of Albany lost his head in its castle, a blind trout lives in its well, and the greater proportion of its visitors are more interested in the trout than in the duke. The country in the immediate vicinity of Donne is rather bare and unpromising; but as you proceed it improves, trees increase in number, and a few miles on the road, skirts the Teith, the sweetest-voiced of all the Scottish streams. The river, like all beautiful things, is coquettish; and just when you come to love the music of her murmur, she sweeps away into the darkness of the woods, and leaves you companionless on the dusty road. Never mind, you will meet her again at Callander; and for a summer day, you may lean over

the bridge there, listening to her low sweet singing, and watching how the amber pebbles on which she makes her bed, kindle into burnished gold when a sunbeam cools itself in her heart. Callender is one of the prettiest of the highland villages. It is sunset as we approach. Beautiful is the long straggling street of whitewashed houses, drooped in medley colours. Prettily dressed children are walking or running about. The empty coach stands at the door of the hotel, and the smoking horses are being led up and down. And right before you, stands king Ben Ledi, clothed in imperial purple, the spokes of splendour from the sinking sun raying far away into heaven, from behind his mighty shoulders.

Callander sits like a watcher at the opening of the glens, and is a great rendezvous for tourists. To the right is the Pass of Leny, which is well worthy of a visit. You ascend a steep path, birch woods on the right and left; a fierce stream comes brawling down, "cataract on cataract," sleeping for a moment in black pools loved by anglers, and then hasting on in foam and fury to meet her sister in the Vale of Menteath below. When you have climbed the pass, you enter on a green treeless waste, and soon sight Loch Lubnaig, with the great shadow of the hill blackening across it. Possibly a cheerful loch enough with the sun shining upon it, but the sun in that melancholy region we have never seen. It is not, however, our intention to visit the loch of the rueful countenance on the present occasion. Our course lies round the left flank of Ben Ledi, straight on for the Trosachs and Loch Katrine. As, leaving Callander, you cross by a rude wooden bridge the waters of Leny—changed now from the Fury that, with raised voice and streaming hair, we saw and heard in the glen above—you are now in the country made immortal by the "Lady of the Lake." Every step we take is in the footsteps of Apollo, and speech at once becomes song. There is Corlautogh Ford,—yonder is Loch Venachar, glittering away in windy sunshine, like frosted silver, to the bounding hills. Passing the lake, you come to a place where the hill side drops sheer down upon the road. On that hill side Vich Alpine's warriors started up from the waving ferns at the whistle of their chief; and if you travelled on the coach, the driver would, at this point, recite to you half the poem, with endless variations, and would point you out the identical rock against which Fitz-James leaned.

> "Come one, come all! this rock shall fly
> From its firm base as soon as I."

The rock on which a dozen eye-glasses are at once levelled with wonder and admiration. The loveliest sight on the route from Callander to the Trosachs is about to present itself. There is a turn of the road, and Loch Achray is before you. Beyond all expression beautiful is that smiling lake, mirroring all the hills, whether bare and green, or plumaged with woods from base to crest. Fair, azure gem, in a setting of mountains! The traveller—even if a bagman—cannot but pause, cannot but drink-in thy fairy beauty,—cannot but remember

thee, when far away amid quite other scenes and associations. At every step the scenery grows wilder. Loch Achray disappears. High in upper air, tower the summits of Benann and Benvenue. You pass through the gorge of the Trosachs, whose rocky walls, born in earthquake and fiery deluges, the fanciful summer has been dressing these thousand years, clothing their feet with drooping ferns and rods of foxglove bells, blackening their breasts with pines, pluming their pinnacles with airy birches that dance in the breeze like plumage on a warrior's helm. The wind here becomes a musician. Echo sits babbling beneath the rock. The Gorge, too, is but the prelude to a finer charm; for lo! yon, before you are aware, doubling her beauty with surprise, breaks on the right the silver sheet of Loch Katrine, with a dozen woody islets sleeping peacefully on their shadows.

On the loch the steamer *Rob Roy* waits you, and away you steam toward a wharf, and an inn with an unpronounceable name, at the farther end. The lake does not increase in beauty as we proceed. All its charms are congregated at the Trosachs' mouth, and the upper end is bare, desolate, and somewhat uninteresting. However, we soon reach the wharf, and after our natural rage at a toll of *twopence* exacted from us on landing has subsided, aided perhaps by a snack of something at the inn, we start on the wild mountain road to Inversneyd. The aspect of the country has now changed. The hills around are bare and sterile, brown streams gurgling down their fissures; the long yellow ribbon of road runs away before you, dipping out of sight sometimes, and re-appearing afar; you pass a turf hut, and your nostrils are regaled with a waft of peat reek that sets you coughing; and the juvenile natives you behold, eye you askance, and wear the airiest form of the national attire. In fact, there is not a finer bit of highland road anywhere than that which runs between the unnameable inn—which might be made immortal, if it could but be spelt—and the hotel at Inversneyd. When you have travelled along it some three miles, the scenery improves vastly; the hills rise into nobler forms, and a brawling torrent becomes your companion as you pursue your journey. Presently, a ruin rises on the hill side, the nettles growing on its melancholy walls. It is the old fort of Inversneyd, built in King William's time, to awe the turbulent clans. Nothing can be more desolate than its aspect. Sunshine seems to mock it; it is native, and endued into its element when wrapt in mists or pelted by the wintry rain. One who passed it on a cheerless day has addressed it—

"Like clouds, or streams, we wandered on at will,
Three glorious days, till near our journey's end,
As down the Moreland road we straight did wend,
To Wordsworth's 'Inversneyd,' talking to kill
The cold and cheerless drizzle in the air,
'Bove me I saw, as pointing at my friend,
An old fort—like a ghost upon the hill—
Stare in black misery through the blinding rain;
So human-like it seemed in its despair,—
So stunned with grief. Long gazed at it, we twain,

Weary and damp, we reached our poor abode
I, warmly seated in the chimney nook,
Still saw that old fort on the Moreland road,
Stare through the rain, with strange woe-wildered look."

Passing the old mendicant in stone and lime, on the bleak hill side,—by the way, tradition mumbles something about General Wolfe having been stationed there at the beginning of his military career—we descend on Loch Lomond, and the hotel. The road has become another Pass of Leny, for the hills approach, and the torrent roars down in a perfect chain of cataracts, and, in a spirit of bravado, takes its proudest leap at the last, and dashes into the lake breathless as a blown steed. Quite close to the fall is the hotel; and on the frail timber bridge that overhangs it, you can see groups of picturesque hunters,—the ladies timid, the gentlemen valiant and reassuring. Inversneyd is very beautiful, and it possesses an added charm as being the subject of one of Wordsworth's poems; and doubtless he who has stood on the crazy timber bridge, and watched the flash and thunder of the stream beneath, and who has gazed around him on the queen of Scottish lakes surrounded by her mountains, will ever after hold the place in remembrance, although there has not been vouchsafed to him the vision of the "Highland Girl."

"Now, thanks to Heaven! that of its grace
Hath led me to this lonely place.
Joy have I had: and, going hence,
I bear away my recompense.
In sports like these it is we prize
Our memory—feel that she hath eyes.
Then why should I be loth to stir?
I feel this place was made for her:
To give new pleasure, like the past,
Continued long as life shall last.
Nor am I loth, though pleased at heart,
Sweet Highland girl! from thee to part:
For I, methinks, till I grow old,
As fair before me shall behold
As I do now, the cabin small,
The lake, the bog, the waterfall;
And thee, the Spirit of them all."

A steamer picks you up at Inversneyd, and slides down Loch Lomond with you to Tarbet, a village sleeping in very presence of the mighty Ben, whose forehead is almost always bound up in a cloudy handkerchief. Although the Loch is finer higher up, when it narrows towards Glen Felloch,—more magnificent lower down, when it widens, many-isled, towards Balloch—it is by no means to be despised at Tarbet. Every bay and promontory wears its own peculiar charm, and if its beauty does not astonish, it satisfies. Tarbet can boast, too, of an excellent inn, in which, if the traveller is wise, he will, for one night at least, comfortably take his ease.

Up betimes next morning, we are on the beautiful road that runs between Tarbet and Arrochar, and begin, through the clearing mist,

to make acquaintance with the "Cobbler," and some other peaks of that rolling country which Celtic facetiousness has denominated "the Duke of Argyle's bowling-green." Escaping from the birches that line the road, and dipping down on Arrochar and Loch Long, we can leisurely inspect the proportions of the mountain Crispin. He is evidently a grewsome carl, and inhospitable to strangers. He does not wish to be intruded upon;—is a very hermit, for when, after great expenditure of breath, an unfortunate mortal climbs up to him, anxious to be introduced, behold he has slipped his cable, and is nowhere to be seen. And it does not improve the temper of the climber, that, when down again, and casting up his eyes, he discovers the rocky figure sitting in his accustomed place. The cobbler's wife sits a little way off, an ancient dame, to the full as withered in appearance, and as difficult of access, as her spouse. They dwell in tolerable amity, these twain, but when they do quarrel, it is something tremendous! The whole country knows when a tiff is in progress. The sky darkens above them; the cobbler frowns black as midnight, his wife sits sulking in the mist. This aggravates the cobbler, who is naturally of quick temper, and he gives vent to a discontented growl. Nothing loth, and to the full as irascible as himself, his wife spits back fire upon him. The row begins; they flash at one another in the savagest manner, scolding all the while in the grandest Billingsgate. Everything listens to them for fifty miles round. At last the wife gives in, and falls to downright weeping, the old fellow sending a shot into her at intervals. She cries, and he grumbles into the night. Peace seems to be restored, somehow, when everybody is asleep, for next morning the cobbler has renewed his youth. He shines in the sun like a very bridegroom, not a frown upon the old countenance of him; and his wife opposite, the tears hardly dried upon her face yet, smiles upon him through her finest head-dress of mist, and for the next six weeks they enjoy as blue unclouded weather as any husband and wife can expect, in a world where everything is imperfect. We leave the little village of Arrochar round the head of Loch Long, and proceeding along the opposite shore, and skirting the face of the cobbler, we strike for the opening of Glencro on our way to Invernay. If Glencoe did not exist, this would be a famous glen. It is several miles long, and is, to a most satisfactory extent, lonely, sterile, and desolate. A stream rages down the hollow, fed by many a tributary burn dashing down from the receding mountain tops. The hill sides are rough with boulders, as a sea rock with limpets. As you go along, monstrous cloud shadows cross your path; you hear the bleating of unseen sheep, and the chances are, that in travelling the entire extent of it, opportunities will not be granted you to bid good-morrow to a single soul. At the head of the glen, the road becomes exceedingly steep, and as the pedestrian pants up the incline, he hails with no small satisfaction the appearance of a stone seat, appropriately enough designated "Rest, and be thankful." In this the traveller rests and is thankful. It bears an inscription to the effect, that it was erected by General Wade,

while engaged in his great work of road-making, and bears witness to the truth of the popular distich—

> "If you had seen these roads before they were made,
> You'd have lifted your hat and blessed General Wade."

At this point there rises in front the rough breast of a hill and the road divides: the path to the left runs away down into the wild and solitary "Hell's Glen," in haste to reach Loch Goil; the other, to the left, and along which lies our course, leads down through the sterile Glen Arkinglas to St. Catherine's and the shores of Loch Fyne: at which hostelrie we arrive after a lonely walk of a couple of hours.

The only things likely to interest the stranger at St. Catherine's is John Campbell, proprietor of the same, and driver of the coach from his inn to the steamboat wharf in Loch Goil. John has a presentable person, a sagacious countenance, and, when seated on the box, he flips his steeds and manages the ribbons to admiration. He has not started a hundred yards when he finds occasion for a story, which is sure to be greeted with a roar of laughter from those alongside of and behind him. Encouraged by success, John absolutely coruscates, anecdote follows anecdote like the flashes of sheet-lightning on a summer night, and long before he has come to his journey's end he is implored to desist, the convulsed midriffs of his auditors crying out "Hold, enough!" John is naturally a humorist, and the highlands being so overrun every autumn with tourists, he, from St. Catherine's to Loch Goil, surveys mankind with a pretty extensive view. In his time he has talked with most of our famous men; is a capital mimic, and reproduces you the Yankee drawl of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, and the affected lisp of a late Colonial minister, with inimitable effect. It is curious to witness how literary and political greatness pictures itself in the eye of a highland coachman. The lion has his mane clipped, and roars for you like a very nightingale. For him cliques and coteries, and the big guns of the reviews, exist not. He knows the peculiar *patois* of the Scottish towns; he enlarges upon the adventure of the shopkeeper with his wife and children, when they go "salt-watering." His story of the "Paisley Bodies" is inimitable. Two of these, with their spouses, had been picked up by the Inverary steamer, at the "Water Net." The knights of the loom and shuttle, although desirous of enjoyment, naturally gravitated towards the steward's room. One called out to the other, "Come down closer to the steerage, Jeames, and hae a dram, and you, Maggie, *staun where ye are, and caa us up when the scenery begins.*" The power of gallantry could no farther go. Another, relative to the grief of a Highland farmer who had recently lost his wife, is still better. A friend called upon the bereaved man to condole with him. "It must have been a great loss, Duncan, to you, for she was a goot woman." "'Deed it was, a fery great loss, indeed," returned Duncan, wiping a tear from his eye; and then adding, in a tone laden with emotion, "An', let me tell you, Donald, *accompanied too with a fery considerable deal of expense.*" Every one who tarries

at St. Catherine's should get himself driven over to Loch Grol by John Campbell, and should take pains to procure a seat on the box beside him. When he returns to the South he can relate the stories over again, as part and parcel of his experience when sojourning in the

"Land of the mountain and the flood."

The thing has been done before, and doubtless will be again.

A small wash-tub of a steamer conveys you across Loch Fyne to Inverary in an hour. Arriving, you find the capital of the West Highlands a singularly pretty place, with excellent inns, several churches, a prison, a fine bay, a ducal residence, a striking conical hill, Donequoich is the barbarous name of it, wooded to the chin, and an ancient watch-tower perches on its bald crown. The chief seat of the Argyles cannot boast of much architectural beauty, being a square, with pepper-box-looking towers stuck on the corners. The grounds, however, are charming, containing fine timber, winding walks, gardens, and, through all, spanned by several bridges, the winding Airey bubbles sweetly to the sea. Scott is here. If the "Lady of the Lake" rings in your ears in the Trossachs, the "Legend of Montrose" haunts you at Inverary. Every footstep of ground is hallowed by that noble romance. It is the best guide-book for the place. No tourist should leave Inverary before he has ascended Donequoich: no very difficult task either, for a path winds round and round it like a cord. When you emerge from the woods beside the watch-tower on the summit, Inverary, far beneath you, has dwindled to a toy-town,—not a sound in the streets, the steamer roaring at the wharf, urging dilatory passengers to haste by clashes of an angry bell, is perfectly silent. Nets stretched from pole to pole, wave in the dying wind. The great boatless blue Loch stretches away flat as a ball-room floor, and, far beyond the town, the eye wearies in its flight over endless miles of brown moor and mountain. Turn your back upon all this, and gaze toward the north. It is still a "far cry to Loch Orne," and what a wilderness of mountain-peaks tower up between you and that noblest of all the Scottish lakes; of all hues and colours, too; green with pasture, brown with moorland, touched with the coming purple of the heather, black with a thunder-cloud of pines. What a region to see the sun set upon! But for that we cannot wait, for to-day we lunch at Cludich, dine at Dalmaly, and shall sleep to-night in the neighbourhood of Kilchurn, and in the deep shadow of Ben Cruachan.

One of the finest visions of mountains is to be obtained on the ground above Cludich, well worthy of driving out some eight or ten miles from Inverary to behold. Dalmaly is a very paradise of a highland inn,—quiet, sequestered, begirt with the majesty and stillness of mountains,—a place where a world-weary man may soothe back into healthful motion jarred pulse and brain; a delicious nest for a "happy pair" to spend a honeymoon in. Dalmaly stands at the north end of Loch Aive, and is in the immediate vicinity of two of our most distinguished highland lions, viz., Kilchurn castle and Ben Cruachan.

Kilchurn castle is picturesque enough to please the eye of the landscape painter, its bulk is huge enough to impress the visitor with a sense of the baronial grandeur that once lingered in those northern solitudes. And it is ancient enough, and fortunate enough—for age does not always attain to that—to have legends growing upon its walls, thickly as the golden lichen or the darksome ivy. That great shell or ghost of a building is strangely impressive standing there, mirrored in summer waters, with the great mountain looking upon it. It was built, it is said, by a lady in the Crusade time, when her lord was battling with the infidel. One can quite conceive how, in that old pile, human life went on for generations—how children were born and grew up there—how brides were brought home there, the bridal blushes yet upon their cheeks—how old men died there, and by filial finger had their eyes closed as blinds are drawn down in the empty house, and had the withered hands closed decently upon the breast that would heave no more with any passion. The yule fires and feast fires that blazed on the old hearth are gone out now. The arrow of the foeman no longer seeks the window-slit. To day and night, to winter and summer, it stands empty as a skull, yet with no terror, or harshness about it, rather possessed of a composed and decent beauty :—

> "Though still a ruin, 'tis a ruin sunned,
> Where rents and fissures speak of thunder-stroke,
> But thunder long ago. Where pain is not,
> But only in the quiet summer light
> The gentleness of natural decay:"

a sight satisfactory as a good man's grave, with the ripe number of his years, and the catalogue of his virtues chronicled on the stone above him; telling of work faithfully and honestly done, and on the rest that follows, for which all the weary pine.

Ben Cruachan, if not the monarch of the Scottish mountains, is, at all events, one of the princes of the blood. He is one of the few who are privileged to wear a snow-wreath in very audience of the sun at his midsummer levee, and like a prince he wears it on the rough breast of him. Ben Cruachan is seen from afar—a Saul among his brethren; is somewhat difficult to climb, slopes down slowly to the sea-level, his base being twenty miles in circumference, it is said. From Ben Cruachan and Kilchurn, Loch Awe, bedropt with hills, stretches Oban-wards for some twenty miles, presenting in its course every variety of scenery. Now the lake stretches like a sea—now it shrinks to a rapid river; now the banks are wooded like the Trossachs; now they are bare as Wast Water; and consider, as you walk these twenty miles, what freaks light and shade are playing every moment—how monstrous shadows, hundred-armed, sprawl along the mountain-side—how the wet rock sparkles like a diamond and then goes out—how the sunbeam slides along the belt of pines—and how, a slave to the sun, the lake quivers in light around her isles when he is unobscured, and wears his sable colours when a cloud is on his face—the many-miled laughter

dying out at once. In your way to Oban there are many places worth seeing, the names of which years afterwards, if conjured up, will bring back from the abyss of memory and time, scenes whose rocks glisten, whose woods are green, and whose waters are sun-gilt. Loch Etive, loved by Professor Wilson, and whose charms are cultivated in his marvellous prose—Bonawe—Taynult—Connel Ferry, with its unsurpassed sea-peeps, its salt-water cataract, the thunder of which is heard for miles when the tide is full—and Dunstaffnage Castle, the princeliest of all the highlands, once a royal residence, if tradition can be believed. It is a long day's walk from Inverary to Oban, and may be described thus :—

The dark red springy turf was 'neath our feet,
Our walls the blue horizon, and our roof
The boundless sky; a perfect summer-day.
We walked 'mid unaccustomed sights and sounds;
Fair apparitions of the elements
That lived a minute on the air, then passed
To the eternal world of memory.
O'er rude unthrifty wastes we held our way,
Whence never lark rose upward with a song,
Where no flower lit the marsh; the only sights,
The passage of a cloud—a thin blue smoke.
Far on the idle heath—now caught, now lost,
The pink road wavering to the distant sky.
At noon we seated near a mighty hill,
That from our morning hut slept far away
Azure and soft as air. Upon its sides
The shepherds shouted 'neath a noise of dogs;
A stream of sheep came slowly trickling down,
Spread to a pool, then poured itself in haste.
The sun sunk on a crimson fringe of hills;
The violet evening filled that lower plain,
From which it upward crept and quenched the lights—
Awhile the last peak burned in lingering rose,
And then went out. We toiled at dead of night
Through a deep glen, the while the lonely stars
Trembled above the ridges of the hills;
And in the utter hush the ear was filled
With low sweet voices of a thousand streams,
Some near, some far remote—faint trickling sounds
That dwelt in the great solitude of night
Upon the edge of silence. A sinking moon
Hung on one side, and filled the shattered place
With gulf of gloom, with floating shades, and threw
A ghastly glimmer on wet rock and pool.

And so, if the whole distance from Inverary is performed on foot—and shame on the man who in our company presumes to seek the aid of conveyance, be it royal-mail or respectable private gig—Luna will light the traveller into Oban.

Oban is, perhaps, not much to boast of, but what there is of it is unquestionably pretty. It rings the bay with white houses, it has several hotels, and one or two churches. Dunolly Castle, standing on the

coast there, will be remembered for the sake of Wordsworth and the chained eagle which he celebrated. It is a great station and breathing-place for tourists; the steamers from the south all touch here. If you wish to visit Staffa and Iona, it is from this point you must start. If you wish to go by Fort William and the Caledonian Canal, here also you resume your journey. Our own road lies up through the magnificent Sound of Mull onward to the Isle of Skye. We rest here for a night, and so shall our readers. Those of them who have not tired of our company, and who are courageous enough to face the big waves that roll in on the Sound of Ardmurchan, may yet cast in their lot with us, and together we will visit the Hebrides

"Far placed amid the melancholy main."

Till then, *Vale!*

V.

TENNYSON'S "IDYLLS OF THE KING."

It is a false belief which vulgarly confines the brightest period of the poetic faculties to the years of youth. The genuine poet matures and developes like any other artist or intellectual labourer of whatever kind. Not in boyhood was *Hamlet* produced, or *Paradise Lost*, or *Wallenstein*, or *Faust*. Not in the early college days of Alfred Tennyson, bright as his youthful efforts were with stray flashes from the very source of poetic light, was *Locksley Hall* or *Morte d'Arthur* given to the world; and not even in the maturer days of *Locksley Hall* were such poems as these *Idylls of the King* created. Many critics believed they detected decaying powers in *Maud*. We do not judge the poem thus. The subject is indeed painful to morbidness, but we can scarcely conceive a more thrillingly genuine and artistic portraiture of the phase of human suffering which it reveals in the exposition of a life darkened from its very dawn with the shadow of insanity, and only clearing up for the first time into comparative healthfulness, when a storm under which a sounder nature might have been crushed had swept over it. But, however opinion may have divided upon that subject, we anticipate for the latest of our poet's works only one voice of universal acclamation. No poem so perfect in its workmanship; so deep in its interest, and yet so free from all the factitious artifices which commonly appeal to public sympathy; so suffused throughout with the blending of truest nature and highest poetic revelation, has appeared in our day. What living

European poet can now compare with our minstrel? Who but Tennyson could have sent forth, as with one breath, such a piece of homely nature as that published the other day in "Once a Week," where by the force of genius the commonest language of the most unromantic existence is brought into a living union with the very poetry of pathos and nature; and these lays of King Arthur, in which humanity is seen so exquisitely spiritualized and softened through the purple haze of legend and romance? Poor Blackmore's epic of "Prince Arthur," which that eminent physician composed, as his satirical detractor declared, to the rumbling of his carriage-wheels, and which all his medical art could neither keep alive nor embalm, may now be disinterred and inspected with some interest, if only to exemplify with what very different results the instinct of genius and the patient mechanical following of rules can work upon the same theme.

The materials of the present volume are four very simple legends, centering around the court of the Flower of Kings. They are taken mainly, but not in every instance, from the old *Morte d'Arthur* source. Tennyson has occasionally so far altered the old Arthurian legends, as to give them a deeper significance; and so far modernized them, as to remove all that was rough and coarse in the rude old stories. He has given them with no affectation of antiquarian style. They are poems—not antiquarian curiosities. They are legends from the past, but they are reproduced for the present. The poet, after the fashion of the spirit in Byron's drama, has reanimated the ideal beauty of the early days, by infusing into it the breath of a real and living time. The precise conditions under which legend and early history must be adapted to modern poetic art, Tennyson has seized with the same true poetic instinct which guided Shakspeare. We know that the scenes which open upon us in this little volume are not true to the manners of the age from which they are supposed to have descended. It is a dull display of learning to explain that, it would have been utterly impossible, supposing King Arthur and his Round Table ever to have existed at all, that the spirit of Christian chivalry, or even the grace of knightly courtesy, could belong to such a time and place. It could not; nor could Dido have met Æneas, nor Brutus told Cæsar that the clock had just struck. But the poem would no more be bettered by a closer adherence to a supposed chronological exactness, than the dramatic character of *Macbeth* is exalted by the archæological researches of Charles Kean. Out of the darkness of legend, Tennyson has called back the forms of a chivalrous king and his knightly followers. He has made them chivalrous and knightly in the highest sense which the words suggest to every modern ear. Any critical demurrings to points of costume or forms of expression would be as pedantically inane as the frippery remarks of the court lords and ladies when the apparition of the Greek Helen is conjured up in the second part of Faust. Tennyson has filled old forms with human hearts; he has not exhibited to us armorial curiosities with glass

beads for eyes and stuffed with rags and straw. He has led before us brave, high-hearted, loyal gentlemen, sometimes tempted and triumphing; sometimes tempted and succumbing and repenting; full of faith and sympathy, and with no scorn or meanness. Any critic who thinks fit may point out some anachronism upon every page: the spirit and soul of the poems will remain untouched; no heart will be reached by them one whit the less. The principles of truth, nature, and poetry, upon which their value rests, are wholly removed beyond the jurisdiction of an illuminated chronicle or a black-letter chronology. How thoroughly their basis rests upon truth and nature any one can appreciate who compares them with that most exquisite and fanciful of revived legends—Wieland's *Oberon*. A reader may think that there are some points in which the German poet excels our English singer. He may think the former had a more luxuriant and vivacious fancy: he must perceive that he had a quicker sense of humour; but he cannot help seeing that the poet of *Oberon* was wholly incapable of conceiving such pictures of noble simplicity, of manly truth, and womanly tenderness, of faith and love, as our poet has made the central figures in these exquisite scenes out of fable-land.

The *Idylls of the King* are four in number, each in itself a story, and each story, in true chivalrous fashion, enclosing a woman's name and form. The first tells of Enid's unshrinking devotion and constancy; the second, of Vivian's will and treachery; the third records Elaine's disappointed love and untimely death; the fourth is the still more mournful tale of Queen Guinevere's error and repentance. Only two or three figures appear in each. They have the very life of the old ballad in them, in so far as they are full of action and of motion. Everything lives and moves. Nowhere is the reader in mere dream-land. The firm hand of the true poet conducts him through the whole. Thus far the life of the old ballad is there; but there is much too which belongs to a later age of more ripened thought and refined sentiment. The harmony which binds action and thought with mysterious meaning, which makes energy, character, and existence, subservient to a purpose—this, the offspring of Christianity and civilization, appears throughout, not contrasting with, but interfusing and vivifying the old legendary form.

The leading qualities of the poems, artistically, are—the clearness with which humanity is pictured, the reality of the glimpses into outward nature, and the exquisite music of language and rhythm. The two latter characteristics belonged to Tennyson from his youth onwards; the former was scarcely suggested in his earlier productions, and has been the slow growth of his maturity. Wanting this, no power whatever could have given life to these legends: wanting it, they might have been made glittering pageant-poems, but they would have been inanimate and unreal; outward beauty might have been upon them, but the living spirit would not have been within them. It is marvellous how, with a few light touches of the pencil, a character

stands expressed in these poems. Living and real, although lighted with the softest radiance of purity and of poetry, is the calm, noble figure of the "stainless King." He is not unearthly, nor even unreal. We can understand how his calmness must appear to an inferior nature like that of Guinevere's as coldness, and his self-control as unimpassioned Stoicism; or to a lower nature still, like that of Vivien, as meanness and hypocrisy. There can be no more artistic mode of showing us the real form of a character than by exhibiting it as reflected through different media. To the reader, Arthur is everywhere the same—the type of bravery, truth, gentleness, and knightly honour. He is the same when he "looks blankly" at the love glances of the wanton Vivien, and passes on not comprehending the meaning which lay in those cunning eyes: and when in the fulness of noble pity he stoops over his repentant queen, and she feels his breath

> "Wander o'er her neck
> And in the darkness o'er her fallen head
> Perceives the waving of the hands that blest."

Where we do not see him—and indeed we see but little of him in actual presence—his influence is with us, and we know, as did Guinevere, when she strained for a last glimpse from the nunnery walls, that his face, which she could not see, "was then as an angel's." His influence is upon the knightly figures which surround him. Following his example

> "In those days
> No knight of Arthur's noblest dealt in scorn."

Most of all does his influence fall upon those from whom he suffers most wrong—upon Launcelot and the Queen. Of the former we know that

> "The great and guilty love he bare the Queen,
> In battle with the love he bare his lord,
> Had marr'd his face and marked it ere his time."

Through his influence the guilty penitent queen comes at last to the knowledge, not wholly too late—

> "Ah, my God,
> What might I not have made of thy fair world
> Had I but loved thy highest creature here!"

and to recognize that

> "He was the highest and most human too,
> Not Launcelot nor another!"

Tennyson has, by such touches as these, made Arthur a living presence for us, and has given him to the literature of all nations as a possession for ever.

The figures of knightly men which surround the king are like himself in courage and self-devotion, but of a rougher and more sensuous cast. They are such men as, under ordinary circumstances, would have been the mere strong-handed, fearless soldiers of chivalry, but with such a presence among them are softened and refined into something of tenderness and loftiness. The highest light in them is a reflected light. They are not like stage-soldiers, moving only in mechanical order and in the same direction; each has a part to play of his own, and each, however rarely he is seen, has a distinctive, recognizable character. They are all human,—they have all of them their loves and longings, their sorrows and hopes, their errors and their repentance. They claim shadowy relationship to us by the force of that touch of nature which makes the whole world kin. So, too, of the women. Even the patient Enid is not impossibly enduring. She is not subjected to those cruel tests which make the patience of Griselda repugnant to us. She cannot so far enslave her heart's instincts to obedience as to walk on in silence when death is threatening her lord. The good women are good women only; spiritualized indeed, but not transfigured into angels. The frail ones are women still, and not demons in fair forms. Even Vivien, with all her guilt, has something of human nature at least hinted at in her very fears. We do not expect to see her, like Keats' Lamia, grovel down in shining serpent form before our eyes.

Probably the most read of the Idylls will be that which tells of the faithfulness of Enid. As a piece of mere art Vivien appears to us to surpass every other. There are lines scattered over every page of this poem which none but a poet could have thought of, and none but a consummate artist so expressed. What a phrase, for instance, is that whose vividness and music rival each other,

> "So dark a forethought rolled about his brain
> As on a dull day in an ocean cave
> The blind wave feeling round his long sea-hall
> In silence."

But in pathos Guinevere transcends all the rest. Here is this erring queen (erring, in Tennyson's fable, only in thought) whom, although she wrongs the "stainless king," you yet cannot hate, so much is there of fallen goodness and beauty still lingering about her. Every word she speaks is surcharged with repentance. Her eyes, like those of the Italian master's Magdalen, swim in immortal tears. Probably in this poem Tennyson has most departed from the spirit of the old legend as regards the character of the queen; and womanhood and all true lovers of poetry will feel grateful to him. Thus to blend pity for penitence and condemnation for error; thus to paint the result of sin and to hold out the hope of pardon, is, we think, an effort of Christianized art which could scarcely have been reached by an old Saxon balladist.

Tennyson always had a marvellous heart and eye for external nature. There was a great poet—one of the very greatest—who told a young

disciple that the best test of his poetic capacity would be to look upon some scene or object, and try how far he could reproduce it under the condition and within the limits of poetry. This is not the popular notion of a poetic touchstone. Most advisers would have set the young poet to grope in the recesses of his own brain and inward personality, and try what shapes he could call from that source into existence. But it is a test which Tennyson of all living poets might court. He looks upon nature with his own eyes—through no mist of traditionary ideas and conventional phrases. Who can in our days compare with him in this? Who can so fill our ears with the deliciously monotonous lapping of the sea-wave, or the crash of the storm, and the rushing of the "river-rain"? Who can thus pour upon our eyes the sensuous glory of the sun-light, or the sad spirit-radiance of the moon? Who can with a few touches—not such as a painter might copy, but such as fill a painter's soul with inspiration—open before us, illuminated by a sudden flash, a whole picture? Can we not see, as did the little novice's father—

> "All down the lonely coast of Lyonesse,
> Each with a beacon-star upon his head,
> And with a wild sea-light about his feet,
> He saw them—headland after headland flame
> Far on into the heart of the west!"

Do we not see, gleaming and moving before us, the shoals

> "Of darting fish, that on a summer morn
> Adown the crystal dykes at Camelot
> Come slipping o'er their shadows in the sand;
> But if a man who stands upon the brink
> But lift a shining hand against the sun,
> There is not left a twinkle of a fin
> Betwixt the cressy islets white in flower!"

Who that ever walked along a sea-shore has not seen how the

> "Sharp wind ruffles all day long
> A little bitter pool about a stone
> On the bare coast?"

No one like Tennyson can reveal to us the broad downs, the reedy rivers, the darkling pools, "the windy gleams of March," of our English landscape. He who would understand this poet must indeed visit the poet's land. It is not possible for any one who does not know the face of English scenery to appreciate and enjoy to the full the charm of Tennyson's poems. Not that he is a merely local poet. He can shed upon his verse the light of a stronger sun than that which struggles fitfully through our east winds, and can make the stars glitter with the keener, colder lustre of Borean skies. There is nothing English in the *Lotus Eaters*, or *Ulysses*, or *Œnone*; but when he sings of England he sings of genuine, distinctively English scenery, and not on

generalized landscape compositions from Claude Lorraine, or from paint and canvass of any kind.

As in the *Princess*, the ballads, the scraps of genuine song, scattered through the *Idylls*, form a special feature of beauty: their exquisite melody of words and rhythm will no doubt have a fatal temptation for composers. Many will try their hands at setting these songs to music, only to discover what a very different thing is the apparently simple ease which is the result of labour and of art, from the unhappy facility of execution which belongs to shallow temerity. Of the whole we like Enid's song perhaps the least. Its philosophy, we fear, overweighs its poetry.

Occasional defects of style and some extravagance of fancy may indeed be pointed out in these poems. Sometimes—as where we are told of—

> "Sheets of hyacinth
> That seemed the heavens upbreaking through the earth,"

—the poet seems to degenerate into the dangerous regions of mere conceit. These are, however, only blemishes which a few pen strokes might remove. If the *Idylls* want any high poetic element, they probably want sublimity. But the old balladists seldom touched upon the borders of the sublime; and Tennyson has given in this volume abundant evidence that he has been restrained by no want of capacity. We surely feel some of the influence of the sublime when the storm breaks around Vivien and Merlin in the forest, and the bolt struck

> "Furrowing a giant oak and javelining
> With darted spikes and splinters of the wood
> The dark earth round, . . .
> And ever overhead
> Bellowed the tempest, and the rotten branch
> Swept in the rushing of the river-rain
> Above them: and in change of glare and gloom
> Her eyes and neck glittering went and came."

There is a vague awe, not far removed from sublimity, in the visions which haunt Guinevere's soul:—

> "In the dead night, grim faces came and went
> Before her; or a vague spiritual fear,
> Like to some doubtful noise of creaking doors,
> Heard by the watcher in a haunted house,
> That keeps the rust of murder on the walls,
> Held her awake."

A weird, Coleridge-like imagination, which at least hints of the neighbourhood of the sublime, is evidenced in the picture of the dumb oarsman in "Elaine" and his

> "Haggard face
> As hard and still as is the face that men
> Shape to their fancy's eye from broken rocks
> On some cliff-side."

On the whole, the *Idylls of the King* may be ranked as Tennyson's masterpiece. They are poems removed out of the regions of mere passion into a higher and purer atmosphere. Despite their subject, too, drawn from such a period, they have more of human interest than the poet's earlier works, in which the form of humanity seemed only introduced as a kind of stray ornament in some splendid picture from inanimate nature. Even in *Locksley Hall* and in *Maud* the interest was narrowed to but one phase of human emotion. But in this latest work, the product of maturer years and wider sympathy, men and women are the central figures, and outward nature but the background; and they have voices which appeal to all humanity, against which no heart can close itself. The era of passion-worship and nature-worship has passed away from our poet, and he has come forth a true minstrel of humanity in its larger and higher aspects. Others of his works, founded on mere fantasy or mere emotion, may pass away into forgetfulness, but these have for their elements those very qualities which are the soul of English poetry. This volume is an English epic; or it is the national poem which holds the place of the dead epic of other countries. It has a significance and a moral purpose which could not be gathered out of the ashes of old Greek or Roman mythology. The human figures in the poems are for the most part those of noble, tender, heroic men and women, but they are emphatically men and women not stoically self-contained and self-reliant. They walk under guidance; they recognize a source of strength while upheld, and look to a source of pity and pardon when erring and down-fallen. Even for the noblest and purest there is caution and warning; even for the most erring and degraded charity. Humanity is shown in a high phase indeed, but ever recognizing the necessity to strive towards something higher.

Thus the spirit of Christianity and the civilization which it dovelopes infuse a new inspiration into the old epics and legends of the past, and make the dry bones live. This vivification of the old form with the fresh young soul, is the chief element which will secure for these poems an unfading and immortal brightness. It needs no spirit of critical prophecy to tell that through all the future of English literature the world shall hear, in the poet's own words,

"These glorious roundels echoing in its ears."

VI.

THE GOLDEN GALLERY.

By Walter Thornbury, Author of "Art and Nature."

It is a September morning, and I am in the Golden Gallery, on the top of St. Paul's, and am left alone there (it cost one half-a-crown), to think upon London that lies beneath me.

I am high up in the apex of Wren's dome—that black globular mountain that dominates over the Roman and the Saxon city. I am up here for what the guide-books call "the noble view of London," to be seen ere the smoke breathes up from the million chimney-pipes, provided there is no fog smoking up white and woolly from the great black sewer of the Thames, and provided no rain lashes the red roofs that lie below me like a rough pavement of thirty miles' circumference. Those darker lines are streets, and those black masses of moving dust are men and women, appearing like the sudden great armies evoked by the magicians in the Arabian stories. Nothing is above me here, except the ball and the golden-cross, that, weighing three thousand pounds, looks from below like the small toy ornament on a twelfth-cake. I feel as if it was my day of coronation, for I am throned here as on a mountain, and nothing is above me but that great unchanging yet eternal heaven that has seen so many changes down on the earth beneath, yet itself remains perfect and unchanged—mocking our poor mutable variety by its permanent identity. The London of the Cæsars —of the Heptarchy—of the spear-bearers and the axe-wielders—of the Norman knights and of the Erasmian monks—lies at my feet, kneeling to me—me!

I clambered up here by a tedious, winding treadmill, of six hundred and sixteen steps, of which the first two hundred and sixty were easy of ascent, clean, and well lit; but latterly the steps grew broken like an old comb, and intermittent as an old hound's teeth. I suppose the *Chapter* never came up here to turn over a fresh leaf. Their money-box is not here, their show is not here, the steps to the cross lead to no bishopric, and are, therefore, untrod. They do not get their fat incomes by attending to the cross, or describing a circle round the gallery of gold. Thus, if they forget their Christian duties, they remember the old proverb—"Behind the cross sits the devil," and, therefore, avoid both the cross and what may be behind it that high up here in the clear September air, watches over London, and keeping an eye on the Church with the first Chapter in the world—the first Chapter, not of Acts but of Promises; keeping an eye, too, on the hard bargain-drivers and brain-suckers in the tallow-melting row of the Paternosters; and observing, with true Satanic delight, the new Plague of London raising its baby monster head above the Stygian waters of the Thames, where some old

writer says—"Fat and sweet salmons daily are taken, and that in such plenty as no river in Europe is able to exceed it." This evil and invisible spirit is up here, clinging to the cross as a chamois-hunter hangs over a glacier-cleft, clinging to a pine-stump, and loves the spot; for he sees from thence sights that cheer his heart,—purposeless battles in St. Stephen's—preachers in masks—evil passing everywhere for good, and good everywhere trodden down as evil. As I look, the great bell (that is inscribed, "Richard Reef made me, 1726,") strikes eight o'clock, and Big Ben, with musical thunder, replies from Westminster's Palace of gingerbread, and then all the towers and steeples' silver tongues blab out the knell of the death of the hour, and thousands of men wake, or start for work, or joke at time, or mount their horses, or open their shops; and away the wakening hum spreads the news like wild-fire, from Whitechapel to Bow, and from Brompton to Hackney. Queen Anne, down there with the four lies on her pedestal, does not seem to care what o'clock it is,—but then, Queen Anne was a stupid woman, who used to nibble her fan, and did not know what to say to people. I wonder if Nelson and Wellington, down together in the great vault under me—hundreds of feet under me—are talking about it, for I have always a sort of mystical belief that dead people could answer your questions if they chose—but they don't. I wish I could go down and ask Wren—who knows all about it—what he thinks of the old tradition, that, before the Saxon church rose here to the memory of the Apostle of the Gentiles, a temple of Diana had been raised here by the Romans, who, perhaps too selected a place previously consecrated by some stone ring of the Druids.

But still I am glad I came up here, in the rarefied air of Upper London, though I feel something like an enterprising ant that has climbed to the top of a black balloon while it was inflating, and suddenly finds itself a mile above its domestic ant-hill: or is this a great black bubble that some spirit has blown to mock the greater Cosm of God's universe; as the negro tradition says that the monkey was made by Satan to ridicule Adam?

Would Wren, the son of the Wiltshire clergyman, know his own cathedral again, that cost seven hundred and forty-seven thousand pounds, and was paid for by the City coal-tax? Why it was then, that December day, 1657 it was first opened, a solemn structure of pure and virgin white Dorsetshire stone; now the coal smoke of some hundred and seventy years has painted it sooty black; and where it is white at corners it is rasped white, as if it had been scraped. Yes; different as it is from what Wren intended, I know he would; for there is still the unmistakable dome capping London, just as when he saw it last, before he went to Hampton Court to die and forget all his vexation, and was brought some few days after to lie at rest under the south aisle—out of sight, but never out of mind.

I think, as that beadle does not seem to come, I will walk backwards three times (the magical number) round this Golden Gallery, erected at the expense of the grave great Earl of Landsborough, that

Pope knew, and see if it will have any effect in conjuring up pictures of the past in my brain :—

ONCE.

TWICE.

THREE ti——

Yes ! I do really believe I feel something, as when one rises suddenly on the edge of some mountain ridge, and the free air and the sunny prospect burst keenly and thrillingly upon him. I look over the gilt gallery, the coronet of Wren's building—or rather its gold necklace ; I cling with both hands and strain my neck over, till I feel the great draught that always is current and flowing round this stone mountain—this church cut out of a rock, as Addison's Indian king thought it to be, and I see——

My eye seems to carry further and clearer than it did just now; and in thought I gaze, too, upon the living who are gone.

The people are all in the stiff George the First dress, such as was worn particularly about 1719. Full wig in a waterfall of curls, collarless laced coats, knee breeches, cocked hats, and swords. But what my eye seems led to, as if by force, is specially a small knot of people gathered round a sedan that has just been put down by the two footmen bearers near the Queen Anne statue. The footmen are dressed in a quiet, sober, brown livery, with blue cuffs, and make way respectfully as the door opens, that an old man inside may have a good view of the building that took thirty-five years building, and is now fifteen years old.

One of the fellows with the gilt-headed sedan poles, standing like an heraldic supporter, is in the way, and I call out,—

"Holloa ! you lackey down there, stand a little to the right."

Dear me, how absurd ! I am a mile off : as to any chance of the livery spectre hearing me—Oh ! now I can see the little old shrunk man, and hear the people, too, call him Sir Christopher. Why ! it is Wren himself, dear, good old man, come to take his last look at the church which is to cover him soon. A kingly monument. You may indeed say of the little man, as Milton said of Shakespeare :—

> "He, so sepulchred in such pomp, doth lie,
> That kings for such a tomb might wish to die."

Wren is a little, long-faced, high-foreheaded man, with rather a sad look about his heavy eyelids. We would hardly know him to be the man Sir Peter Lely painted as Charles the Second's architect—this little weakly man, with the broad cuffs looped and buttoned, and the neat ruffles fastened plainly round his thin, almost feminine wrists. How changed from the days when he exhibited his globular model of the moon, with its mountains and valleys, to the swarthy king in the sumptuous room at Whitehall.

Can you not fancy all the pretty exclamations of astonishment at that exhibition—the French interjections of the court ladies, and the peal of

reactionary laughter that set all the king's spaniels barking? I can. I can see that solemn prig Arlington, with the little black saddle of sticking plaster across his prominent nose,—Rochester, wicked, pale, and thin,—and fat Hyde, and mischievous-looking Shaftesbury, and buffooning Killigrew, and quiet Mr. Evelyn, and Sir Isaac Newton, just by the door—rather out of place in the mad company. Well! they are all gone now,—scattered to their London churchyards quiet enough, and kept down with gravestones! So let it be.

We never pass Chelsea Hospital, and see the old soldiers in their red great coats, but we think of the swarthy king, and the kind hint of charity whispered in his ear by Sir Stephen Fox; and always look on the pile that Wren in consequence raised for the swarthy black-wigged Sultan of Whitehall, as indeed rather a monument to the Holland family in the adjacent Kensington, than to the memory of the impulsive king who needed such promptings. Lucky for Wren that the prime of his intellect was devoted to the service of a king who was too indolent to check a great man's wise contrivances. There, still, stands Wren's Hospital, as it should be called, shielding its brave old men,—a Christian temple, eternally symbolizing the gratitude of England to her brave defenders. We might fancy, even now, by special glimpses of the moon, the ghost of that wise little Wiltshire man may be seen pacing on the smooth turf, looking at the distant Thames sorrowfully, or walking gravely under the long row of windows that his own wise hand devised. This hospital he built for soldiers to rest their weary bones among us; and could he return now to pace its corridors, he would still rejoice to find it full of veterans as when he left it. But how would he groan to see his hunting seat that he built for Charles, on the hill at Winchester (the white city)—the hill where Rufus revelled—turned into a barracks, where noisy troopers, with all the vices of Charles but none of his wit and refinement, curse and drink and pipeclay belts and furbish muskets. What, the precipice without gardens that Charles would have a palace for health, turned to a noisy canteen? What, the king's house, with a front three hundred feet long(?), turned to a barracks for red jackets? with its marble pillars, which the Duke of Tuscany sent,—and its contemplated approaches, terraces, cupolas, and bridges that Wren never finished!

Wren was, in many respects, born in an unlucky, ungrateful age—an age of gross tastes and imitative art,—of poor kings and selfish citizens. He, who as a boy had proved himself a philosopher and an inventor, was in 1644 compelled to turn a Compo, and run up a trumpery palace in a single year, and to accept the comptrollership of the works at Windsor Castle, for which he had to vacate the chair of the Royal Society, at the glorious salary of £9 2*s.* 6*d.*, the exact amount that James Cotterel, the royal rat-catcher, received.

As for Sir Christopher, as Member for (Sir Joshua's birthplace) Plympton, or New Windsor, we do not picture him. No speeches of his are recorded, and we can fancy him sitting, loyal and grave, while turbulent Shaftesbury convulsed the House. The son of the Dean

of Windsor was better on the round tower, with his poor rat catcher's salary, than listening to fools and intriguers in a corrupt House of Commons. There he was as much out of place as when running up a royal card-house at Winchester in a year, as when invested with the rat-catcher's salary by royal munificence, or as when out of half a dozen designs for the new wing at Hampton Court Palace, the tasteless William of Orange chose the dullest, the meanest, and the deepest. With a sigh the Queen and Sir Christopher rolled up the choicer ones, and lamented the taste of the plain Dutch soldier, who asked for a palace, really wanting a barrack. I never walk through those long rooms at Hampton looking out on the Dutch canal and the long gravel walks, without thinking of the stiff figure and dry cough of the cold-blooded soldier king, fresh from his Low Country battles, and plagued with a people he could not understand. That faded mirror must have reflected his hooked nose a thousand times, as it has the black wig of Charles, the saturnine image of James, and the laughing eyes and dancing ringlets of *La Belle Hamilton*, and all the wicked English Pompadours. There too is the great elbow barometer William has consulted, with Mary's tender loving face over his shoulder, to see how the Protestant wind was blowing, or whether it would do to start for Ireland or Helvoetsluys. Those very planks of the floor I tread were once swept by the rose satins of Queen Anne's foolish train—by the imperious Sarah, and the dangerous Mrs. Masham. Addison has sat in this window looking out at the fountain; and Johnson, in his poor days, may have stood here moralizing over the vanity of human wishes. Why these very cloisters were made so low by King William's orders; "by my express orders," as he said hastily to a criticizing nobleman, who did not appreciate Wren's harmonious and stately rooms, where the faded court beds are now holiday sights for pic-nicing Londoners, all agape like fish out of water.

Then first of all thwartings, when our good friend, Mr. Evelyn is dead, and the villanous commission, who fear and hate Sir Christopher, published an infamous series of charges against the great architect, accusing him of putting in a bad clock—of cracking the bell—of letting his master carpenter steal wood, and defraud the men, and of putting a railing of hammered iron where they had ordered a cheap one to be cast. In fact, St. Paul's must have been full of bitter memories to Sir Christopher on the morning in 1710, when, at seventy-nine years' of age, he saw his thirty years' work complete, and watched, as all London watched, his son lay the highest stone of the lantern on the dome just above where I stand now in the Golden Gallery.

He must have remembered then all the vexations and struggles of nearly a quarter of a century before, when, returning from the continent with, as he said, "all France on paper," he had to endure vexations and oppositions in his attempt to restore Old St. Paul's, when Inigo Jones's work, mixed with crumbling Gothic, had begun to fail. The church had been defiled and turned into a den of thieves.

It had been the Rotten Row of London; it was where guilty lovers met, and thieves prowled, and porters waited, and gallants flaunted and men of fashion lounged. The quack doctor waited there for victims, and the lawyer for unfortunates. Till Elizabeth took it in hand, carriers led their horses through the nave, and costermongers carried their burdens noisily across the place where Sir Christopher Hatton was afterwards to lie, and Lord Bacon's father was to sleep. The portico was full of seamstresses' stalls. The churchyard full of booksellers' shops, and the vaults full of books, not all such as the church would publicly have sanctioned. After that the Commonwealth troopers, too often confounding decency with superstition, had made a cavalry barracks of the old tottering church; and psalms had been sung there to which war horses neighed responses, or beat angry answers with their hoofs, still red with cavalier blood shed at Marston, Dunbar, Naseby, or Worcester.

It was in the last days in October, 1666, that Wren was pooh-poohed, his plans sneered at and rejected. The church was good enough, and could be patched up, said the greedy clergy, wilfully blind; they would have no dome, the steeple was sufficient; as for the pillars being six inches out of the perpendicular, that had been the express design of Inigo, to produce an effect in the perspective. No; they would have no Mr. Wren to waste their money in architectural dreams—dreaming was cheap, paying was dear. The king, illustrious Cæsar, was with them; these architects were so lavish with other men's money; Charles found no Parliament so ready to give their rightful king the gold these architects would dream away.

What could Wren expect of a king who wanted to give all his public works to the care of the poor dilettante Sir John Denham, the poet, and tried to get Wren sent to pine in Tangier, laying out harbours and forts against the Moors?

Fortune sent an answer to these meddlers with genius. The great fire drew its broad red line suddenly through their foolish, peddling papers. On a September evening, five days after these cavils, a fire broke out in Pudding Land, Fish Street Hill, in a baker's oven-yard: the wind blows strong from Whitechapel way; the houses are all wood, and the streets narrow; the fire burns four days and nights, swallowing 13,200 houses, 400 streets, and 89 churches. It shines a beacon for forty miles off, and people six miles off can read by its light; yet it began so small, such a mere candle-light, that Pepys, our old friend, putting his head out of his window, in Seething Lane, Great Tower Street, thinks it nothing, and goes to sleep again.

Wren was there to see the flame leap tiger-like from house to house; to see it climb the scaffolding round St. Paul's tower, to see the six acres of lead roof pour in shining-waterfalls from beam to floor; to see the old pile go past patching. Wren was now to have his own way. On a July day, two years after the fire, Wren received a letter authorizing him to rebuild; but not till nine years after did the City coal-duty produce enough to enable him to actually begin.

If Wren had carried out his design for St. Paul's, it would have rivalled St. Peter's; if Wren had re-built London, he would have made it as memorable as any modern city; in Carthage as to trade; and as to conquest, a second Rome. In beauty, it might have been a Paris, with a river nobler than the Tiber, and twice as dirty. We can fancy Wren in the middle of the Rochesters, Arlingtons, and Killigrews, the wits, and butts, and buffoons of the court, pleading for his plans to careless Charles, who is caressing his spaniel, and looking aside at some wicked duchess. How learnedly and eloquently the little man, with the pained and thoughtful face, pleads for the great street from Aldgate to Temple Bar, to run ninety feet wide, the large space containing St. Paul's, the churches at the angles of streets, the miles of uniform houses, the long piazzas, the fair, broad wharf from London Bridge to the Temple; with all the halls of companies and warehouses for merchants, arranged along its length. Then there was to be a removal of all noisome trades to the suburbs; and in the centre of all an Exchange, with double porticos, like a Roman forum in the middle of a piazza.

But if we spend our time in this Golden Gallery, cooling our ambition by considering Wren's vexations, let us not forget his crowning one—worse a hundred times than that at Hampton, Winchester, or Windsor; that fatal day, when all the courtiers who had buzzed about his map of the moon, and his plan for new London, buzzed again about those models that now, broken and dirty, gather dust, without bringing a penny to the Chapter, in the dark room over the morning prayer chapel. No wonder that he shed tears, when of the two cruciform plans, the one angular and harsh, the other curving and winding—the Duke of York and his party chose the worst, studying which was best for Papist processions; and still more, no wonder when the duke nailed in the side oratories for future chanting chapels, narrowing the great design, and breaking the breath and harmony of the interior.

Wren would have had the pile pure Corinthian, and not Corinthian and Composite; he would have enriched the bald interior. The small stones of our Dorsetshire quarries compelled him to debase his style. The duke and the country were both against him. What he wanted was a pure harmonious grand building—Gothic in design, Grecian in shape, with large porticoes, and a lofty spire crowning a dome. After all, perhaps, it was better as it was, and no one can say he did not earn his £200 a year. As one of Wren's biographers well observes, we could not expect that one architect in thirty years could rival what in Rome had taken 145 years, 12 architects, and the wealth of 19 Popes.

In the fifty churches that Wren built, many, as even a candid monk must allow (*vide* Bow, and St. Bride's), are truly beautiful, whatever the fitness of their style to our religion and climate may be. Sir Christopher anticipated the modern improvements of our own day—he wished to have benches, and no pews; surburban cemeteries, and no intra-mural burial. In these plans, as in nearly all

others, he was thwarted by an age not half good or wise enough for him.

But I shall stop too long in the Earl of Lanesborough's Golden Gallery, if I stop to describe all this great man's mortifications; as many as Columbus's or Galileo's, but less heart-breaking—sudden and poignant. Why there was that great monument for Charles I.—that was to cost £43,663—that went back with a sigh to the portfolio, when the Royal Commissioners, told not to find, vainly endeavoured to discover the man who lost his head twice—once at the Council Board and once on the scaffold. Happily no temple of Vesta for such a purpose was erected in London, with its twenty statues—marble pillars—gilt Fame tiptoe on the lantern, and Charles I. in armour with ascending cherubim, watching the Virtues, tread Rebellion, Heresy, Hypocrisy, and Envy under foot—the exact reverse of what did take place at the Restoration.

Dark indeed is the life that has not one break of sunshine. Wren had many to balance the cold blasts of vexation and disappointment.

Wren built Chelsea Hospital, which tradition says Nell Gwynn first proposed (her mother lived, I believe, close by). He had also to carry out a project of a better, though not a more bewitching woman, good Queen Mary, and build Greenwich Hospital. At five o'clock on the thirtieth of June, by Flamstead, the royal astronomer's observation, to the minute, it must have been also a happy moment of honest pride and gratitude to thank God for, when the last stone was laid up here, just above me, and the mob (they had just been christened with that name) shouted to see the accomplishment of that great thirty years' work.

But all these pleasant remembrances of hard-won triumphs must have been blotted out that cruel day (1718), when the sage, eighty-six years old, and forty-nine years surveyor-general to the royal buildings, through four long reigns, was suddenly ignominiously expelled, and a young vain pretender—one Benson, a noisy votary of Palladio's—appointed in his place. His old enemies had been busy with the new king. They described Wren as a worn-out old Jacobite, who hated them because they were loyal to the house of Hanover. They labelled him as a stiff, conceited, obstinate, bygone man. Driven from his house in Scotland Yard, Wren gave way mildly to Benson, the young upstart, pitied covertly by honest Steele in the "Tatler," and mourned over by Pope. It killed him, perhaps; but it killed a dying man.

Still from the Golden Gallery I see him coming the same as ever from his quiet home, with the open Bible ever on his table at Hampton Court, to see St. Paul's, his greatest and best work, and to which the Grecian Towers, adding their dull forms to Westminster Abbey. His spare time, the good, even-tempered, contented, forgiving man devotes to thoughts for the discovery of the longitude at sea, and to the starry visions of astronomy. He is infirm, but his judgment is unimpaired, and his spirits are good. One February day he retires to his quiet study chair, to take his nap as usual after dinner, and in that quiet unbroken sleep he passes into immortality.

It is near my dinner hour, and I think, from the Golden Gallery, I can almost distinguish the special savoury puff of smoke from my own chimney, that signals me home. It is as the cock-crow to the talkative ghost in *Hamlet;* "I must begone;" and must conclude by saying, that except Columbus a better great man than Wren never lived. He had a calmness of temper no vexation or injury could disturb, he was a humble modest soul, and, as his son tells us, he "had such wonderful sweetness of temper, such a steady tranquillity of mind, and such pious fortitude, that no injurious incidents or inquietudes of human life, could ever ruffle or discompose him."

"But hark! methinks I hear a voice:" it is the beadle, telling me that "All gents must leave the Golden Gallery, as service is over." I don't see the logic of the beadle's warning, but I humour him, and, descending, become for a time invisible to the *Eclectic* readers.

VII.

SUN PICTURES.

BY MARY HOWITT.

SUN-PICTURES, as secured by the photographic art, are amongst the most beautiful and interesting discoveries of the present day. We saw a great number—unproduced, however, on paper—during a late three days' excursion in the country. Perhaps we may be able to secure a few of them through the faithful photography of memory. Let us try.

We—that is, two ladies, one middle-aged and the other quite young, mother and daughter—are on the platform of a railway station; a very pretty station, as they build them now-a-days in the country, with a pleasant flower garden on the steep railway banks, coming down to the very edge of the platform. Roses, in full bloom; masses of white pinks, deep blue campanulas, amidst which shine out yellow poppies, yellow crown imperials and day lilies, like sunshine amid the other flowers, making the little garden a gorgeous array of natural beauty. A clerical group, with their white cravats and almost priestly attire, are on the platform, bound for some church consecration; and with them the bright looking ladies, fresh and pure as the gardens of the country parsonages, from which they have been brought hither in those pretty Craydon and other carriages which are now driving away from the station. It seems a happy meeting to everybody, to us also, for we have friends amongst them. And now, in the hurried three minutes before the arrival of the train which will convey away the clerical group, a hundred things have to be said, in the categorical form of question and answer: "Where are we bound?" "What are we going to see?" and we in return ask equally rapidly, "Which is our best route?" "What is most worth seeing?" and "What is the best sleep-

ing-place at the remote village of Waystones, where we propose spending the night?" A whole guide-book is compressed into two minutes; and finally, the tallest of the clerical gentlemen, our acquaintance, rushing to the shortest, who is not our acquaintance, for information; and as the train smoothly glides up, and the porter says, "Now, gentlemen!" we are informed that "The Black Bull," is our inn at Waystones, kept by one Malkin, or Mawkin. "Remember, Mawkin or Malkin!" shouts our tall friend, disappearing into his first-class carriage, at the train begins to move. We promise implicit obedience, and as the train vanishes in the distance, we sit down to examine ourselves in our hastily conned lesson, and notice another group waiting, like ourselves, for the ten minutes later train.

This group is a dapper little man and woman, parents of a dapper little child,—aged twenty months, as we are informed—which, in a white beaver hat and blue feather, and little green pelise, trots about, the veriest minikin that ever eyes beheld. Whether it be the fairy queen herself, or a little hobgoblin dressed up for the occasion, or a marionette "pride of the village," it was impossible to say; for anything quainter, older, odder or tinier in human form, never was beheld. We looked at the parents, so well-contented with themselves and each other, and so proud of the minikin; and then at the minikin itself, with its tiny buttoned-up boots, its tiny gloved hands, its tiny face looking out from under the brim of the white beaver hat, with such a marvellous expression of wisdom and experience, gathered up somewhere and somehow, as makes us, turning again to the parents, remark very naturally, "Only twenty months old, you say?" It could not have been older, and, judging from its size, not even half twenty. The father and mother both reply in a breath, "No, only twenty months;" both adding, "but it got its teeth so hard!" And then the father subsiding, the mother explained, "that it had been at death's door many a time, and they never thought to have reared it." And as she speaks, the minikin, standing by her knee, looks up and smiles such a ghastly little smile, as if it knew all about it, and a great deal more too.

Poor little mysterious human soul, what strange knowledges were lodged within it! It had garnered up into the treasury of its being far more wisdom than was contained in all those clerical intellects now steaming away, though they might be the pride of both Oxford and Cambridge. "Many a time it had been at death's door." To be sure it had, and had looked fairly into that other world beyond; and it was the weary turning back again into this life, the dullness of its shadows, the painfulness even of its pleasures, which had withered up into such a wierd and quaint little atomy, a baby of twenty months old!

But the train is coming up. "Now, ladies!" says the porter; and we enter our carriage, and the dapper little couple and the tiny minikin disappear likewise into theirs.

We are now in the gardens of a palace, and everywhere rhododen-

drons are in bloom. Sixty acres of garden of unimaginable beauty, and the whole surrounded with a turfed drive, like a belt of green velvet, now leading under overarching trees, as if in fairy land; now opening into vistas, or presenting views of singular loveliness; and here the ladies used to drive in their beautiful carriages! Now we are in a quaint Dutch garden, very trim and very formal, with its orangeries, and fountains, and quaintly patterned borders, in the midst of fine gravel; and here, as everywhere, is that wonderful gush of rhododendrons. Now a French garden, in the style of Louis Quatorze, and again fountains and temples, and gorgeous conservatories, and statues of nymphs and satyrs, and long alleys bordered with flowers. Now a Swiss wilderness, where, in the old times, we are informed, women worked in Swiss costume, two suits of which "my lady" had every year from Switzerland for each woman; not, however, to be worn out of the garden, because the village boys hooted them, as once happened to an adventurous gardeneress, after which the costume belonged only to the wilderness. And here again, though the women in Swiss attire were absent, glowed those wondrous rhododendrons, in close communion with masses of golden gorse and broom. And now we are in a Chinese garden, with its artificial waters, its bell-hung and many-coloured fountain pagoda, and its carved bridges; its grassy terraces, and flights of stone steps, and quaint groups of tall cypresses, cut in strange bell-shaped forms, all exactly alike, crowning the terraces in circular sweeps, each sweep different, but with its fellow; and all giving a view of the artificial water below, the ornamental bridges, and the tall fountain pagoda. Here only are no rhododendrons. Nothing but green is here; two shades of green,—the bright tint of the velvet terraces, and the dark tint of the tall, bell-shaped cypresses; nothing but these two greens and the soft grey of the stone steps, forming a pleasing contrast, no doubt, according to the code of taste in the Celestial Empire, to the many-coloured fountain pagoda below, with its scarlet, white, and green bridges.

All grand palaces and ancestral halls have an old time belonging to their history; and this place, like them, can refer to endless memories, each a commentary on the vanity of human wishes; and though not dating back above fifty years, it has had its succession of earls, generation after generation; more vicissitudes of life and death, of building up and pulling down, than many another house that boasts of its ten centuries. Wealth to a fabulous amount has been lavished upon it; nothing was too costly for it. Silver and gold, and precious stones, and the most elaborately perfected works of man embellished it; silken hangings were too poor for its walls. It was a miracle of art and beauty, which seemed as if framed to last for ever. It had its fêtes, like the fêtes of princes; its illuminated gardens; its pride of the eye, and its pleasure of the heart; it had its young men and maidens, who were as kings' sons and daughters. But the *méné méné* of a mysterious fiat was upon it. The great tree of its prosperity was shaken, as by the fierce winds of autumn, and its honours were stripped

and scattered abroad. Where there is a great spoil, there are the eagles gathered; and the eagles, in the form of lawyers, gathered around and above this costly spoil, and the contest of possession between the rival lines, was fought out year after year. The rhododendrons grew taller and thicker, and bloomed ever more abundantly; the Swiss wilderness became tenfold a wilderness, whence, though the Swiss maidens disappeared, rabbits burrowed by thousands, and jays built and basked in their azure beauty, whilst the contest went on. But now, even now, it was decided. On the very eve of that morning, the great question was settled, which of two noble, but much differing lines, was to be lord of this modern, many-mirrored palace. As yet, however, the important edict has not reached the place which it so much concerned. Everybody is in doubt, everybody in anxiety; everybody on the look-out and the listen, for some say that a telegraphic message will be despatched from London; some that it will not; some, that the long strife cannot possibly be decided, and these are they who fear the decision will be unfavourable to their wishes; others, that a few hours, nay even a few minutes, may convey thither the tidings they hope for, and glory and prosperity again crown the place.

But minutes and hours move on, and there are no tidings. We trace the green velvet-like belt which surrounds this gorgeous pleasaunce, and from rustic observatories, exalted here and there on the heights, overlook the wonderful fairyland, with its rhododendron colouring breaking in amongst the many tinted greens, and shining out in the long gushes of sunlight; but still no telegraphic intelligence has yet arrived to settle here the long-disputed question of possession.

And now, turning into vast courts and under immense walls, like the fortress walls of a city, we see, on a lofty tower which rises above a lordly entrance, the tattered hatchment of the last earl, slowly flapping in the wind, and passing through a wicket in the door of a wide arched entrance, we find ourselves in the gorgeous chapel of the old line. Two faiths as well as two families dispute the possession of this place, and we are led onward by a pale-faced young man, whose heart yearns to the old Romish religion, and who sees in every ornament of this sainted chapel a portion, as it were, of his own soul. He is mean-looking, and has an anxious, depressed countenance. He points out the grand pictures, the jewelled crucifix, the holy emblazonment of the altar, the sacred purport of each splendid window, with a deep sigh. He cannot speak without sighing, for he is very anxious and sorrowful. He evidently has no joyful hope from the long-delayed telegraphic message. And now he turns our eyes from the caryatidal rows of kneeling angels, each reading a book emblazoned with gold and crimson —from saint and symbol, from old family pomp of worship, and the encrusted ornamentation of the chancel, representing one mass of jewels—from all these he turns our eyes, and, with melancholy demeanour, claims our attention for the magnificent organ, which, facing the altar, rises aloft, as it were, amongst the kneeling angels, the mournful majesty of unuttered music. "To think," he says, "that it has been

silent all these years!" "You love music, then?" we say. "Better than anything else in the world," is his short reply. "But mass is performed here still," we observe, "though there is no family." "Only low mass," he says, with that mournful cadence, "and, therefore, no music." "But do not you yourself play on the organ?" we inquire. "Yes," he answers, "when there is any one to blow; there is a man in the village who blows for me sometimes, and a servant in the house, when he has time. It is a splendid organ," says he, proudly, "with three sets of keys!" "Will you not play for us?" we ask. He looks at us with his melancholy eyes, as if measuring our worthiness for so great a privilege, and says, "Yes, I will." We leave the chapel, and ascending two flights of stairs, the first of which lands us on a level with the gilded gallery in which the great family had knelt to worship our Lord and His mother, we stand face to face with the mighty slumbering soul of music which that melancholy young man is about to awake. Of course if he plays we must blow; accordingly, mounting upon a low step, first one and then the other works the heavy iron lever which gives breath to the Leviathan; and the next moment the lofty chapel, from the highest centre of its roof to the lowest level of its floor, seems to throb and heave with the swelling pulsations of the most wonderful melody. It is hard work to blow that great organ, but light indeed for such a repayment; and not more astonishing than the pulsing, surging torrent of harmony which pealed forth into the silence is the total change in that young man's being. No longer dim-eyed, dreamy and melancholy, he sits there an inspired musician, with flushed cheek and upturned eyes, as a brother of St. Cecilia might have appeared. First he gives expression to a low, mournful symphony, as if all the surrounding angels were lamenting the sorrows and humiliations of their church. Anything sadder, grander, or more heart-touching cannot be conceived. It is as if the immense sorrow with which our Lord wept over Jerusalem had here found expression. Then follows another strain. Above the lamenting voices of the angels is heard the triumph of the eternal church, which no time or change can overturn, the jubilant utterance of thousands and tens of thousands whose garments are washed white in the blood of the Lamb, who have come forward from great tribulation and suffering, from contumely and poverty, to be crowned kings rejoicing for ever and ever!

It is a wonderful inspiration. Pearly drops stand on the young man's brow; his eyes are upturned as if he gazes into the celestial life of which he has prophesied, and a smile of indescribable beauty plays round his parted lips. Thanks are poor payment for this surpassing entertainment; but he does not seem to expect them; and hastily wiping the keys and closing the organ front, he walks down stairs before us without a word. The least we can do is to wish, as we do heartily, that whichever branch, Catholic or Protestant, has come into possession, that true worship may be offered to the Divine Saviour and Teacher in that chapel, and that he may be its organist. But the

old melancholy, hopeless, and faded look has again taken possession of his countenance, and without a smile he watches us depart.

Again we are at a railway station. It is a hot summer's afternoon, and every object shines out bright and clear, as if traced and coloured with prismatic hues. Everywhere lie strong lights and deep shadows, and every colour is intensified by sunshine. Again the station-master's garden is full of flowers, and out of the cavities of tree-stumps, placed at regular intervals, flow, as it were, streams of colour; masses of snowy pinks, crimson campions, yellow sedums, and blue nepetu. The station-master's little children bask amongst the flowers, or play with a large white and fawn coloured setter, which quiescently flaps his bushy tail, and lazily snaps at the flies. The calm repose of summer sunshine is over all. The woods on the surrounding hills seem to sleep in the afternoon glow, swallows slowly skim about in pursuit of flies, but every other bird is still; not a song is heard, but only two cuckoos answering each other, like shout and echo. Labourers are leisurely at work, shovelling gravel on the line, and slowly amusing themselves with a poor joke about the sleepers on which the rails rest, and which one of them persists in calling *slumber-planks*. It seems inimitably witty to them, and the quiet laugh of the men, and the changes that are rung on the one idea, represented by *sleeping* and *slumbering* is, at all events, amusing, even to us for the moment.

Presently a gay party comes sweeping down the station steps. Three young ladies, as fresh as May mornings, in their delicate muslin dresses, with smart little jackets, and in coquettish hats and sweeping feathers, accompanied by three young men, their counterparts, in tourist-style of grey suit, in three varieties of shade, wide-awakes, each one more picturesque than the other, and bearded and moustached, each beard or moustache being of a more golden brown or richer black than his fellow. This is a model group, fit either for Brighton or Llandudno, and at once the silence and dreaminess of the scene is at an end. The station-master's children start up to look at them; the quiet jocularity of the *sleeping* and *slumbering* labourers is silenced in the gay silvery voices and laughter of the new group. They have brought animation with them. The railway porter, in his corduroy suit, comes forth from some hiding-place behind the station, and moves a ladder from one part of the platform to another. The station-master advances to his post. A country-woman in black, carrying a bundle, and a young lad in bran-new clothes, which sit awkwardly upon him, now descend the station steps and stand upon the platform, apart from the gay group, who pace hither and thither, and laugh at each other from a distance. But the country-woman and the boy notice nothing, think of nothing but that one great sorrow which is crushing their hearts—the parting just now at hand. Their shoes are dusty; they both look hot and weary; they have walked far, and have had many a painful and loving communion on the way. The woman looks almost stern with her suppressed emotion, the boy astonished and half scared. They have got the ticket, at least she has, and still

holding the bundle, as if she would not part with it till the last moment, she puts the ticket, with her own hand, into his waistcoat pocket, which in proof that he knows what he is about, he immediately takes out again, looks on it at both sides, and then gently returns to his pocket. As yet neither has said a word to the other; the laughter and merriment of the tourist party, as it sweeps hither and thither, matters nothing to them.

But now the porter rings the bell. An intimation has been received in some mysterious way that the train is approaching, and the mother, still holding his bundle, turns to the boy, in the corner of the platform, where they have stood from the first, and throwing her one disengaged arm round his neck, holds him for a long embrace, neither of them speaking. The train is in sight; people withdraw from the edge of the platform, and the mother, now putting the bundle into the boy's hand says, "Dunna forget, my lad; dunna forget! I shanna forget they (thee)!" "No, mother!" he said, shortly, and with his bundle mounted into a third-class carriage saying, from the window, before he seated himself, "I shall write when I'm on boord; yo'll get th' letter in a dee or tu." She nodded, but said nothing; and the train moved off; so did she, going slowly up the station steps, and wiping her eyes with the corner of her shawl.

The train leaves us in a different scene. We are in the midst of valleys which intersect round hills. Branch railways run up many of these valleys, and the tall chimneys of smelting-houses are seen at various distances, whilst behind or above many of the round hills columns of black smoke, rising slowly in the evening sunlight, or the deep shadow, as it may chance to be, tell that there also the same work prevails. It is a small mining region, not considerable enough to gather into its recesses a large town, but the scattered population for many miles along the valleys or on the hill sides, find here their employment, and the groups of men that we now and then see returning home for the night, have the smeared or swarthy look of the miner or worker in the smelting-house.

We are now on our road to Waystones, and leaving the mining station with its branch railways, we are directed by a miller with his fat horse and cart, heavily laden with flour sacks, who is just setting forth from the picturesque mill below, to take the road which he takes, up the steep hill before us, for he too is going to Waystones. We inquire the distance, and after more thought than we might have supposed the question demanded, we were informed "About three miles." Three miles! that is no great distance, we think; but as he seems dubious, "we pin our faith neither on his sleeve," nor yet on his flour bags. It is a very steep, long hill, and as the miller, his fat horse, and his heavy cart, meandering from side to side, make very slow progress, we go briskly a-head, pausing every now and then to rest, and look at the extensive landscape which is opening around us; one sweep of hills behind another, some wooded, others with a stern, bare outline, whilst far to the right, beyond the mining district which

we are leaving, arises stern and grey, a remarkably tall, stone church tower, so like a landmark in character, that it is almost impossible not to believe that the great ocean lies beyond that long barrier of hills.

(*To be continued.*)

VIII.

THE ENDOWED SCHOOLS BILL.

THE measure to the character and prospects of which we propose to call the attention of our readers in this article, is destined, if we are not greatly mistaken, to excite at least as much public interest, and to encounter at least as determined an opposition as the Bill for the Abolition of Church Rates. Like that Bill, it will be met with open hostility, and will have to make its way in spite of the lukewarm support of friends of very questionable sincerity; and, like that Bill, it will serve to bring out sharply the practical difficulties of compromise between those who support and those who assail a principle so important as that involved in the exclusive privileges of the Established Church. A Bill has been brought into Parliament, which seems to those for whose benefit it was destined the plainest and most moderate measure of simple justice, and nothing more. By those with whose exclusive rights—or wrongs, it may be—it would interfere, it is treated as an act of impudent spoliation. Between parties entertaining such conflicting views it is not easy to see how any compromise tolerably satisfactory to either could be effected; and the result of the deliberations of the Select Committee of the House of Commons, charged with the thankless task of attempting it, has been just what might have been anticipated—a wretched milk-and-water affair, totally indefensible upon the principles of one party, and offering to the other a miserable dole of left-handed, eleemosynary *relief* (properly enough so called), which probably no one concerned in the concoction was weak enough to suppose would be accepted. Valuable time has been consumed upon this abortive effort to bring fire and water into peaceful and harmonious contact, but we do not know that it has been altogether lost. Under the most favourable circumstances, it would have been impossible, even supposing the Bill carried through Committee, read a third time, and passed in the Commons, to have made any serious progress with it in the House of Lords, this Session; the discussion would have been hurried, and the subject hustled out of the way, with that quiet indignity which awaits most topics, when the 12th of August is at hand; and the labours of the Select Committee have at least answered the purpose of demonstrating the futility of attempting to compromise questions of this kind.

The Bill originally brought into the House of Commons, at the beginning of the Session which has just terminated, by Mr. Dillwyn, Sir Richard Bethell, and Mr. Massey, recited by way of preamble, that "it is expedient that some restrictions at present imposed by law upon the government and teaching of many endowed schools and educational charities should be removed, and that the same should, unless otherwise intended by the founders thereof, be open to all subjects of the realm, without any distinction whatever." For the purpose of remedying the existing state of things, it proposed to enact that, "No endowed school or educational charity shall be deemed to have been founded for the purpose of affording religious instruction according to the doctrines of the Church of England exclusively, unless from the language of the instrument founding or endowing the charity, it shall appear that such was the intention of the founder thereof."

At first sight, an unprejudiced person would scarcely be prepared to see anything very iniquitous in this proposition; yet with the exception of one clause exempting certain universities and colleges from the operation of the Act, and another giving to it a short and intelligible title, we have cited the whole of the "Endowed Schools Bill"—a measure which probably most of our readers have heard and seen characterized as an outrageous scheme of robbery and confiscation. This assertion, however, in the ordinary language of politico-religious controversy merely means that a state of things, whether right in itself or not, attended by political and pecuniary advantages to the party raising the outcry is in some danger; and to persons familiar with the vocabulary in which such discussions are frequently conducted will not appear so startling as it otherwise might have done. The burden of proof certainly lies on those who lay it down that where the founder of an endowment has not particularized the religious views he intended to favour, the inference should be drawn, as a matter of course, that he intended to bestow his support upon one only of the numerous sections of religionists into which the mass of his fellow-countrymen is split up. A short notice of some of the principal decisions upon this subject will be interesting, as it will show the nature of the doctrines which guide our Courts of Equity in pronouncing upon the objects to which a charity of the kind in question shall be applied, and the degree in which the will of the founder, ascertained or ascertainable, has in practice been respected in such cases. It will not be necessary to go into them at any length, as our object is rather to bring clearly home to the reader the actual operation of the recognized doctrines of law with respect to this matter, than to present anything like a complete history of the cases to which they have been applied.

A charity was founded in the reign of Edward IV., by an inhabitant of Bury St. Edmund's, for the benefit of that town, in virtue of which certain lands were conveyed to trustees for several charitable purposes. The deed expressly set forth that the endowment was

made "to the praise and glory of God, *and of the most gracious Virgin*," and proceeded to specify a number of purposes to which the income was to be applied. Some of these were of a neutral, some of a purely and strictly Roman Catholic character.

In 1810, many of the purposes intended by the founder having become obsolete, or unsuitable to the wants of the day, the trusts were remodelled by the Court of Chancery, and a new deed was made, expressed to be "for the performance of the trusts, and to the intent that the pious memories of the founder might be perpetuated *according to the true intentions of the donor*." The *true intentions of the donor* were then carried out by a new scheme which omitted every one of the original dispositions in favour of the Roman Catholic teaching and worship. In 1836, another new scheme was drawn up, and submitted to the Court of Chancery for approval. It provided, amongst other things, for the augmentation of a subsidy already given to the parish clergy; for contributions to the building of some new churches, and for the founding of three schools. Among the rules laid down for the government of the proposed schools, was one, that a portion of every day should be set apart for reading the Scriptures. There was no provision for any other religious instruction, or for instruction or attendance at public worship on Sundays, nor was it said that any particular religious opinions must needs be held by the masters or mistresses.

The scheme was approved, so far as the general application of the funds was concerned, by the Vice-Chancellor Knight Bruce; but he said that he could not allow a scheme for education to stand unless it included *religious education;* that the scheme in question *provided for no religious instruction at all*, and must therefore be reformed in that respect: that as religious instruction was to be a part of the plan, it must he *according to the doctrines of the Church of England*, and none other, and that the masters and mistresses must all belong to that church. He took the occasion to disclaim the supposition that he proceeded on any preference of one form of religion to another, but asserted that his decision was governed by a rule of imperious legal necessity. (*Attorney General* v. *Cullum*, 1 Younge and Collier's Reports, 411, decided in 1842.)

Three years later, the case of the *Warwick School* came before Lord Lyndhurst, as Lord Chancellor, on a similar application to alter the scheme of an endowed school. The charter, bearing date in the 37th year of the reign of King Henry the Eighth, expressed the object of the foundation to be, "that our young subjects be instructed in useful and ornamental learning." The originators of the amended scheme proposed that one hour every day should be devoted to religious instruction in the Scriptures, and that, on Sundays, instruction should be given to boys whose parents did not object in the Liturgy, the Catechism, and the Thirty-nine Articles, and that on Sundays and Good Fridays, *all* the boys should attend the parish church. Lord Lyndhurst thought it better to omit both of these

provisions, being satisfied with the security afforded by the fact that the master was to be a graduate, and in orders. (1 Phillips's Reports, 564, 1845.)

The next case, that of the *Sherborne Grammar School*, was decided, in 1854, by the Master of the Rolls, Sir John Romilly. The School was founded in 1550, by a charter of King Edward VI., to afford "instruction in grammar." The governors were to frame statutes "with the advice of the Bishop of Bristol." From time to time, several sets of statutes had been framed, and the Court of Chancery was now called upon to pronounce upon the propriety, with regard to the charter, of the latest of them. The statutes to which exception was taken were framed in a very exclusive spirit. All the boys were required to receive instruction in the doctrines of the Church of England, and to attend service at the church; and, indeed, the general tenor of the statutes was such as practically to exclude the children of dissenters from all participation in the benefit of the charity. The Master of the Rolls thought that, as the rules had been duly framed under the sanction of the Bishop of Bristol, he had no jurisdiction to interfere. The clause requiring his assent to the statutes showed that the school was intended to be a Church of England school, but still it did not follow that the children of dissenters were to be excluded, and he thought the rules too exclusive. It appeared that in in 1723, Lord Macclesfield, the Lord Chancellor, as *visitor* of the school, had reformed the statutes in a more liberal spirit, and had made an order that children of dissenters might go to meeting instead of to the church. This direction appeared never to have been obeyed or acted upon, and the proper course, according to the Master of the Rolls, was to submit the matter to the Lord Chancellor, as visitor. (18 Bevan's Reports, 250). Application was accordingly made to Lord Cranworth, as Lord Chancellor and visitor of the school, and, in accordance with a wish expressed by him, the statutes were remodelled in a less illiberal spirit.

In the *Chelmsford case*, decided by Vice Chancellor Wood, in 1855, the trusts of the foundation charter were very similar. The Attorney General, represented by Sir R. Bethell, had suggested a clause to the effect that no child whose parents objected thereto should be obliged to undergo instruction in the catechism and the doctrines of the Church of England. This proposition was opposed, and the Vice Chancellor upheld the objection. He evidently thought that Lord Lyndhurst had gone too far in the *Warwick case*, above cited, and preferred to follow the class of cases in which stringent care had been taken that the only instruction provided or sanctioned by the schools should be according to the doctrines of the Church of England. (1 Kay and Johnson's Reports, 543.)

The latest, and perhaps the most remarkable in the series of decisions on this subject, is that of the *Ilminster School*, decided in May, 1858. The deed creating the endowment was executed in the reign of Edward VI., and directed (amongst other things) that the schoolmaster

should be "an honest and discreet person, of good behaviour, name, fame, conversation, and condition; which shall freely instruct, teach, induce, and bring up the children under his care, as well in all godly learning as in other manner of learning." For upwards of a century, dissenters and churchmen had been appointed, and had acted together as trustees under this deed, although the school had been conducted as a church school. There being occasion for the appointment of new trustees, the Master of the Rolls had sanctioned the appointment of fifteen, three of whom were dissenters, and twelve churchmen. The Vicar of Ilminster appealed against the decision, and the Lords Justices directed that the names of the three dissenters should be struck out; holding that the meaning of the deed was to create a Church of England school, and that the Court could not legally sanction the appointment of any trustees who were not members of the Established Church.

It is impossible not to wish the Vicar of Ilminster joy of his achievement. He has got rid of the hateful presence of dissenters from the Board of Governors of the Ilminster schools; he has reduced by one the number of instances in which churchmen and dissenters work together for common objects of public good; has affixed a sort of unpleasant social stigma upon a few of the nonconforming inhabitants of his parish; and has succeeded in exciting throughout the country an amount of irritation and uncomfortable feeling on the part of dissenters, which, though perhaps not wholly justifiable, is certainly not unnatural. What a worthy exploit for a minister of the Gospel! for a follower of the Prince of Peace! with what additional zest and feeling must the reverend appellant now repeat the weekly prayer for deliverance from all uncharitableness! We wish it to be distinctly understood, that we do not question the sincerity of this gentleman's motives; no doubt he has acted from a mistaken sense of duty,—from a notion—whence obtained, Heaven only knows—that the Great Master whom he and his dissenting brethren (we beg his pardon, we mean his fellow-parishioners, dissenters though they be,) alike desire to serve and imitate, has sanctioned such conduct by his precepts and example. We have no doubt he is an honest bigot; but it is lamentable, at the present day, when mankind in general is growing slowly but surely wiser, to find a man who, it is fair to presume, has received the education of a gentleman and a scholar, reviving the wretched intolerance of the last century; and nothing can more strongly illustrate the necessity of legislative interference, in order to deprive men of this order of mind of the moral support which the countenance of the law affords them.

It is peculiarly unfortunate that this controversy should have arisen in a case where the deed of trust was couched in the language used by the founder of the Ilminster school; for the exaggeration that the Courts of Equity had decided that "a dissenter could not be an honest man," was too like the truth not to gain most extensive currency and belief, and such a notion was sure to create a vast amount of irrita-

tion and ill feeling. What the Lords Justices really did decide was, that a person, speaking in the current language of the day, at the time that endowment was created, would probably mean a member of the Established Church, and no other, when he spoke of a person capable of giving instruction in "godly learning;" and that the Courts of Equity have no power to depart from the intention of the founder, as ascertained by the language he has used, or as explained by recognized doctrines of law. We cannot help thinking that the former inference is a little strained; the English Reformation was very young in the time of Edward VI., and it is somewhat too much to say that it had already taken such a firm hold of the popular mind that any one, speaking of "godly learning," or creating a fund for purposes of education in general, but being resolutely silent as to his own particular form of belief or worship, must of necessity have had the Church as now by law established in his mind, as the only refuge of spiritual truth.

Be this as it may, there is, in the Ilminster case, at least some sort of an argument in favour of the presumption; but if it be true, as was said by Vice-Chancellor Wood, in the Chelmsford case, that the question is purely one of intention—what did the founder mean?—what shall we say to that numerous class of cases in which the endowments were created for purposes as distinctly and explicitly Roman Catholic, as the sun is bright, or the Thames odoriferous? What shall we say when we find the founder laying down his substance "for the honour of the blessed Virgin Mary," and the Court, for the purpose of effectuating "the true intention of the donor," striking out from the scheme of appropriation every Roman Catholic object, and bestowing the funds of the charity on the augmentation of the stipend paid to the minister of the parish to denounce the Romanist form of faith, and to hold up the Pope as Antichrist? Could the humour of Defoe or the bitterness of Swift have conceived a finer stroke of irony than to preface the act of spoliation by which the original objects of the founder's bounty were deprived of every chance of participating in it with a clause trumpeting forth the determination of the spoliator more effectually to carry out the pious intentions of his victim?

The fact is, that it is only by the absurdest of legal fictions, that the course pursued by our Courts in this respect can be justified. Presumed intention is laid down as the test to be applied; yet the Courts of Equity do not hesitate to appropriate the funds of the endowment to purposes which every judge before whom the case is brought knows perfectly well would have been hateful to the founder. If it be boldly said that the legislature, or "the national will" as Louis Napoleon would say, has resolved that, as regards taking a benefit in any direction, the Church of England shall be deemed and considered to represent the Church of Rome of former days, well and good; we know how to deal with such a proposition. Let the Church avow that that *is* her position, and she has no right to say one word if the legislature, or the "national will," shall choose to direct *her* revenue into

any other channel. But the Courts of Equity are accustomed to rest their decisions not upon any such proposition as that just stated, but on the absurd fiction that if the founder had lived at the present day, he probably would have bestowed his property in the interests of the now establishment. This is mere moonshine; no man living, be he bishop, or Master of the Rolls, Chancellor, or County Court Judge, (that we may select what seems, in the "eye of the law," to be the highest type of omniscience), can take upon himself to say what would, under the circumstances of the present day, have been the views of a man who lived four centuries ago. He might have had a passion for public parks, for baths and wash-houses, for consumption hospitals, museums, libraries, or veterinary colleges. The chances very soon will be, if they are not already, *against* his having been a churchman "pure and simple." The doctrine is a very dangerous one for those who rely upon it; and if a century hence the Established Church should have ceased to exist as a national institution, the principle contended for would clearly and indisputably sanction the confiscation of every endowment, not of an unambiguous character, which she now claims as her own.

What are the principles which must ultimately settle the delicate questions which must arise respecting the appropriation of such charities as we have been considering, it would take far too much space to discuss. An account is given by some traveller, if we mistake not, by Bishop Heber, of a college at Benares, where he found a Hindoo professor occupying a handsomely endowed chair of astronomy, and, in pursuance of the will of the founder of the endowment, still vigorously at work teaching the Ptolemaic system of astronomy. The anecdote is instructive and suggestive, and would lead many to reflect whether, amidst the restless flow of ever-varying opinion on matters of science, of social economy, and of religion, it is wise or well for mankind that any attempt to stereotype a given set of views on any kind of subject —be they what they may—by attaching large emoluments to the profession of them, should be permitted. But be this as it may, enough has been said for our immediate purpose—namely, to prove the necessity of some change to correct a state of things manifestly unsuited to the present wants, habits and feelings of the community.

The remedy proposed by Mr. Dillwyn's Bill was simple, adequate and effectual; and when it was introduced into the House of Commons, backed by no less a name than that of Sir Richard Bethell, there appeared to be no small chance of success for it. It is likely enough that if the Tory Government had remained in office, it might have been carried through the Commons; any amount of direct opposition is better for a measure of this kind, than the faltering support of those who, having no real sympathy with the principle of the Bill, but fearing to excite the hostility of the party by whom it is pressed forward, let "'I dare not,' wait upon, 'I would,'" and while professing friendship, seize every decent opportunity to smother it quietly and respectably. "Call you that backing of your friends? A plague on

such backing!" Before the second reading of the Bill, Sir Richard Bethell, who had been carefully consulted at every stage of its preparation, and in deference to whose judgment and wishes, modifications had been adopted, not altogether to the taste of the authors, had become Attorney-General, and could no longer be depended upon for an unqualified advocacy of the measure; and although Mr. Dillwyn, by a well-timed insinuation that he had not made up his mind how far he was prepared to support the present Government, brought it about that most of the members of the Cabinet voted for the second reading, it was still found necessary to refer it to a Select Committee, in whose hands it soon became so changed in appearance that, to use a common phrase, "its own father would not have known it."

The amended Bill of the Select Committee provided that, where a charity had not been founded with an express direction that a particular form of religious instruction should be taught, but had been declared by judicial or legislative authority to be an endowment under which such instruction ought to be given, the Court of Chancery should have power to introduce into the scheme a "conscience clause," by which liberty should be given to the parents or guardians of children educated under the endowment to object to their receiving the particular religious instruction afforded by the charity; and it was further provided that, where the foundation deed was silent as to the particular form of religious faith to be professed by the trustees, and where it appeared, at the time of any appointment of new trustees, that there had been a usage of five-and-twenty years immediately preceding the time of such appointment, to appoint persons of religious views differing from those taught in the school or charity, no person should be ineligible on account of such a difference of views on his part.

Mr. Dillwyn's proposition was simple and intelligible, and struck at the root of the evil, by correcting the absurd and illogical doctrines according to which, as we have shown, our Courts of Equity have been accustomed to interpret the foundation deeds of charities where no express provision is made for any definite form of religious instruction. The amended Bill leaves these mischievous rules of construction to flourish in all their vigour, and merely permits the Court of Chancery to apply, should it be so disposed, an incomplete and partial remedy in the particular cases which may, at great cost and inconvenience, be brought before it. The proposal as to the appointment of trustees was still less satisfactory. It would have left the monstrous injustice committed in the Ilminster case utterly unredressed, and at any future appointment of new trustees would have confirmed the Vicar of Ilminster in an undisputed enjoyment of his unchristian triumph, unless in some incomprehensible way a five-and-twenty years' usage of a liberal character had grown up, under his eye, and in spite of of him. It would be easy to enlarge on the unsatisfactory nature of the ingenious invention of the "conscience clause," but our article has already outgrown the limits to which we intended to confine our remarks. Suffice it, therefore, to say, that on the adoption of this

scheme by the Select Committee, Mr. Dillwyn, very properly and very wisely, washed his hands of the whole business, and refused to have anything to do with the changeling that had been substituted for his own offspring.

In what precise shape the question will be again brought before the Parliament in the next session it would be premature to determine. One thing is clear, however; we have had enough of these puerile attempts at compromising what does not admit of compromise; and Mr. Dillwyn must be content to do what Sir W. Clay and Sir J. Trelawney have done before him, and fight his battle on the broad ground of a great principle. If he can secure the advocacy of an Attorney General, so much the better; if not, he must be content to do without it for the present. Whether his Bill gained anything last Session by the prestige of quasi-ministerial sanction afforded by the appearance of Sir Richard Bethell's name on the back of it, we can hardly tell; it certainly lost a good deal, on his taking office, by the transformation of one of its responsible guardians from the uncompromising advocate of religious freedom into the cautious and hesitating law officer of the Crown, supporting the principle, but admitting that exception might justly be taken to the wording, and prepared to consider with all respect the objections of the Opposition. We are not disposed to join in any vehement clamour against Sir Richard Bethell for this change of tone, unfortunate though it was, or to forget that on questions affecting liberty of religion and conscience, he has been a consistent and unflinching supporter of the right side. It is part of the price we pay for Parliamentary government that a responsible member of Government *must* often surrender some portion of his individual freedom; but the circumstance shows how necessary it will be for Mr. Dillwyn and his friends in Parliament and out of Parliament to put the screw of the really Liberal party upon the Whig Government, and, if possible, so to fortify themselves by the independent support of the country as to be able, in the next Session, to carry the Bill "pure and simple," either with or without the active co-operation of the Attorney-General.

Brief Notices.

A GRAMMAR OF THE NEW TESTAMENT DICTION, intended as an Introduction to the Critical Study of the Greek New Testament. By Dr. George Benedict Winer. Translated from the Sixth Enlarged and Improved Edition of the Original, by Edward Masson, M.A., formerly Professor in the University of Athens. Vol. I. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

IT would be difficult to name any work in the department of sacred criticism which has exerted a more powerful or healthful influence than Winer's Grammar. The first edition —published in 1822—its author describes as being very incomplete; a second edition, greatly enlarged, followed in 1828; a third in 1830, yet more complete, and succeeding editions, still enlarged and corrected, in 1836, 1844, and 1855. The present is the third English translation of this work. A translation of the first edition appeared in America by Professors Stuart and Robinson, in 1825; a translation of the fourth edition, also American, was published in Boston in 1840, and we are now indebted to the Messrs. Clark, to whom the students of sacred literature are already under deep obligations, for a translation of the sixth and latest edition. The publishers could hardly have offered to English Biblical scholars a work in itself more acceptable, or more valuable. The first half of the work only has yet appeared. It is well printed, and the translation reads smoothly. We greatly regret that here our commendation of the execution of the work has its limit. It is ungracious to complain without citing proofs in vindication of our complaints; and yet this would carry us far beyond such a notice as we can now give. If our remarks are not too late, we urgently entreat the translator to revise thoroughly what has been done, as well as what yet remains. There are everywhere marks of haste and inconsiderateness—the translation is not accurate—the quotations have not been verified—even those which have been corrected in the table of errata of the original stand uncorrected in the translation. Not unfrequently the sense is seriously affected by the carelessness of the rendering. Titles of books, some of them little known to English scholars, and vague from their brevity, are not explained—sometimes are misrepresented by the author's own language being taken as belonging to the title, as in p. 194, where eight words are, from this cause, left untranslated. We give just one instance of carelessness, from the preface—the first serious error we lighted on:—"*he began to grow*" for "*he grew*" (Jo. xiii. 5), p. 5. So the translator renders, "*er fing an zu waschen* statt: *er wusch*" (Jo. xiii. 5), p. v. The translator evidently mistook *waschen* for *wachsen*; but how was it that the reference to the passage did not set him right? We make these remarks with great regret; but not without the hope that they may lead to greater carefulness in the remainder of the work. The translation of such a book is far too important a task to be perfunctorily performed.

THE SABBATH HYMN BOOK. New York: Mason Brothers.

ONE of the most difficult of literary processes, and one of the most unsatisfactory of literary results, is a hymn-book. If any man doubt this,

let him try, and he will greatly belie our experience if in its very initial steps he be not utterly at fault. Who can determine satisfactorily to himself and to others the very canons of construction? Who can hope to attain the happy medium in which good poetry and spiritual fervour, traditional reverence and a fresh eye for contemporaneous excellence, a healthy independence, a due regard for Divine praise, and an adequate expression of human experience, a thorough soundness of latent doctrine, and a satisfying expression of devotional sentiment, shall be combined? God has given us one infallible Bible; but what if out of the sacred literature of the church we had been left to compile our own bible, we should have had as many bibles as we now have hymn-books. A perfect hymn-book—or a hymn-book that shall be generally accepted by the orthodox church—is a thing to be dreamed of and hoped for rather than expected; for the hymn-book will necessarily be the expression of the religious life and culture of its producers, and will be estimated according to those of its users. It may, therefore, be as undesirable as it is impracticable to accept and endorse one universal hymn-book; long, moreover, as God vouchsafes the gift of song to His children, our volume of sacred song can never have *finis* written upon it. And yet one great singer of Israel provided nearly its entire sacred song. And Dr. Watts has well-nigh done the same for modern nonconforming churches. John Mason is the father of English hymnology; the hymns that we had in use prior to him—translated hymns included—may almost be counted upon our fingers. American hymn-books very strikingly embody American characteristics. They are very huge; of some five or six in our possession, not one contains less than 1,200 hymns. Henry Wood Beecher's Plymouth Collection, with its accompanying music, is a whale amongst our English minnows; it contains 1,400 hymns. The Sabbath Hymn-book contains 1,372 hymns and chants. The Connecticut Congregational Hymn and Tune Book contains 1,252. Our Transatlantic brethren have large ideas, great valleys, great rivers, great cataracts, and great—hymn-books. One consequence of this, combined with defective taste is, that they are very heterogeneous, utterly confounding catholicity of selection with indiscriminateness. Mr. Ward Beecher, for instance, seems to have scraped together every bit of religious rhyme that could be sung—Mrs. Heman's "Song of the Pilgrim Father" stands *vis a vis* with a parody on "Sweet Home." The Spanish Chaunt—"Far, far o'er Hill and Dale," with the nigger song, "I'm a Pilgrim and I'm a Stranger." Jaunting doggrel is strongly jumbled together with the loftiest strains of Watts and Wesley, while the melodies prefixed utterly ignore the distinction between the street-ballad and the Psalm tune. We scarcely know anything worse, save the song-tunes of Methodism, or the books for the use of Irish Roman Catholics. The Sabbath Hymn-book is a noble exception: it is by far the best American hymn-book that we have seen; and except two or three of our later collections in England—the Leeds, the New Baptist, and the New Congregational Hymn-book—very far surpasses everything that we possess. It is very big, but our Saxon hymnology is very rich, and we have met with no hymn in it that we would wish excluded. It is thoroughly *Evangelical* and spiritual, deeply imbued with the true fervour of devotion as distinguished from its mere sentiment; careful prominence is given to hymns full of spiritual pulse and inspiration. It is solicitously *congregational*. It is a book to be sung; it does not preach in rhyme; it is adapted throughout for the devotional song of the people, and as such is we trust meant as a protest against the pernicious delegation of singing

—that is, of worship—to the choir, which is so common in America.

It gives especial prominence to our popular English Hymnology—one-fourth of the book being selected from Watts alone, while Wesley, Doddridge, Montgomery, Lyle, Conder are proportionally represented—another gratifying testimony to the exceeding richness and value of our English hymnology

It is highly *conservative*, altogether avoiding the gratuitous and flippant alteration so commonly seen in American hymn-books, and carefully presenting each hymn as nearly as practicable in its original form. It is well selected, admirably arranged, and carefully edited. Its indices are the best that we have seen—a model of carefulness, completeness, and lucidity. It is, however—perhaps to an American editor, necessarily—defective in its attributions of authorship, many hymns of well-known authors appearing as anonymous.

We congratulate the American churches on the acquisition of such a book, and we augur from it a speedy disappearance of much that now disfigures their "service of song," and an approximation to the purer, chaster, and more reverent Psalmody that the last few years have happily established amongst ourselves.

THE BEGINNINGS OF THE DIVINE LIFE: a Course of Seven Sermons. By Henry R. Reynolds, B.A. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

LET none of our readers pass over this little book as a volume of ordinary sermons. It is the product of a highly cultured mind, and of a deeply spiritual and sensitive heart, eminently fresh and beautiful in thought and style; it is an eloquent and earnest talking to men about things of real experience in the language of common life. It exhibits considerable power of quiet, lucid, and independent thought. It is deeply imbued with poetic feeling and instinct with warm affections. Many books have been written as directories for the religious life at its beginning. Doddridge's "Rise and Progress," James's "Anxious Enquirer," Redford's "Great Change," Stovel's "Conversion," Thomas's "Crisis of Being," with many others, have proffered themselves as spiritual guides through that stage of religious experience which determines all which comes after it; but, perhaps, none of them is so likely to guide wisely and attractively the more cultured and refined of our young people as this. We have rarely met with a little book that has so fascinated us and profited us; and we cordially recommend it to all who would present Christianity to the young in its most attractive and spiritual aspects.

VOICES FROM THE CROSS: OR THE SEVEN LAST SAYINGS OF OUR DYING LORD. By Robt. T. Jeffrey, M.D., Minister of Caledonian Road Chapel. Glasgow.

THESE sermons hold a high rank even among the eminent contributions which have been lately made to pulpit literature. They show immense vigour, accompanied with great subtlety of thought. There is, however, a want of refinement in the style which mars their worth. They have a rugged Berserker strength which scorns the grace of a classical taste. But for this defect our criticism must be a splendid encomium. In plan and arrangement these sermons are models; the thoughts are clearly outlined, and grouped in exquisite order; but the native power of Dr. Jeffrey's mind, while thus governed by order, hates all trimness and effeminate finery. He strikes his plough deeply into the soil: his thoughts are profound and fresh. Had his originality submitted to the same restraints in the linguistic expression as in the method of his sermons, this age would not have boasted greater sermons than these.

LIFE AND LIBERTY IN AMERICA; or, Sketches of a Tour in the United States and Canada in 1857-8. By Charles Mackay, LL.D., F.S.A. 2 vols. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

LIFE does not crawl but gallop on the other side of "the ferry," as the Yankees playfully designate the great Atlantic. Its phases rapidly and marvellously change. New scenes form into distinct shape from the haze into which past years have melted, and again subside into the mist, quickly and mysteriously like dissolving views. We need, therefore, to have frequent reports of the progress of that young Titan land which is hurrying with such gigantic strides to its destiny, if we would know correctly its present position. Ten years count there as a century. In their lapse new states are formed, cities are founded, and millions are added to the population.

It is not only the vast tumultuous energy and astounding growth of the Transatlantic nations that attract and interest Europeans, but there are certain problems of great importance to the human family, which amid the rush and clamour of these go-aheaditive Anglo Saxons are working out their own solution, and men look on with tremulous anxiety to see what the upshot may be. It is like looking into a seething cauldron in which some most critical chemical experiment is being tried, but in the fervid heat and sputtering confusion of the elements that are boiling together there, it is impossible to examine the process carefully or to foretell the result. We gladly, however, learn what clear-headed, honest, gifted men are able to discover and present for our information, and so gratefully accept Mr. Mackay's volumes as being not only well written, graphic in their description, and extremely interesting, but as presenting an honest, painstaking account of the laws of Life, and of the hopes of Liberty, so far as he saw and judged them in the States and Canadas.

A right pleasant thing it seems to be for literary men who have achieved distinction, to take a trip to the New World, and whatever charge may be brought against our western cousins, that of inhospitality cannot be urged. Our poet

"Brave singer of the coming time,"

was welcomed on his arrival, was fêted in every city he visited, and left Boston for England, after being entertained at a grand farewell banquet by the most notable literateurs in the country. His tour is a sort of triumphal ovation; where sumptuous homes receive him as a guest, crowded meetings thunder the applause of their greetings at his appearance, the Parliaments give him the privilege of their "floor," and wealth and genius are his faithful companions. No wonder that Mr. Mackay, taking a retrospect of such a pleasant time, should have written such a pleasant work. No wonder either that Mr. Mackay's pictures of American "Life and Liberty" should wear a little *coleur de rose*. A churl he must have been had he not taken the very kindest impressions of everything seen under such circumstances.

The river scenery of the New World is that which most profoundly impressed Mr. Mackay's imagination, and will imprint the most lasting recollections on his readers' mind. He travelled from New York, Philadelphia, and far west through Cincinnati to St. Louis. Cincinnati is chiefly famous for its enormous destruction of swine and its exports of pickled pork. Six hundred thousand swine are killed in that city in a year, and yet there is more noise attending the murder of a single pig in the farm-yard than all that massacre. Not a squeal is heard in Cincinnati. A large hammer stuns the victim, and a butcher instantly cuts its throat, skins, guts, pickles, packs it, and all is done in a trice.

"From the moment when the hog

received the first hammer-stroke until it was singed, cleaned, cut up, placed in brine and packed in a cask for exportation, not more than two hours were formerly suffered to elapse." The animal heat of the flesh, however, produced fermentation in the pickle, and now they leave the pork to cool before they put it in brine. Pork here is cheaper than coal, and sometimes is burned instead of coal to keep up the fires of steam-boats on the Ohio; a monstrous abuse of life which the conscience of the country cannot tolerate long. It is, however, the river Ohio, on which Cincinnati is situated, that mainly charms Mr. Mackay. He leaves its factories, and grimy streets, and smoky air, to visit the beautiful banks of the Ohio, and the celebrated vineyards hanging there, which belong to Mr. Longworth, who has introduced the cultivation of the vine into the States, and grows the Catawba Wine, which the poets Longfellow and Mackay unite in pronouncing superior to Champagne. A new honour here awaited our traveller. Another wine had recently been produced by Mr. Longworth, which as yet was nameless, but in the presence of his guest it was christened the Mackay Wine.

At St. Louis—the first brick of which was laid in 1813, and whose population now is variously estimated from 150,000 to 180,000, and which commands the riverage of the Missouri, Ohio, and Mississippi. —he took steamer for St. Orleans, 1,295 miles down the Mississippi, The Mississippi is the highway of the Continent, and the immense but frail steamboats that ply on it are the carrying waggons. "Look you, Sirree," said a far-wester to a newly arrived emigrant, "here are steamboats enough at St. Louis to tow Great Britain out into the Atlantic and stick her fast opposite New York harbour." Snags and sawyers, and spontaneous combustion, were gratefully avoided by the Philadelphia steamer which carried Mr. Mackay.

The following stanzas—taken from a long poem contained in this book—present the scenes and feelings that impressed our poet in this long and varied voyage :—

Three days on the river, nights and mornings three,
Ere we stopped at Memphis, the port of Tenessee,
And wondered why they gave it such a name of old renown,
A dreary, dingy, muddy, melancholy town;
But rich in bales of cotton, o'er all the landing spread,
And bound for merry England to earn the people's bread;
And here—Oh! shame to Freedom that boasts with tongue and pen,
We took on board a "cargo" of miserable men,
A freight of human creatures, bartered, bought, and sold
Like hogs, or sheep, or poultry—the living blood for gold,
And then I groaned remorseful, and thought in pity strong,
A curse might fall upon us for suffering the wrong—
A curse upon the cargo, a curse upon the ship,
Panting, moaning, groaning down the Mississip.

Weary were the forests, dark on either side—
Weary were the marshes, stretching far and wide—
Weary were the wood piles, strewn upon the bank—
Weary were the cane groves, growing wild and dank—
Weary were the tree-stumps, charred and blacked with fire—
Weary was the wilderness, without a house or spire—
Weary were the log-huts, built upon the sand—
Weary were the waters, weary was the land—
Weary was the cabin with its gilded wall—
Weary was the deck we trod, weary—weary all—
Nothing seemed so pleasant to hope for or to keep—
Nothing in the wide world so beautiful as sleep,
As we journeyed southward on the lazy ship,
Dawdling, idling, loafing down the Mississip.

On the sixth day uprising, when the southern breeze
Rolling off the vapour from the cypress-trees,
Opening up the blue sky to the south and west,
Driving off the white clouds from the river's breast,
Breathing in our faces, balmy from the land,
A roamer from the gardens as all might understand.
Happy as the swallow or cuckoo on the wing,
We'd cheated father Winter and sailed into the Spring,
And beheld it around us, with all its sounds and sights,
Its odours and it balsams, its glances and delights,
The green grass green as England, the apple-trees in bloom,
The waves alert with music, and freighted with perfume;
As we journeyed southward on our gallant ship,
Singing and rejoicing down the Mississip.

On the seventh morning we entered New Orleans,
The joyous crescent city, a Queen among the Queens;
And saw its pleasant harbour alive with tapering spars,
And Union Jacks from England, and flaunting "stripes and stars,"
And all her swarming levée, for miles upon the shore,
Buzzing, humming, surging with trade's incessant roar,
With negroes hoisting hogsheads, and casks of pork and oil,
Or rolling bales of cotton, and singing at their toil,
And downwards—widening downwards—the broad majestic river,
Hasting not, nor lingering, but rolling on for ever,
And here, from travel resting, in soft ambrosial hours,
We plucked the growing orange, and gathered summer flowers,
And thanked our trusty captain, our pilot, and our ship,
For bearing us in safety down the Mississip.

This was the month of February in which they *passed*, on their 6th day of the voyage, into the luxurious spring of the south, a healthy season for the traveller, when the beauties of the climate are displayed, and the deadly malaria does not hover over its wide, rotting swamps and dripping forests.

The following passage describes accurately those dense, dismal swamps that cover the southern states:—

The majestic rivers which give names to these states—Mississippi, Arkansas, and Tennessee, and many others which are tributary to these larger arteries, such as the Red River, the Tombigbee, and the Ohio, overflow their banks every year, and breaking over the artificial levées that are raised to restrain them within their natural channels, lodge their waters in the low grounds and hollows of the forests. There being no fall by which they can return again to the parent or any other stream or outlet, the waters simmer in the hot sun, or fester in the thick oppressive shadows of the trees, where nothing flourishes but the land turtle, the alligator, the rattle-snake, and the mocassin—the latter a small but very venomous reptile. * * * Between the city of New Orleans and the lake Pontchartrain, in a carriage-drive of six miles over the celebrated Shell-road (the best road in America, though not to be compared with Regent-street, Oxford-street, or the New-road), the traveller may see a miniature specimen of the prevalent scenery of the American swamps. He may admire the luxuriant forest-growth, festooned with the graceful ribbons of the wild vine, the funereal streamers of the tillandsia, or Spanish moss, drooping from the branches of pine, cotton-wood, cypress, and evergreen oaks—weird-like all, as witches weeping in the moonlight; and underneath, amid the long thick grass, the palm and palmetto spreading their fanlike leaves in beautiful profusion. At the roots of the trees, many of them charred and blackened by fire, sleeps the dull calm water, sometimes in a smaller pool dyed to a colour like that of porter or coffee by the decayed vegetation of successive years; but in the larger pools, often four or five feet deep, lying clearer and more translucent than when it left the turbid receptacle of the parent Mississippi. But on the banks of the great river itself between St. Louis and Natchez may be seen, in more profusion, the apparently interminable forests of cotton-wood and cypress, whose deep recesses far beyond the present reach of cultivation, or the probable capabilities of existing negro labour, stretch the 'dismal swamps'—worthy of the name—where men seldom venture, even in pursuit of sport, which elsewhere makes them brave so many dangers. The atmosphere in the summer months, when the vegetation is in its greatest beauty, is too deadly even for acclimated white men and

for those in the south. None but negroes may brave the miasmata with impunity. Their lungs seem of a texture coarse enough to imbibe the foul air without damage, and their coarse skins repel the noxious vapours which are fatal to the white race."

Driving back from Charlestown, South Carolina, Mr. Mackay went by rail straight as an arrow's flight through the eternal pine-forests, the ceaseless wail of whose branches blends strangely with the rattle of the train, and whose long deep vistas fill the imagination even to the sense of horror. Wherever you travel, by river or by rail, in the southern States, these deep dark forests bound you on the right and the left. Their sombre magnificence is enlivened with the lush flowering vegetation that grows among the underwood, and creeps with tendril arms from bough to bough and tree to tree, binding them altogether in rich tangled masses of blossoms. Their awful silence is broken by the songs of the mocking birds, or the savage bark of the wolf, and the rattle of the snake. In them the runaway negroes hide for shelter, till they can pass by the underground railway to Canada; and amid their wide wild immensities, untrodden and unknown, the plantations of cotton and tobacco gleam pleasantly like oases in the desert.

The lakes and rivers of Canada, however, wore a greater enchantment for Mr. Mackay than the rivers of the south. Three scenes, he tells us, surpassed all others that he saw in America for sublimity: the Falls of Niagara, the Chaudière of the Ottawa, and the Rapids of St. Lawrence. The most thrilling narrative of the book is the account of shooting the rapids, and we transcribe it for those who may not be able to peruse the book, and are not likely to see the St. Lawrence.

Our pilot started from shore in a canoe, and, on reaching the "Kingston," sprang nimbly upon deck—an indubitable red man, but without paint and feathers, in the European costume of his vocation. He had a keen black eye and a quick hand, and seemed to be fully aware of the importance of the task he had undertaken, and of the necessity that lay upon him to have every faculty of mind and body on the alert, to carry our vessel in safety down this frantic staircase of seventy feet in a run of about three miles, intersected and encumbered by many rocks, and with a current rushing in some places at the rate of 15 or 20 miles an hour. Our trusty pilot was equal to his work. He was all nerve—and nerves; and at one point more especially of our mad career, when we seemed to be running right upon a point of rock projecting about two feet above the surface, to be unevitably dashed to pieces — a sudden turn of his wrist altered our course instantaneously, and sent us down a long reach, amid showers of dashing spray, at reckless speed, like a railway train, full tilt upon another heap of rocks, that seemed absolutely to bar the passage. A delay of one second in altering our course would have been certain perdition; but the mind of the red man, quick as electricity, communicated its impulse to his hand, and his hand, with the same rapidity, to the wheel, and away we were again, before we could draw breath, safe in deep waters—dancing along impetuously, but safely, into new dangers, to be as splendidly and triumphantly surmounted. The trees upon either side seemed to pass out of our field of vision as instantaneously as the phantasmagoria seen in the magic lantern, and when we darted at last into the blue water, and saw far behind us the snowy wreaths and feathery crests of the mountainous waves through which our ship had whizzed like an arrow, the propriety of the expression "Shooting the Rapids" needed no justification but this scene and its remembrance.

Mr. Mackay does not enter profoundly upon the difficult political and social problems that the present condition and future prospects of the United States present. He is not a political economist or a philosopher. He leaves these problems for others. He does, however, relate the opinions of the educated Americans whom he met, and these opinions are valuable. A new line of tactics is adopted by the defenders of slavery in the south—Mr. FitzHugh is the apostle of the new creed.

He exclaims, "I treat slavery as a positive good — not a necessary evil," and affirms that "the world when all other social forms have failed

and been exhausted will fall back on domestic slavery." His argument is condensed in this passage :—

> But we not only boast that the white slave trade is more exacting and fraudulent than black slavery, but that it is more cruel, in leaving the labourer to take care of himself and family out of the pittance which skill or capital has allowed him to retain. When his day's labour is ended he is free, but over-burdened with the cares of his family and household, which make his freedom an empty and delusive mockery. But his employer is really free, and may enjoy the profits made by other people's labour without a care or trouble as to their well-being. The negro slave is free, too, when the labours of the day are over, and free in mind as well as in body; for the master provides food, raiment, house, fuel, and everything else necessary to the physical well-being of himself and family. The master's labours commence when the slave's end. No wonder white slaveholders should prefer the slavery of white men and capital to negro slavery—since the white slaveholding is more profitable, and is free from all the cares and labours of black slaveholding.

Mr. Mackay does not argue the question with this new philosopher, who "has changed the truth of God into a lie." It is enough to respond in the words of the Divine Teacher, "Man liveth not by bread alone." Were ease and abundance his chief good, then the pig were a nobler and a happier being than he. Deeper and deadlier the virus of that tremendous evil—Slavery—is eating into the body-politic of the United States; and, if they ever be embroiled in civil war, and torn asunder, it will be the avenging and natural consequence of cherishing and propagating this enormous evil.

THE TWO PATHS. Being Lectures on Art and its Application to Decoration and Manufacture. By John Ruskin, M.A. London: Smith, Elder, and Co., Cornhill.

THERE are five lectures and five appendices in this volume. Four of the lectures were delivered before art-students; one only before a mixed audience. But the reading of these lectures will not be so confined. Mr. Ruskin's authority and reputation, and the vivid charm of his style, will carry them into exoteric circles, who will profit nearly as much from their perusal as the exoteric few who have devoted themselves to any department of "The Fine Arts." Every rift of these noble lectures is loaded with precious ore. From the first page to the last the mind is aroused and held by a strong fascination, while truths, wearing a pure celestial aspect, pass before our view *corusco igni nubila diridentes*, never to be forgotten. The volume is radiant with the brightest moral lustre, and quickens the soul with the highest principles of duty, while it educates the taste and informs the intellect. It is the moral truth which is found to lie at the root of art, as of every function and activity of life, which, being so grandly expounded by Mr. Ruskin, gives this book a meaning and a worth to unartistic as well as professional readers; for that truth has a direct reference to them and to all men, *e.g.*, with what closeness does the following paragraph fit to every conscience :—"By the way, the old Douglas motto—'Tender and true,' may wisely be taken up again by all of us, for our own, in art no less than in other things. Depend upon it, the first universal characteristic of all great art is tenderness, as the second is truth. I find this more and more every day; an infinitude of tenderness is the chief gift and inheritance of all truly great men. It is sure to involve a relative intensity of disdain towards base things, and an appearance of sternness and arrogance in the eyes of all hard, stupid, and vulgar people; quite terrific to such, if they are capable of terror, and hateful to them, if they are nothing higher than hatred. Dantes is the great type of this class of mind. I say the *first* inheritance is tenderness, the *second* truth; because the tenderness is in the make of the creature, the truth in his acquired habits and knowledge; besides, the love comes first in dignity as well as in time, and

that is always pure and complete; the truth, at best, imperfect."

Many will also seek this volume for the mere pleasure, too, of reading its most flexile, musical, simple, expressive language—language which seems at one time sculpturesque in its clear nature and outline, without a hue of colour darkening its surface, and at another bends, and wavers, and glitters like a June garden with a fragrant and many-coloured profusion. Mr. Ruskin has himself obeyed his own laws, and now reaps the fruit of his obedience. In reading his words, you feel that his soul has imbibed the secret harmonies of nature, and without an effort they repeat themselves in the rhythm and exquisite music of his sentences. The law and its effect are both exhibited in his advice to architects, for the architecture of his own style shows its truth. "Do not think," he says, "it wasted time to submit yourselves to any influence which may bring upon you any noble feeling. Rise early, always watch the sunrise, and the way the clouds break from the dawn; you will cast your statue-draperies in quite another than your common way, when the remembrance of that cloud-motion is with you, and of the scarlet vesture of the morning. Live always in the spring time in the country; you do not know what leaf-form means, unless you have seen the buds burst, and the young leaves breathing in the sunshine and wondering at the first shower of rain."

And, besides, how many other noble lessons of truth and righteousness, of purity and joy, are taught in this volume in language which is wedded as music to the thought.

We are profoundly convinced Mr. Ruskin's *great* doctrine in art is essentially and eternally true. He variously expresses it. It is "the dependence of all noble design in any kind in the sculpture and painting of organic form." Again, "Wherever art is practiced for its own sake, and the delight of the workman is in what he does and produces, instead of what he interprets or exhibits, then art has an influence of the most fatal kind on brain and heart, and it issues, if long so pursued, in the destruction both of intellectual power and moral principle; whereas art, devoted humbly and self-forgetfully, to the clear statement and record of the facts of the universe, is always helpful and beneficial to mankind, full of comfort, strength, and salvation."

The ministry and function of art is thus radically the same as that of science—to interpret nature: for the least subtlety of it surpasses the greatest capacity of man. Man's service therefore is humble, yet glorious. In himself there is no good thing; and when he seeks to please and magnify himself he abandons truth for falsehood and good for evil; but if he delights in the work of God, as far greater than himself, and makes it his noblest ambition to know it and teach it to others, his own soul is quick with an abounding life. Truth and peace are then his possessions and his gifts. So the highest teaching of art by Mr. Ruskin, as of science by Bacon, and of philosophy by Sir Wm. Hamilton, is in beautiful accordance with the doctrines of revealed religion. We are not to live to ourselves, but to God; and in that life for the Greatest and Best, who is God, we only know the capacity and enjoy the blessedness of life. Science, philosophy, and art all corroborate the religion of humility and of the cross; and we have read Mr. Ruskin's book with solemn pleasure, as a work not only teaching art, but enforcing the precepts of Christianity.

It is only from our admiration of Mr. Ruskin's genius and works, that we are induced to regret so deeply the little deformities which obscure their splendour and mar their influence. In this volume there are instances of that quick, explosive and, at times, supercilious tone which is alien from the spirit of his teaching, and derogatory to his moral greatness. Again,

he claims such fastidious purism and exactitude in his writings that he courts the curious research and the joyous Eurekas of his critics when they find him tripping. For example, we do not hesitate to aver he has pretended to a precision and scrupulosity in his etymological valuation of the terms of "elegant" and "excellent" which is preposterous. These *words*, like many others, have drifted far away from the bed of their original growth, and do not now mean what he conceives their etymology strictly to denote. We can only smile at Mr. Ruskin's self-assurance when he writes thus: "A little while ago, I had to speak of an architectural design, and called it 'elegant,' meaning, founded on good and well 'elected' (!) models; the printed report gave 'excellent' design (that is to say, design *excellently* good), which I did not mean, and should even in the most hurried speaking never have said."

THE POETICAL WORKS OF THE LATE RICHARD FURNESS, WITH A SKETCH OF HIS LIFE, by G. C. Holland, M.D. London: Partridge and Co.

RICHARD FURNESS passed his honourable life in the vicinity of the regions of the "Peak:"

"Where winding Derwent pours his angry floods,
O'er huge misshapen blocks, through tangling woods;
Where the blue hills in bold perspective rise,
And marble mountains colonnade the skies." *Rag Bag*, page 119

and we can to some extent trace the influence of the surrounding scenery in the more prominent characteristics of his style. The materials for his biography were of rare and instructive character, and they are brought together by Dr. Holland in so able and discriminating a manner as to form a narrative which is well adapted to stimulate and encourage young men of ability. In these poems will be found glowing sallies of imagination, directed by vigorous judgment—keen satire and vivid humour, laying bare the enormities of folly and superstition — descriptive pictures, true to nature and to life— and thrilling appeals on behalf of the oppressed race of humanity. Two lines from "The Astrologer" will illustrate not so much the author's style as his aim:

"May Truth eternal pour a flood of day,
On sister science, and direct her way."

THE ECLECTIC.

OCTOBER, 1859.

I.

ABELARD AND HELOISE.

Abelardi et Heloisæ. Opera, ex MSS. Codd. Fr. Amboesii, edita. Parisiis. 1616.

Abélard. Par Charles de Rémusat. Paris. 1845.

Lettres d'Abailard et d'Heloise, traduites sur les Manuscrits de la Bibliothèque Royale, par E. Oddoul; precédées d'un Essai historique par M. et Madame Guizot. Edition illustrée, par F. Gigoux. Paris. 1839.

On a midsummer eve, in the year 184—, we found ourselves in an extensive cemetery, looking down from its peaceful elevation on the tiled and gilded roofs of a splendid capital. The contrast between the scene directly around, and that in the near distance was very great—life and death, society and solitude, peace and turbulence, its elements—and the feelings which these strong contrasts awakened, were as varied as themselves. The Elysian Fields were within sight, rushing with carriages, dusty with pedestrians, merry with marionettes, radiant with beauty, and joyous with the effervescence of youth. But the true Elysium lay at our feet:

"There is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found;
They softly lie, and sweetly sleep
Low in the ground.

"The storm that wrecks the winter sky
No more disturbs their deep repose,
Than summer evening's latest sigh
That shuts the rose."

The tone of feeling awakened by the tranquillity of tombs and flowers, garlands, and sepulchral favours was such, that we recalled the epitaph of that weary cardinal who laid down the pomp of his purple without a regret, having carved upon his monument:—

Excessi è vitæ ærumnis facilisque lubensque,
Ne pejora ipsâ morte dehinc videam.

We leaned upon the rail of an altar-tomb, enshrined within a mortuary chapel, whereon reposed two figures, whose originals, whilst they lived, must have often looked to death as a welcome release from woe. Not only would they have acquiesced in the natural decree and necessity of dying,—"an inevitable chance, the first statute in Magna Charta, an everlasting Act of Parliament, all must die;" but they would long for it

> "As sea-tost mariners desire
> With eager grasp to reach the shore."

The upward look of their effigies, as they lay in sculptured marble, with their faces turned skyward, was one perpetual plaint to Heaven against human perfidy; yet an assurance of forgiveness lay upon their silent, unimpassioned lips, an oblivion and a pardon of the past.—The figures were those of Abélard and Heloise; the *Chapelle sépulcrale*, their tomb in Père La Chaise; and the capital, whose sun of pleasure and of business invaded the quiet of that mortal retreat was—Paris; the queen of all the vicious splendour and gilded gauds of the world; in few respects more criminal than in its treatment of this unhappy pair. But the unfortunate lovers had sinned against the unnatural prohibitions of the church which forbids to marry; they had violated, moreover, the safeguards of society, which properly pronounces against secret marriages—a partial justification of their sufferings. Nevertheless their after-life of patient endurance and consecration to the cause of God, in the mode prescribed by the religion of the day, redeems their indiscretion, and reinstates them in the esteem which was forfeited by their surreptitious union. But their example is a warning, no less than their story a romance.

A decision of this very question of marriage while under celibate vows is challenged in a recent novel published by Miss Geraldine Jewsbury, and called "Right or Wrong;" the case supposed being that of a prior in some Parisian community, who, on the pretext of a religious mission, spends six months of every year away from his monastery, in a state of wedlock with a lady, whom he married after he had assumed the cowl. There cannot be a moment's hesitation in pronouncing the verdict—*Wrong;* because, although nature may cry out against the restriction upon matrimony as gratuitous and inhuman, and Protestant prejudice may willingly take up the cry against Rome for its unnatural and narrow policy, the element of deception and double-dealing in this clever fiction is clearly against the romancer's hero. *Either priest* OR *layman*, but you cannot enjoy the immunities of both in the garb of one of these professions only. Our condemnation visits the imaginary lay prior, on

the same ground which constrains us to condemn Abélard in spite of our indulgent leaning in the actual priest-philosopher's favour. The lifelong burden of sorrow which Abélard bore, and bore so bravely, after the pang of his immediate grief—for sorrow is a burden, but grief is a pang,—commends him to our compassionate regard and merciful consideration.

In Brittany was our Pierre born, the Cornwall or Wales of France, a Celtic and primitive region, and drew from his Celtic motherhood the quickness of his intellect and the wildness of his passions. His father, a Count Berenger or Berengarius, claimed him as his eldest son, and destined him for the military profession, but the talent for learning developed itself so precociously and strongly in the lad, that the sire acquiesced in the devotion of his son to the study of philosophy, and procured for him attendance on the best teachers. Roscelin, the celebrated Nominalist, was his instructor in Logic at the age of thirteen; and Abélard doubtless drew from this distinguished professor those decided doctrines which characterized his own philosophic opinions and methods through life. In other provincial schools he studied, most probably religious foundations, of which course of instruction it must be allowed that if their curriculum was narrow, their discipline was sound. Latin and Logic—that is, Latin such as it was in the middle ages, and Logic, a wonderful exercise for the faculties in a limited field, though for the most part barren of great results—made up the chief ingredients in their bill of fare; but these they concocted skilfully, and shared freely. Furnished with these in an extraordinary measure for a youth of sixteen, the young Abélard, in accordance with the custom of the times, travelled from college to college, and convent to convent, adding to his stores, and furbishing his weapons, claiming where he went the hospitality of those dark ages, which was liberally accorded to the scholar, and winning reputation by his parts. The year 1099 found the stripling at Paris, having exhausted all the provincial sources of improvement, a peripatetic, as he says of himself, in zeal, if not in his philosophy. Here he enrolled himself amongst the pupils of William Champeaux, who was then the most renowned dialectician in Europe, but also the head of the School of Realism, and the philosophic opponent of the Nominalists. In this circle the handsome youth was first welcomed, for a comely presence brings favour for the possessor, be it man or woman; next tolerated, when he began to question and confute; finally hated, and compelled to withdraw, when he, whose province was to listen, dared to teach. Two years had made his skill in fence so conspicuous over the more clumsy, but at the same time more learned professor, that the course he should pursue became obvious

to friends and foes alike—namely, that he should set up a dialectical school of his own. Despite every obstacle thrown in his way—and those were not times in which artificial polish made enmity scrupulous about its measures—Abélard succeeded in obtaining for himself a position at Melun, sufficiently far from Paris in a south-eastwardly direction, to avoid collision with his former master, yet near enough for the reach of his fame. Here he lectured with such extraordinary success, that, emboldened by his triumph, he moved his quarters to Corbeil, within eighteen miles of Paris, or about half-way from Melun. It was no amiable feeling that led the successful adventurer nearer his former master, but rather, on his own confession, in his "*Historia Calamitatum*," a desire to gall him, and more signally to contribute to his defeat. Here Providence, however, interrupted Abélard's career for a time, and obliged him to retire from ill-health into Brittany, for the benefit of his native air, where we shall leave him, while we devote a paragraph to noting the philosophy of his master with which he had quarrelled, and his conduct in that master's school.

The basis of the philosophy of his quondam teacher, Champeaux, was the realistic view that Universals, or names for classes, were realities as well as names; that abstract ideas are concrete facts; that *species rerum* and *genera* are the same thing: a folly in favour of which a shrewd and hair-splitting intellect may find much to urge, although the truth is on the other side. Assuming this to be the case, and that his position was the only one tenable in the last resort, we can easily conceive how a young man of Abélard's incredible acuteness of logical faculty, should level confusion after confusion at the head of his sorely-bewildered master, until the old Doctor, who had grown grey in mystifying the intellects of obsequious pupils, should be silenced in his own bewilderment. Impelled by youth and arrogance, real talent, and a sense of wrong, the young dialectician would be the last person in the world to observe scruples in his measures; and when he took the floor against his master, in the exciting exercises of the schools, he would not retire till he had drubbed the pedagogue to his heart's content, overwhelming him at once with legitimate argument, scorn, and vituperation. This was so commonly the case at last, that the morning salute of the rector, *Salvete, Discipuli*, responded to with raised berett, and *Sis quoque tu salvus, Domine*, became but the prelude to a savage encounter of keen wits, wherein, doubtless, *Dog of a Nominalist* and *Ass of a Realist* were amongst the lightest of the courtesies interchanged between the intellectual pugilists, and with the invariable result of a lowered crest to Champeaux, and a triumph to the

adventurous Breton. Hate and jealousy, however, were always mixed with the admiration which the commanding abilities of Abélard enforced, and in every pupil of his master, as well as in that master himself, the successful provincial found a foe. But all this the young disputant disregarded, exulting in the flush of his dawning fame. The living death to which the rancorous revenge of an enemy afterwards consigned him, would at this time have been anticipated, had he, with his ardent nature, been consigned, on coming to Paris, to that "quiet" which, "to quick bosoms, is a hell." His intellectual gladiatorship was a profession and not a mere dilettanteism, for which he had trained himself by hard study and the severe exercise of thought, and nothing short of the tumult and glory of success could satisfy his mind. The storm at sea in chase of his prey was far better to his sanguine soul than the tranquillity of the haven.

A logical encounter in the middle ages' schools must have been a picturesque and animated scene. Some Gothic hall, approached through a conventual cloister, was strewn with rushes, and laid with oaken benches, in close array from end to end, while a low dais, drawn across the upper extremity, was the arena for the combatants, exposing them to the view of the eager and crowded auditory. Rows of hungry scholars, in long sontancs, and the berett or trencher-cap of the day, men whose appetites were large and digestion frightfully good, while their commons were often short enough, men whose own wits were sharpened by education, and who would watch each varying phase of the fight with more interest than one of military fence or armed struggle for life and death,—these would hail the loud *nego majorem* or *minorem*, as the case might be, of the wordy disputants with the jeer of mockery, or the clap of involuntary applause. But the excitement would be, in the majority of cases, out of all proportion to the utility of the spectacle; for beyond the exhibition of ready tact and fruitfulness of resource, the questions discussed were often frivolous enough, so long as theology, a dangerous subject, was excluded from debate. Whether the egg preceded the hen, or the hen the egg, could not be a very edifying question, but so much could be said on either side, that an argument thereon might be protracted to an interminable length. The same must be alleged of the still undecided quibbles, whether, when a hog was led to market with a string tied to his leg, he might be said to be led by the string or by his conductor. Whether, in freezing, the heat left the water or the cold entered into it. There were, of course, graver and more sensible themes to exercise their wits upon in the school of logic, but the subject itself was comparatively indifferent, provided that it acted as a grindstone to sharpen

their faculties in the wordy strife. Their propositions were aptly called *Quodlibets*, for any one thing was as good as any other, when its whole value consisted in making it a subject for specious syllogism and subtle distinctions.

Truth was regarded as neither means nor end in these sham fights. They were just the exhibition of an intellectual dexterity in the use of logical weapons, on a par with the sleight of the fencer or the self-possession of the acrobat.

The times were stirring in which our Abélard lived and flourished, the outward movement of action and incident being in strange conformity with the thrill and conflict of thought. No period of profound peace is half so provocative of even literary production as one of excitement in the external world. The turmoil without awakens the electricity latent within, and thus both discharge their celestial fire together. Abélard was born in the year 1079, but the year 1066 witnessed the Norman conquest of England, and the year 1096 the first crusade to Palestine, while all within the borders of broad Europe was commotion, and shaking and expectation throughout his life. This is contrary to anticipation, but anticipation is often befooled by experience in other quarters as well as here. Let the stithy ring with the din of the armourer, and the review-ground with the tramp of troops,—let wars, and rumours of wars, be the common talk of the people, and rifle-practice their preparation against evil to come; yea, let calamity of various sort assail them so as to break up the sluggish calm of their habitual life, and you shall see the printing press stimulated at the same period to unusual activity, recluses in their closets tempted into publicity, schools crowded with eager pupils, and philosophers ministering to curiosity by speculation and experiment, while, perhaps, invasion is attacking their homes, like Archimedes at his problems amid a burning Syracuse. Public spirit and the literary life flourish together, not amid the abundance of plethora, and the quiet of Academus, but amid storm, convulsions, and strife. So abhorred war, although both its instrument and immediate issues may be evil, may work the purposes of Divinity and speed the best interests of man.

When Abélard was learning and lecturing in the schools, with an acuteness and a power unknown among his contemporaries, all Europe was campaigning to the holy wars. At the stimulation of a fanatical monk, who was himself held in leading-strings by a haughty and clever Hildebrand and Urban, mobs of miscreants enrolled themselves under the banner of the Cross, to fight ostensibly for Christ in Palestine, but in reality to scramble for the world, the flesh, and the devil, in their own unruly passions and

persons. Starving peasants, cheated craftsmen, miserable debtors, insolvent nobles, the same kind of outlaws who flocked to David in the wilderness—all men of large wants and small means—were ready for any desperate enterprise that only promised them bread for daily wants, and excitement for wild longings—where and how it mattered not. When, therefore, these legions of restless spirits mustered and marched, they took care wherever they came to avail themselves of the plenary indulgence of the Pope secured to every crusader. Hitherto penance for crime bore some proportion to the fault committed, and might consume years in the process of expiation; but a grand act of emancipation was passed, when Urban decreed *plenary indulgence* from every ecclesiastical imposition in favour of all those who volunteered for the war in Palestine. Men took care to need the indulgence they craved, and under its wing ravaged Christian and Saracen alike. Southern Germany, Hungary, and Bulgaria, they ate up like remorseless locusts, and left nothing on their line of march standing which they could destroy, or portable which they did not remove. Their presence was a nightmare, and their departure a relief. Such were the crusaders, licentious marauders, to whose unlawful indulgence an edge was given by being enjoyed under the name of religion. We should, therefore, put down as the very first and most direct advantage of the crusades, that they removed from society in Europe the worst part of its population; swept off the scum and dregs of both country and city by a more salutary and summary process than anything short of an immediate divine dispensation.

The crusaders, indeed, were not all a rabble-rout without discipline, morals, or religion. There was a lofty chivalry and pure devotion to a great and sacred cause with some. But the good to the bad were as Lot to Sodom—one to a thousand. Yet, the mighty movement felt in every class of society—the passage of the fiery cross from land to land—the preaching of enthusiasts—the recruiting and departure of large armies to unknown regions—the high faith of the few—the feverish ambition and lawlessness of the many—the return of the invalids and surviving conquerors—the growth of commerce—the diffusion of knowledge and interchange of ideas, between remote countries,—all these failed not to make the age of Abélard an epoch of volcanic and ungovernable excitement, in which, however, the foundations of modern society were laid.

We shall but lightly glance upon the incidents and varying fortunes of Abélard's life. After half a dozen years spent in recreation and study, we find Abélard again in Paris, when he was twenty-eight years old, with a strong determination on him to achieve wider victories and to work more confessed humiliation

on his former antagonist. He forced a kind of renunciation of his realist views from William of Champeaux, and then opened a school of his own at St. Genevieve, close by, which speedily emptied the benches of the Monastery of St. Victor, where De Champeaux had enrolled himself a monk. In the course of a very few years of continuous teaching, Abélard became the acknowledged leader of philosophy in Paris—the most renowned dialectician of his day. His six years of seclusion in Brittany must have been well spent, for his amazing erudition is boasted of no less than his argumentative skill. In the language of his epitaph, which must have had the prevalent opinion of his contemporaries for its basis, *Ille sciens quicquid fuit ulli scibile.* The successor of De Champeaux, who filled his philosophic chair, retired from the unavailing contest with an adversary so gifted as Abélard, and unrolled himself among his pupils. This was the most flourishing period of our hero's philosophic life, when he was about thirty years of age. Paris applauded him, and Paris was the world. It bestowed on him a canonry in the metropolitan church,—a sinecure which does not appear to have involved the more stringent of the ecclesiastical vows. But vested rights as a teacher, on the part of Champeaux and his successor, caused Abélard further disturbance; and we find him withdrawn to Melau, and once or twice again—as a change of tactics on the part of his adversary, or the public voice of reprobation on De Champeaux's conduct, permitted—in Paris. The only interruptions of any real moment to his residence in the city were occasioned by the retirement of his father, and next of his mother, to the cloistered seclusion of some monasteries near their home;—a curious close to a happy married life, and not an uncommon one in those days,—but the offspring of no enlightened views of social morality or personal religion. That the convent has charms for contemplative minds is certain, and that in troublous periods of history it formed a welcome asylum for misfortune and for learning, will not be denied; but there is an aspect of refined selfishness about the whole conventual institution, either for men or women, which condemns it in the judgment of true morals and enlightened philanthropy. Here we have old Berenger, having settled his children, enamoured of books and quiet, going off to a monastery, and leaving *Madame Mere* to struggle in her old age alone, with such troubles as might remain to her from unruly tenants, bad debtors, unpleasant neighbours, and exacting mendicants. This does not appear courtly or chivalrous in the old knight. After a while the lady herself tires of the cares of the world, and follows the example of her husband, leaving her children and grand-children to fight the battles of life unaided, and robbing

herself of the dear delight of nursing her sons' and daughters' babes on her aged knee—one of the rarest pleasures of old age. All this is strangely at odds with our notion of family affection and obligation in the nineteenth centry.

But like Alexander, who longed for other worlds to conquer, Abélard would conquer other domains of science ere he could consider his triumphs complete. Philosophy was but his Rubicon, he must storm the imperial Rome of Divinity. In order to qualify for lecturing on the sacred science, that is, religion philosophically treated, he hied to Laon, some miles north-east of Paris, to attend the prelections of the most popular theologian in France, a monk named Anselm, pupil of our own Archbishop of Canterbury of that name;—a man of many words and mighty fame. But in this case, as in the material world, the shrewd scholar found how true it was that

"Distance lends enchantment so the view."

The teacher proved fluent in the utterance of commonplaces, but shallow,—gifted with a leaky tongue but a sluggish wit. "I frequented," writes Abaillard, "the old man's school, but it was soon evident that all his celebrity was derived, not from the display of of abilities, but from length of practice. If you knocked at his door, to consult him on some difficulty, your doubts were increased instead of allayed, and you came away more perplexed than before. Admirable to simple-minded and unquestioning listeners, he was unable to grapple with any adversary. He had abundance of words, but no depth of reason. When he lighted his fire, he filled the house with smoke, not with light. His tree all covered with foliage looked imposing from a distance, but when it was closely examined there was no fruit on its branches. I approached it expecting to be fed, but I found it to be the fig-tree which the Lord had cursed. Once disabused of my expectations, I did not remain long stretched under its shade."—Want of vigour, want of precision, want of originality, want of liberality, are charges which have been vented on the teachers of theology from then until now; some of these charges being true of some professors, and some of others. But men ought not to expect originality in a science where all that can be known has been known for eighteen centuries, nor a greater liberality of speculation or tolerance than Scripture itself allows. Perhaps old Anselm was not as deficient as our self-satisfied but really gifted Abélard pronounced him; for the school he commanded proved him at least well up to the ordinary requisitions of the times. We can easily understand how a sharp-witted man, eager for disputation, or even a sincere inquirer anxious for truth, might turn with loathing from the

chopped straw and endless distinctions of the scholastic theology. The intercourse of tuition at Laon, as unsatisfactory to the master as to the pupil, ended in Abélard's becoming a theologian himself; first as a *privat-docent* in Laon, and afterwards on a large and recognized scale in Paris. Here the success of the young teacher was equal to his merits,—and his merits were rare, for his mind was vigorous, his expositions fresh, and his speculations, within certain limits, bold. He was passionately followed by the ardent admirers of talent of many lands, who flocked to the mother city of France to attend his instructions; and here and now he reached the culminating point of his theological fame.

But pride and luxury proved his bane (we use the words of his confession in the "*Historia Calamitatum*," addressed to a friend), and he became involved in the discreditable intrigue with the beautiful and learned Heloise, retrieved as far as it might be by his marriage with her afterwards. Abélard's fault and his punishment have made his name notorious, and they demand neither explication nor censure from us. "If they loved rashly, their lives paid for wrong;" for all the after years of the unlucky pair were a living death. Life had no charm thenceforward for either of the twain, separated for ever by Héloise's indignant uncle, and they had no resource for their sorrow but the incarceration of the convent. Death might be preferable, death might be longed for, but life was a duty, and further endurance and further conflict lay before them. Heloise retired to the convent of Argenteuil, and Abélard betook himself to the great Abbey of St. Denis, near Paris. But Abélard did not long remain in seclusion, more reasons than one conducing to draw him from his retreat. Fire consumes fat, and the greasy sensualism of the monks and their ignorant disorders were sorely scorched by the caustic intellectualism of their new *confrère*. They thought only of the *éclat* of a distinguished resident amongst them, when they welcomed into their midst the leading teacher of the day, and little anticipated the discomfort of near proximity to superior intelligence, and the painful contrast of ignorance and vulgarity with the refinement of learning. Abbot Adam, first in rank in the institution, was also first in transgression—a ringleader in naughtiness—the living Lord of Misrule. He soon, therefore, became as anxious for the departure of Abélard, as he had been proud of his accession. Yielding both to his desire to escape such uncongenial companionship, and to the cry of his former pupils for instruction, Abélard once more resumed his lectures on theology near Paris, emptying all other schools, and provoking boundless envy by his success.

In treating the most abstruse subjects, he introduced the rational method, rightly contending that in all matters to which reason can

be applied it ought to be applied. In this he professedly took Origen for his master—an unsafe guide, indeed, but a man none the less worthy of admiration for his great parts, untiring industry, and fine independence of mind. So great is the resemblance between them in subtlety of understanding, rare freedom of speculation, and other points of comparison, that if the Parisian doctor had possessed the Alexandrian scholar's profound biblical knowledge, he might have been called the modern Origen.

With the natural presumption of a man in possession of a new instrument of his own devising, or of novel application, Abélard fancied he could resolve all things by his reason—fathom even "the deep things of God." In this manner he dealt with the mystery of the Trinity,—to be commended indeed for his abandonment of unmeaning terms and definitions, "sonorous terms," as he calls them, instead of "intelligible ideas;" but nevertheless reprehensible, because no natural analogies, conceptions, or terms could explain the supernatural and inexplicable. The attempt was a noble one, considering the age in which it was made, but the success was not commensurate with the self-gratulation of the author, or the applause of his friends. Roscelin, one of his early teachers, had been condemned for philosophizing upon the same subject, and the condemnation of both master and pupil was founded rather, perhaps, on their novel modes of expression than on any heretical ideas which they broached in the course of their discussions. Abélard makes the Father the symbol of power, the Son of wisdom, and the Holy Ghost of charity,—and finds these three qualities infinitely bound up in the same Godhead. He vindicates for the heathen philosophers a knowledge of the Trinity, and assigns them, for the purity of their morals, the sincerity of their manners, and the profoundness of their investigations, a place amongst the blessed in the unseen world. The co-eternity of the Persons in the Trinity he explains by the coeval existence of the *mass* of the sun, its *light* and *heat*. From this topic he proceeds to treat of Providence and the Divine works, coming to the conclusions:—that if there remain any good unrealized in the universe, it is God's wisdom which has forbidden His power to effect it; that, more than what God has done, He could not have done; nor could He have done it otherwise; nor was He free not to have done it.—This is the sheer optimism of later ages, and partakes more than its adversaries allow, or its advocates suspect, of evangelical regard for the manifold wisdom of God.

But new ways of stating religious truth, even while the truth itself is devoutly guarded from misapprehension, awaken the suspicions of those whose minds move in the narrow groove of a traditional orthodoxy. Two professors of Rheims, once fellow-

pupils of Abélard under the deceased Anselm, smarting under the pain of seeing themselves outshone by a former rival in their own departments of teachers of theology, found endless deformities in the essay, and denounced its statements as grossly erroneous and heretical. Their task was easy, for nothing is so easy to find as heresy, if any religious teaching whatever be read with due "dispositions." Heresies will rise to the inquisitive glance, as readily as armed men sprang from the dragon's teeth of Cadmus. Horrified with their discoveries, the professors hastened to their archbishop, and denounced the writer, demanding a provincial synod for the condemnation of his error. The prelate complied, and a council, the usual remedy in such cases, was resorted to, —the Council of Soissons, A.D. 1121, with the Pope's legate at its head.

Abélard was condemned to burn his book, which he did before the assembly. What follows seems almost intended for a burlesque of the Athanasian Creed. Directly the book was consumed, some malignant soul whispered in the legate's ear, "I saw this horrible sentence in his book: that God the Father is alone Almighty." The legate caught the words, and rising, exclaimed, "That not even a child could err so grossly, for the fundamental and universal belief of Christendom is, that there be three Almighties." "And yet there be not three Almighties, but one Almighty," quoted one Doctor Terricas in the assembly, confounding the legate, and turning the language of the celebrated creed to better use, perhaps, than ever it had been turned before. Assailed by clamour, and sought to be put down, Terricas asserted his right to take part in the discussion, and proceeded with the words of Daniel: "Why are you thus foolish, children of Israel? not judging and knowing what is true, you have condemned a son of Israel: return to judgment, and judge the judge himself, whom you have established for the purpose of teaching the faith and repressing error. When he ought to judge, he is condemned by his own mouth. The innocence of the accused has to-day been shown by God's mercy: deliver him, like Susannah of old, from his false accusers." The holocaust of Abélard's book freed him from any more serious consequences of the inquisition into his heretical pravity, but he was only quite absolved on his publicly subscribing the Athanasian Creed as his sighs and tears allowed him utterance. The repeating his adhesion to the Belief cost him little pain, for no one at the present day conceives him to have been unsound in the faith; but the sacrifice of the "child of his thought,"—the creature of his imagination—the fruit of his midnight toil—the *magnum opus* of his life hitherto—the work in which, if anywhere, novelty combined with devotion shone,—to have the result of his labours thus

rudely done to death by incompetent and malignant souls, must have been galling indeed.

After a few days' seclusion at St. Medard, Abélard was allowed to return to St. Denis, where fresh troubles awaited him for his free-spoken reproofs, and for the ridiculous reason that he questioned the truth of Dionysius, the Areopagite, being the founder of their church, and the patron saint of France. On the authority of Bede, Abélard contended for a later Dionysius as the evangelist of Gaul, but the ignorant monks clave to the more extravagant tradition with the ferocity of an unreasoning fanaticism. They could almost have murdered the sceptic for his suspicions about their saint, but they only confined him in his cell. From this, with the connivance of a few brethren better disposed than the rest, the unfortunate Abélard made his escape into the region of Champagne, where the law of the territory vouchsafed him protection and asylum. With this event commences a new phase of the history of our unfortunate monk.

By the executive of France he was allowed to establish himself with a few followers, in an unoccupied but fertile region near Nogent-sur-Seine, where his domicile was at first of the very rudest order. His centre of attraction was a small cottage, dignified with the name of oratory, and dedicated to the Trinity. Disciples learning of his location and virtual independence, flocked around from all quarters, in the words of his own narrative, "forsaking tower and town, to dwell in a desert place, constructing cabins for their own abode, instead of the comfortable houses they had left behind, renouncing delicate meats for coarse bread and wild herbs, for warm beds having nothing but straw and moss, for tables only sods of grass." "Pilgrims of his genius," they were attracted by his reputation, while his misfortunes and persecutions gave wing to his reputation, and bade it fill a still wider circle. His monastery was thus a school rather than a cloister; for, true to his instincts and habits, it could not be otherwise: his function, from first to last, was teaching rather than discipline, his own nature being developed on the intellectual rather than the ascetic side. And he was a great teacher; but the access of pupils from all quarters somewhat defeated his design in retiring to the desert, which was, in a fit of misanthropy, to get away from mankind. So largely grew this feeling upon him afterwards, under the persecutions of his neighbour, Bernard of Clairvaux, a man of equal genius with himself, but of less pleasant temper, that he contemplated settling down in some Mohammedan or Pagan country, where he might profess his own Christianity without molestation. Meanwhile the consolations derived from his comparative quiet at Arduzon, and the revival of his cele-

brity, induced him to call his new location by the name of the Paraclete—the Comforter. Yet even this name gave offence to captious souls, and Abélard was almost driven to distraction by the constant cavils of those in whose eyes he could do nothing good. Their abominable suspicions drove a really upright man almost to despair, and led him to compare his sufferings by persecution with those of Athanasius at the hands of the Arians.

A harbour of seeming refuge, however, was opened to him in his native province of Brittany, by his unanimous election to the priorate of St. Gildas de Ruys, on the shores of the Atlantic, in a wild and savage region. No spot could be more unattractive by nature: the granite of the subsoil is barely covered by the most, scanty vegetation; a barren, heathy promontory was the site of the monastery, where the howling of the wind through the cloisters awoke an intolerable melancholy, and this was their music nearly every night in the year; provisions were scanty, and the neighbourhood poor. But it was a fixed home and position for Abélard, and its very remoteness from public life was a charm. His troubles had wrought him to such a pitch of desperation, that he only thought of escaping the society of men, and bringing himself out of sight of a vexatious world. But there were troubles in store for him in his monastery as well as elsewhere, and these sprang not from the gloomy association of the scenery, but, as before, from his kind. The men of the cowl seemed created for his special torment, and their treatment of Abélard throughout his career, both when he was himself a subordinate, and afterwards when a governor, is calculated to awaken a cordial distrust of the monkish nature. Whatever it may be now, evidence abounds to prove that in the middle ages those were not the finest dispositions which betook themselves to the cloisters—rather the slothful, the cowardly, the sensual, and, too often, the envious and malignant. We can scarcely picture outside the convent, men of an earthlier nature than those who were consecrated by their profession to the cultivation of spirituality within it. In Gildas the brethren almost worried their prior to death by their demands for supplies for themselves, their concubines, and their children; and when he dared deny them, or the provisions ran short, they attempted his life in the sacramental wine. Over and over again does Abélard express his dread of assassination at the hands of his own monks, in his correspondence with Heloise, now at Paraclete, and he commends prayer for his life to be offered daily, in two distinct forms to herself and her nuns. The granite rocks of the promontory before him, and the shore and islets of the sea of Morbihan, were not so hard as the hearts of the men whom he

failed to govern, nor the rollers of the Atlantic that surged upon the coast as unruly as their passions.

The perpetuation of the Paraclete was always one of his cares. How provide for its infancy? what do with it when he retired? But the latter question received a ready solution from events; while the liberality of the public did more for it under a new régime than before. The nunnery of Argenteuil, where Heloise had now resided seven years, was dissolved on the plea of the ill-conduct of the inmates. It is curious to observe, too, that this process of dissolution of monasteries has always taken place in Roman Catholic countries, by the hands of devout believers, has been extremely frequent, and is always justified to the public conscience by an enumeration of the practical evils of the institution. Portugal, Spain, and Sardinia are amongst the most recent instances of revolt against the Order of Monkery; and the freedom which these countries have won is envied by the less favoured Catholic nations, who still groan under the burden of the brotherhoods and sisterhoods that fatten on the industry of the community. Argenteuil was thus dissolved, and the sisters scattered, when Abélard handed over the Paraclete to the superintendence of Heloise and the eight nuns who followed her fortunes. The gift was ratified in 1126 by Pope Innocent II., and Heloise became the first abbess of the afterwards flourishing and celebrated nunnery of the Paraclete.

An address to the sisterhood of the Paraclete, problems or questions in divinity resolved, sermons, a treatise against heresies, an exposition of the Lord's Prayer, and a commentary on the Romans, engaged the studious attention of Abélard at this time, —works of various merit, but of indubitable orthodoxy. Yet was their orthodoxy questioned by that hammer of heretics, St. Bernard of Clairvaux, in the neighbourhood of the Paraclete, who objected to Abélard's adoption of the word *supersubstantial* bread in the Lord's Prayer, from Matthew, instead of using the word *daily*, from St. Luke. But the zealous saint found other objections in the works of Abélard, styling him thus in a letter to Cardinal Guido:—"When he speaks of the Trinity, we hear Arius; when of grace, Pelagius; and when of the person of Christ, Nestorius."

With such a person as his accuser, Abélard stood little chance of a fair hearing before a Provincial Council at Sens, in the year 1140, before which he made his appearance. No sooner were the charges read against him, than, regarding the prejudiced aspect of the assembly, he appealed to Rome; but this did not prevent his condemnation by the Council, inasmuch as he had acquiesced up to that point in their jurisdiction.

He began his journey to Rome, but was stopped by tidings that Rome had already condemned him, on the partial decision of his adversaries at Sens, and the special appeal of Bernard to the Holy See. He stopped at the Benedictine monastery of Cluny, where he was kindly received by the abbot, worthy of perpetual memory as Peter the Venerable, a man of learning, and of that charity which inspiration has pronounced beyond "all mysteries and all knowledge." Here his life was one of cloistral devotion and study. No decays of a failing nature withdrew him from his course of penitential discipline and devotion, and the supervision and retouching of his works. But whatever his external submission to church censure, if he were a heretic when he came there, a heretic he remained, for none of the faulty reasonings or assertions of his book were cancelled; they remain on everlasting record, a challenge to his contemporaries and an appeal to posterity. Were those works of his every word translated and in common circulation, it is very doubtful whether, amongst an enlightened Protestant people, these would not place Abélard very high in general esteem above most of the writers of the Romish church. Few of these dare to reason out of the beaten track, wherefore all honour to Abélard, who both would and did.

When we look back over his career and opinions, we are at no loss in taking the true measure of the man. Abélard was a thorough Frenchman—a point that must never be forgotten in any estimate of his talents and character. He had all the proverbial acuteness of the Gallic intellect, and, at the same time, the vain-glorious and boastful habit of his race. He was a dainty, handsome man, vain of his person as well as of his acquirements. From natural ability and long practice, he had become a dialectician most formidable to encounter in those tournaments of dialectic combat which were the chief recreation of the schools of the twelfth century. He was rather a logician than a metaphysician, and troubled himself more about words and forms than about things, either material or spiritual. But, besides the natural leaning of his genius in that direction, the controversy of the Nominalists and Realists tended to develope his logical faculty; and of that vexed problem it is to his credit that his keen-sightedness suggested the correct solution. Even when he breaks bounds into the newer region of theological speculation and ratiocination, he clanks the chain of his logic after him—a clog to himself and a nuisance to others. Had he had equals or leaders in this department, the blot of heresy had probably never rested upon his name; but he pursued an unbeaten track, and was led astray by the lack of authority sufficient to convince his reason, and of precedent which it had been no degradation to follow. We shall not undertake to say,

but are rather disposed to believe, that opinions quite as obnoxious as those of Abélard are to be found in the fathers of the early church down to the fifth century. If not downright heresies, very odd notions at least, are scattered everywhere over the works of these over-honoured ancients. But these are cried up, while it was the cue of Abélard's contemporaries to cry him down. Had he lived in the days of Zwingle and Luther, he probably would have been a reformer, induced by his love of intellectual freedom and detestation of that hateful policy which in after days gave rise to the institution of Indexes. As a bold and caustic thinker, he has many features in common with Erasmus; but had he had Erasmus's opportunities he would not have missed them like Erasmus. Yet he had not religious earnestness enough in the earlier part of his life to dare any danger purely for religion's sake—nor indeed, perhaps, at any period for religion alone. But no one can affirm that he would not have run great risks in the cause of religion if linked with the emancipation of thought from the fetters of human authority. Though without the element of deep personal religion, which seems to have been the moving spring of most reformers in every period of the church, we look upon him as, nevertheless, a reformer before his age—of a special type, indeed, but of a true type none the less. His affections never rose to the pitch of enthusiasm, but his search after truth was sincere. The intellect of the philosopher governed his whole life, nor was it swayed out of its equilibrium by the follies and sins of celibate priests, in days when the sexual transgressions of such men were looked on as a tolerated evil. Passion seldom gained the mastery over him. He could be a monk, an ascetic, a desert eremite, an Anthony; but never a Whitfield or a Richard Baxter. When sorrow and suffering had done their work upon him, he appears to have walked according to the light given him unblamably, and to have experienced and owned the work of the Spirit. However provoking the innovations of his philosophy may have been to his adversaries, and however repulsive were the more prominent features of his character, he never appears to have cherished the malignant passions of fallen nature. It should not be forgotten that he went over to Clairvaux and was reconciled to Bernard, his bitterest enemy, at the very time when Bernard was intriguing at Rome by his correspondence to secure his condemnation, and to make Abélard's appeal for impartial justice to the Holy See of none effect. The heretic was a greater man in the virtue of forgiveness than the saint in the furor of his zealous orthodoxy. Abélard had encountered two great foes in his public life—the one a philosopher, the other an ecclesiastic. In the philosopher he met a spaniel, sometimes fawning upon his hand, and sometimes snapping at it, as temper and occa-

sion prompted; but in the saint he found a sleuth-hound's tenacity and fury of grip, that nothing could shake off, nothing propitiate, and the exulcerated wounds of which nothing could heal. The saint's malignancy is the more intolerable, as it pours with evangelical unction the vitriolic oil of advice and profession of sympathy into the wound which itself has made. Such is the hateful policy of the Roman Inquisition, which, handing a man over to the secular power to be dogged to death, hypocritically begs for mercy towards him.

But the hunted hart at last escaped his pursuers, and found repose from the shafts of priestly rancour and rage in that region "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest." The Abbot Peter reports his death, and gives explicit testimony to the Christian virtues of his guest. In a letter to Heloise, he says:—"Thus did Abélard close his days. He whose learning was vast, and of whom almost the four corners of the world had been taught to speak, became the disciple of Him who was meek and lowly of heart. He is gone to his Master; and you, dear sister, who were once his wife, but whom afterwards a purer tie united to him, repose now in the certain hope that the day will come when he shall again be given to you."

We have said enough, but must revert, ere we close, to our starting point—his tomb. The body of Abélard was stolen, after his interment, from the monks of Marcellus, by the friendly abbot, and conveyed to Heloise at Paraclete. After twenty years solitary repose the faithful Heloise joined her husband in the tomb, on which, in accordance with the usage of the day, an epitaph in Latin rhyme was carved. In the middle of the last century a more graceful inscription recorded the unhappy pair as—

> "Olim studiis, ingenio, amore, infaustis nuptiis et pœnitentiâ,
> Nunc æternâ, quod speramus, felicitate conjuncti."

The first French revolution deemed cloistered monks and nuns a nuisance, and religious houses their natural prey. The Paraclete thus fell to the ground, but the dust of the celebrated lovers was religiously conveyed to the charnel of Nogent, by the authorities of that town. In 1800 the bodies were removed to Paris, and, after sundry shiftings of their place of repose, they have found their last home in Père la Chaise. The stones of which this tomb is composed are fragments of the ornate gothic of the Paraclete; and, as we lean our elbow on their tracery, connect us with the bygone age in which they were chiselled—with the still earlier age in which the dust they cover was animated with life and thought. It was a commonplace reflection that passed

through our mind as we gazed upon the double ruin—that of the dilapidated monastery, of which not one stone remains upon another in its proper site, and that of the hapless pair whose faults and sufferings the present structure commemorates, but it was natural and obvious enough to plead an excuse for its commonness:—

> "Omnia sunt hominum tenui pendentia filo,
> Et subito casu, quæ valuere ruunt."

II.

PROTESTANTISM IN AUSTRIA.

A Secret History of the Austrian Government, and of its Systematic Persecutions of Protestants. Compiled from Official Documents. By Alfred Michiels. London: Chapman and Hall, 1859.

Among "the miraculous chances" by which, according to M. Michiels, the Austrian Empire has so frequently been preserved in seasons of extreme danger, posterity will in all probability include the celebrated treaty of Villafranca. While politicians are debating at Zurich the precise terms of this confused pacification, and the *Official Gazette* of Vienna opens to the subjects of the monarchy prospects of much-needed reforms, it may not be amiss to study the internal history of the late disasters, and to trace in them the operation of causes long at work. Scarcely more than three centuries have elapsed since Charles V. swayed the destinies of Europe. Absolute masters of Spain, of the Netherlands, the Austrian domains, and we may almost add of Italy, as well as Emperors of Germany, no dynasty since the time of the Cæsars had wielded so vast a sway as the Hapsburgs. The title of "Majesty," which Charles V. was the first of European monarchs to assume, but faintly indicated the extent of a power which neither the hereditary enemy of Christendom, nor the gallant armies of France, could resist. The sun never set on the dominions of him whom the poor monk of Wittemberg—alone, save with God and his Bible—confronted at Worms. Yet has he proved that stone cut without hands, which has gradually broken to pieces the colossal empire that succeeded and represented ancient Rome. The Netherlands have thrown off the yoke of Charles' son; Spain, no longer under Hapsburg rule, has sunk

apparently no more to rise; Italy is emancipated; the supremacy of Germany has passed into the hands of Protestant Prussia, and the Austrian monarchy itself is shaken to its very foundation. Twice within the last ten years has the imminent ruin of the Hapsburg family been stayed—in 1848, by *foreign aid* in the interest of Absolutism; in 1859, by *foreign weakness*, in that of the Papacy. The causes of all these disasters were the same, and so long as they continue, the destruction of that Empire may be delayed, but cannot be averted. Truly, Charles V. and his vast realm died in a monastery.

That countries which contain so many elements of prosperity should present such evidence of weakness and decay, may well excite astonishment. The provinces which compose the Austrian monarchy are as large and fertile as any in Europe; the vast plains of Hungary, Gallicia, and Bohemia, yield an almost unlimited supply of grain, and fruits of every variety; the mountains are replete with ores; broad and navigable rivers afford unrivalled means of internal, and an ample seaboard of external intercourse and commerce; the populations are brave, loyal, intelligent, and well disposed. Yet with all these resources, defeat has followed defeat,—the finances are utterly ruined, the army dispirited, whilst a large force is continually required to keep mutinous provinces in unwilling subjection. We repeat these well known facts in no spirit of rancorous hostility to the house of Austria, such as M. Michiels discovers on every page of his book. On the contrary, strange though it may appear to some, we believe them to have been mostly kind and humane rulers, whose oppression and misgovernment were rather the consequence of a system, than the result of natural cruelty, or unbounded selfishness. We are disposed to go further, and in great measure to accept the apology of *F. Von Hurter*, the latest advocate of Hapsburg rule, and Jesuit intrigue, and to admit that even Ferdinand II., who originated the Thirty Years' War, and almost exterminated Protestantism in Austria, was sincere in his efforts for what he deemed the welfare of his people, that the tears which he shed over his victims were caused by unfeigned grief, and that the masses which he ordered for the heretics whom he executed, are a correct indication of his real feelings towards them. All the more hateful, then, appears to us the system of which this policy of despotism and bloodshed has been the exponent, and to which not only the miseries of countless thousands, but the present state of the Empire must be traced. Not from religious partisanship or sectarian hatred, but as the result of calm and impartial historical studies, we record it as our conviction that priestcraft, Jesuitry, Ultramontanism, or by whatever other name you may designate unlimited

devotion to the authority and objects of Rome, and not any hereditary taint of madness in the Hapsburg family (such as M. Michiel suggests), has brought that race and their rule to the brink of destruction.

But neither this explanation, nor the admission of occasional excesses on the part of Protestants, and of that vile sectarianism with which they are justly chargeable, must blind us to the fact that in making itself the instrument in the hand of Rome, the house of Austria has probably been guilty of greater crimes than any other dynasty. Among the bloodstained pages of ecclesiastical history, the darkest is that which records the relation between Protestanism and the Hapsburgs. The persecutions in our own country, the sufferings of the Huguenots, even the fires of the Inquisition in Spain, were not so atrocious as the systematic hostility, the unrelenting cruelty, and the constant intrigues to which the adherents of the Reformation have been exposed, so far as the influence of Austria has extended. For centuries the real seat of the Papacy has been by the banks of the Danube, not on those of the Tiber; and unless the promised measures of relief shall inaugurate a perfect change, only the *form* not the *fact* of persecution can be said to have ceased. In this respect, M. Michiels rightly identifies Hapsburg with Jesuit rule. We wish we could equally have agreed with him on other points. "*A Secret History of the Austrian Government, compiled from Official Documents*," would indeed prove a work of no common interest. Unfortunately, it has yet to be written; the book presently under review, cannot in any sense be regarded as such. The documents from which its information is derived have long been known and accessible. To call a superficial gleaning from the works of *Caraffa*, *Hormeyr*, *Fessler*, or *Hurter*, "a secret history," is certainly a strange misnomer. Of original or hitherto unpublished documents, we have not discovered a trace, nor learned a single fact which has not frequently and much more accurately been told. But we have observed a number of mistakes, many most important omissions, and an obvious personal aim, which greatly detracts even from the limited value of the book. The story of the earlier persecutions in Bohemia, which is found in most works on the subject, is pretty fully given; the history of Protestantism in Hungary* is most imperfectly treated, and the record of later events, from 1789 to 1859, is summarily dismissed for the present with

* We take this opportunity of recommending the "*History of the Protestant Church in Hungary*," translated by the Rev. Dr. Craig (London: Nisbet and Co., 1854); a somewhat dry, but full and trustworthy work, which M. Michiels unfortunately seems not to have known.

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the remark, that "historical works cannot be improvised, and considerable time is required to read and study documents." We could have wished that the same caution had been observed with regard to the earlier periods of history. In that case the characters of Ferdinand I., Maximilian II., and Rodolph II., might have been more correctly drawn; instead of irrelevant chapters about the rules of the Jesuits, the private habits of Prince Kaunitz, and the relations between France and Austria, more important information would have been furnished, and in general the continual straining after theatrical effect, given place to the sobriety of a proper historical style. A history like this requires not, in order to give it effect, the aid of exclamations, or of abrupt moralizing. Lastly, though making every allowance for an author who dates his Preface from "Paris, May 15th, 1859," we dislike, in such a composition, the continual "*delenda Carthago*" strain adopted against the Hapsburg family; and we are far from believing that the moral influence of France in Germany has been so beneficial as M. Michiels represents. With all these drawbacks, as this is the only work in our language which gives information popularly accessible on the subject,* we advise our readers to consult its pages. In the limited space assigned to ourselves, we can do little more than trace the outlines of this history, and indicate the present state and the just demands of Protestants in Austria.

At the period of the Reformation, the *hereditary* domains of the German branch of the house of Hapsburg were comparatively small. The crown of Bohemia, to which the electoral dignity in Germany attached, and that of Hungary, were *elective*. So far as the latter country is concerned, that fact is unquestioned; and —whether you call it choice or ratification—even the most ardent advocates of the "right Divine" cannot deny, that whatever claims family treaties may have given the Hapsburg family, the Diet of Bohemia always took the initiative in the appointment of a sovereign. In point of fact, these Parliaments, including the Estates of Austria, wielded a very great power. Laws had to be sanctioned, and supplies were granted by them; on their own domains the nobles exercised an almost uncontrolled authority, and only the subjects of the crown lands, or the inhabitants of towns, could be said to be directly under the rule of the monarch. These circumstances, the turbulent dispositions of the lords, and the continual danger to which especially Hungary and Austria were exposed from the Turks—with whom malcontents readily

* "*The Reformation and Anti-Reformation in Bohemia*," (2 vols., London: Houlston and Stoneman, 1845,) gives full details of the religious history of that country especially during the reign of Ferdinand II.

entered into alliances—rendered absolute despotism impossible. As in other countries so in Austria, the Reformation had long been preparing. The ignorance and vices of the clergy, their rapacity and hypocrisy, greatly contributed to the spread of those secret dissidents from Rome, who, under the vague appellation of Waldenses, were spread over the whole Continent of Europe. About the year 1315, no less than 80,000 of these sectaries are said to have existed in the Austrian domains; about a century and a half later, the first ministers of the "Bohemian brethren" were ordained by a Waldensian "bishop" in Austria. Nor were voices wanting in the Church of Rome to denounce the ecclesiastical degeneracy of their days, and with more or less distinctness to proclaim a different Evangel from that of the Curia. Among these preachers we mention such names as Turcianus, James, a Bernardine monk, and Theodobald of St. Lawrence in Austria; Conrad of Waldhausen, Milic and Janow, the illustrious precursors of Huss in Bohemia. The history of Huss himself, and of his friend Jerome of Prague, is well known. The reformation at which they aimed was not so much that of dogmas as of life. The Church, as existent in their days, formed so glaring a contrast to the biblical ideal of "the company of the Elect," that they unhesitatingly denounced it as the Babylon and anti-Christ of revelation. The flames to which an assembled council consigned the Bohemian proto-martyrs in 1415 and 1416, were not able to consume their writings or their labours. All Bohemia rose to avenge the treacherous deed of Constance, and neither the forces of the Emperor Sigismund, nor the liberal promises of indulgences to the new Crusaders, proved sufficient to suppress the Hussite movement. At last, the warriors of Zisca and Procop obliged the Church to come to terms, and the celebrated "Compactates" of the council of Basle conceded the use of the cup in the Eucharist to the laity, free preaching, the secularization of the lands of the clergy, and a more satisfactory administration of discipline. From Bohemia the tenets of the Hussites rapidly spread to Moravia, Austria, and Hungary. But already the opponents of Rome at Prague were divided. The more lax party, which was satsified with the letter of the Compactates, bore the name of Calixtines, (from the Chalice for which they had contended); the more strict, which indeed was not wholly free from fanatical extravagances, that of Taborites. In the contest between these two parties, the Taborites were ultimately routed and exterminated. But their place was soon taken by the "Bohemian brethren." A more interesting record scarcely exists than that of the unaffected simplicity, the deep piety, the fervent love, and the unceasing persecutions of the "Brethren." Had we no other evidence, even

He began his journey to Rome, but was stopped by tidings that Rome had already condemned him, on the partial decision of his adversaries at Sens, and the special appeal of Bernard to the Holy See. He stopped at the Benedictine monastery of Cluny, where he was kindly received by the abbot, worthy of perpetual memory as Peter the Venerable, a man of learning, and of that charity which inspiration has pronounced beyond "all mysteries and all knowledge." Here his life was one of cloistral devotion and study. No decays of a failing nature withdrew him from his course of penitential discipline and devotion, and the supervision and retouching of his works. But whatever his external submission to church censure, if he were a heretic when he came there, a heretic he remained, for none of the faulty reasonings or assertions of his book were cancelled; they remain on everlasting record, a challenge to his contemporaries and an appeal to posterity. Were those works of his every word translated and in common circulation, it is very doubtful whether, amongst an enlightened Protestant people, these would not place Abélard very high in general esteem above most of the writers of the Romish church. Few of these dare to reason out of the beaten track, wherefore all honour to Abélard, who both would and did.

When we look back over his career and opinions, we are at no loss in taking the true measure of the man. Abélard was a thorough Frenchman—a point that must never be forgotten in any estimate of his talents and character. He had all the proverbial acuteness of the Gallic intellect, and, at the same time, the vain-glorious and boastful habit of his race. He was a dainty, handsome man, vain of his person as well as of his acquirements. From natural ability and long practice, he had become a dialectician most formidable to encounter in those tournaments of dialectic combat which were the chief recreation of the schools of the twelfth century. He was rather a logician than a metaphysician, and troubled himself more about words and forms than about things, either material or spiritual. But, besides the natural leaning of his genius in that direction, the controversy of the Nominalists and Realists tended to develope his logical faculty; and of that vexed problem it is to his credit that his keen-sightedness suggested the correct solution. Even when he breaks bounds into the newer region of theological speculation and ratiocination, he clanks the chain of his logic after him—a clog to himself and a nuisance to others. Had he had equals or leaders in this department, the blot of heresy had probably never rested upon his name; but he pursued an unbeaten track, and was led astray by the lack of authority sufficient to convince his reason, and of precedent which it had been no degradation to follow. We shall not undertake to say,

but are rather disposed to believe, that opinions quite as obnoxious as those of Abélard are to be found in the fathers of the early church down to the fifth century. If not downright heresies, very odd notions at least, are scattered everywhere over the works of these over-honoured ancients. But these are cried up, while it was the cue of Abélard's contemporaries to cry him down. Had he lived in the days of Zwingle and Luther, he probably would have been a reformer, induced by his love of intellectual freedom and detestation of that hateful policy which in after days gave rise to the institution of Indexes. As a bold and caustic thinker, he has many features in common with Erasmus; but had he had Erasmus's opportunities he would not have missed them like Erasmus. Yet he had not religious earnestness enough in the earlier part of his life to dare any danger purely for religion's sake—nor indeed, perhaps, at any period for religion alone. But no one can affirm that he would not have run great risks in the cause of religion if linked with the emancipation of thought from the fetters of human authority. Though without the element of deep personal religion, which seems to have been the moving spring of most reformers in every period of the church, we look upon him as, nevertheless, a reformer before his age—of a special type, indeed, but of a true type none the less. His affections never rose to the pitch of enthusiasm, but his search after truth was sincere. The intellect of the philosopher governed his whole life, nor was it swayed out of its equilibrium by the follies and sins of celibate priests, in days when the sexual transgressions of such men were looked on as a tolerated evil. Passion seldom gained the mastery over him. He could be a monk, an ascetic, a desert eremite, an Anthony; but never a Whitfield or a Richard Baxter. When sorrow and suffering had done their work upon him, he appears to have walked according to the light given him unblamably, and to have experienced and owned the work of the Spirit. However provoking the innovations of his philosophy may have been to his adversaries, and however repulsive were the more prominent features of his character, he never appears to have cherished the malignant passions of fallen nature. It should not be forgotten that he went over to Clairvaux and was reconciled to Bernard, his bitterest enemy, at the very time when Bernard was intriguing at Rome by his correspondence to secure his condemnation, and to make Abélard's appeal for impartial justice to the Holy See of none effect. The heretic was a greater man in the virtue of forgiveness than the saint in the furor of his zealous orthodoxy. Abélard had encountered two great foes in his public life—the one a philosopher, the other an ecclesiastic. In the philosopher he met a spaniel, sometimes fawning upon his hand, and sometimes snapping at it, as temper and occa-

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through our mind as we gazed upon the double ruin—that of the dilapidated monastery, of which not one stone remains upon another in its proper site, and that of the hapless pair whose faults and sufferings the present structure commemorates, but it was natural and obvious enough to plead an excuse for its commonness:—

> "Omnia sunt hominum tenui pendentia filo,
> Et subito casu, quæ valuere ruunt."

II.

PROTESTANTISM IN AUSTRIA.

A Secret History of the Austrian Government, and of its Systematic Persecutions of Protestants. Compiled from Official Documents. By Alfred Michiels. London: Chapman and Hall, 1859.

Among "the miraculous chances" by which, according to M. Michiels, the Austrian Empire has so frequently been preserved in seasons of extreme danger, posterity will in all probability include the celebrated treaty of Villafranca. While politicians are debating at Zurich the precise terms of this confused pacification, and the *Official Gazette* of Vienna opens to the subjects of the monarchy prospects of much-needed reforms, it may not be amiss to study the internal history of the late disasters, and to trace in them the operation of causes long at work. Scarcely more than three centuries have elapsed since Charles V. swayed the destinies of Europe. Absolute masters of Spain, of the Netherlands, the Austrian domains, and we may almost add of Italy, as well as Emperors of Germany, no dynasty since the time of the Cæsars had wielded so vast a sway as the Hapsburgs. The title of "Majesty," which Charles V. was the first of European monarchs to assume, but faintly indicated the extent of a power which neither the hereditary enemy of Christendom, nor the gallant armies of France, could resist. The sun never set on the dominions of him whom the poor monk of Wittemberg—alone, save with God and his Bible—confronted at Worms. Yet has he proved that stone cut without hands, which has gradually broken to pieces the colossal empire that succeeded and represented ancient Rome. The Netherlands have thrown off the yoke of Charles' son; Spain, no longer under Hapsburg rule, has sunk

sion prompted; but in the saint he found a sleuth-hound's tenacity and fury of grip, that nothing could shake off, nothing propitiate, and the exulcerated wounds of which nothing could heal. The saint's malignancy is the more intolerable, as it pours with evangelical unction the vitriolic oil of advice and profession of sympathy into the wound which itself has made. Such is the hateful policy of the Roman Inquisition, which, handing a man over to the secular power to be dogged to death, hypocritically begs for mercy towards him.

But the hunted hart at last escaped his pursuers, and found repose from the shafts of priestly rancour and rage in that region "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest." The Abbot Peter reports his death, and gives explicit testimony to the Christian virtues of his guest. In a letter to Heloise, he says:—"Thus did Abélard close his days. He whose learning was vast, and of whom almost the four corners of the world had been taught to speak, became the disciple of Him who was meek and lowly of heart. He is gone to his Master; and you, dear sister, who were once his wife, but whom afterwards a purer tie united to him, repose now in the certain hope that the day will come when he shall again be given to you."

We have said enough, but must revert, ere we close, to our starting point—his tomb. The body of Abélard was stolen, after his interment, from the monks of Marcellus, by the friendly abbot, and conveyed to Heloise at Paraclete. After twenty years solitary repose the faithful Heloise joined her husband in the tomb, on which, in accordance with the usage of the day, an epitaph in Latin rhyme was carved. In the middle of the last century a more graceful inscription recorded the unhappy pair as—

> "Olim studiis, ingenio, amore, infaustis nuptiis et pœnitentiâ,
> Nunc æternâ, quod speramus, felicitate conjuncti."

The first French revolution deemed cloistered monks and nuns a nuisance, and religious houses their natural prey. The Paraclete thus fell to the ground, but the dust of the celebrated lovers was religiously conveyed to the charnel of Nogent, by the authorities of that town. In 1800 the bodies were removed to Paris, and, after sundry shiftings of their place of repose, they have found their last home in Père la Chaise. The stones of which this tomb is composed are fragments of the ornate gothic of the Paraclete; and, as we lean our elbow on their tracery, connect us with the bygone age in which they were chiselled—with the still earlier age in which the dust they cover was animated with life and thought. It was a commonplace reflection that passed

through our mind as we gazed upon the double ruin—that of the dilapidated monastery, of which not one stone remains upon another in its proper site, and that of the hapless pair whose faults and sufferings the present structure commemorates, but it was natural and obvious enough to plead an excuse for its commonness:—

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Among "the miraculous chances" by which, according to M. Michiels, the Austrian Empire has so frequently been preserved in seasons of extreme danger, posterity will in all probability include the celebrated treaty of Villafranca. While politicians are debating at Zurich the precise terms of this confused pacification, and the *Official Gazette* of Vienna opens to the subjects of the monarchy prospects of much-needed reforms, it may not be amiss to study the internal history of the late disasters, and to trace in them the operation of causes long at work. Scarcely more than three centuries have elapsed since Charles V. swayed the destinies of Europe. Absolute masters of Spain, of the Netherlands, the Austrian domains, and we may almost add of Italy, as well as Emperors of Germany, no dynasty since the time of the Cæsars had wielded so vast a sway as the Hapsburgs. The title of "Majesty," which Charles V. was the first of European monarchs to assume, but faintly indicated the extent of a power which neither the hereditary enemy of Christendom, nor the gallant armies of France, could resist. The sun never set on the dominions of him whom the poor monk of Wittemberg—alone, save with God and his Bible—confronted at Worms. Yet has he proved that stone cut without hands, which has gradually broken to pieces the colossal empire that succeeded and represented ancient Rome. The Netherlands have thrown off the yoke of Charles' son; Spain, no longer under Hapsburg rule, has sunk

apparently no more to rise; Italy is emancipated; the supremacy of Germany has passed into the hands of Protestant Prussia, and the Austrian monarchy itself is shaken to its very foundation. Twice within the last ten years has the imminent ruin of the Hapsburg family been stayed—in 1848, by *foreign aid* in the interest of Absolutism; in 1859, by *foreign weakness*, in that of the Papacy. The causes of all these disasters were the same, and so long as they continue, the destruction of that Empire may be delayed, but cannot be averted. Truly, Charles V. and his vast realm died in a monastery.

That countries which contain so many elements of prosperity should present such evidence of weakness and decay, may well excite astonishment. The provinces which compose the Austrian monarchy are as large and fertile as any in Europe; the vast plains of Hungary, Gallicia, and Bohemia, yield an almost unlimited supply of grain, and fruits of every variety; the mountains are replete with ores; broad and navigable rivers afford unrivalled means of internal, and an ample seaboard of external intercourse and commerce; the populations are brave, loyal, intelligent, and well disposed. Yet with all these resources, defeat has followed defeat,—the finances are utterly ruined, the army dispirited, whilst a large force is continually required to keep mutinous provinces in unwilling subjection. We repeat these well known facts in no spirit of rancorous hostility to the house of Austria, such as M. Michiels discovers on every page of his book. On the contrary, strange though it may appear to some, we believe them to have been mostly kind and humane rulers, whose oppression and misgovernment were rather the consequence of a system, than the result of natural cruelty, or unbounded selfishness. We are disposed to go further, and in great measure to accept the apology of *F. Von Hurter*, the latest advocate of Hapsburg rule, and Jesuit intrigue, and to admit that even Ferdinand II., who originated the Thirty Years' War, and almost exterminated Protestantism in Austria, was sincere in his efforts for what he deemed the welfare of his people, that the tears which he shed over his victims were caused by unfeigned grief, and that the masses which he ordered for the heretics whom he executed, are a correct indication of his real feelings towards them. All the more hateful, then, appears to us the system of which this policy of despotism and bloodshed has been the exponent, and to which not only the miseries of countless thousands, but the present state of the Empire must be traced. Not from religious partisanship or sectarian hatred, but as the result of calm and impartial historical studies, we record it as our conviction that priestcraft, Jesuitry, Ultramontanism, or by whatever other name you may designate unlimited

devotion to the authority and objects of Rome, and not any hereditary taint of madness in the Hapsburg family (such as M. Michiel suggests), has brought that race and their rule to the brink of destruction.

But neither this explanation, nor the admission of occasional excesses on the part of Protestants, and of that vile sectarianism with which they are justly chargeable, must blind us to the fact that in making itself the instrument in the hand of Rome, the house of Austria has probably been guilty of greater crimes than any other dynasty. Among the bloodstained pages of ecclesiastical history, the darkest is that which records the relation between Protestanism and the Hapsburgs. The persecutions in our own country, the sufferings of the Huguenots, even the fires of the Inquisition in Spain, were not so atrocious as the systematic hostility, the unrelenting cruelty, and the constant intrigues to which the adherents of the Reformation have been exposed, so far as the influence of Austria has extended. For centuries the real seat of the Papacy has been by the banks of the Danube, not on those of the Tiber; and unless the promised measures of relief shall inaugurate a perfect change, only the *form* not the *fact* of persecution can be said to have ceased. In this respect, M. Michiels rightly identifies Hapsburg with Jesuit rule. We wish we could equally have agreed with him on other points. "*A Secret History of the Austrian Government, compiled from Official Documents*," would indeed prove a work of no common interest. Unfortunately, it has yet to be written; the book presently under review, cannot in any sense be regarded as such. The documents from which its information is derived have long been known and accessible. To call a superficial gleaning from the works of *Caraffa*, *Hormeyr*, *Fessler*, or *Hurter*, "a secret history," is certainly a strange misnomer. Of original or hitherto unpublished documents, we have not discovered a trace, nor learned a single fact which has not frequently and much more accurately been told. But we have observed a number of mistakes, many most important omissions, and an obvious personal aim, which greatly detracts even from the limited value of the book. The story of the earlier persecutions in Bohemia, which is found in most works on the subject, is pretty fully given; the history of Protestantism in Hungary* is most imperfectly treated, and the record of later events, from 1789 to 1859, is summarily dismissed for the present with

* We take this opportunity of recommending the "*History of the Protestant Church in Hungary*," translated by the Rev. Dr. Craig (London: Nisbet and Co., 1854); a somewhat dry, but full and trustworthy work, which M. Michiels unfortunately seems not to have known.

the remark, that "historical works cannot be improvised, and considerable time is required to read and study documents." We could have wished that the same caution had been observed with regard to the earlier periods of history. In that case the characters of Ferdinand I., Maximilian II., and Rodolph II., might have been more correctly drawn; instead of irrelevant chapters about the rules of the Jesuits, the private habits of Prince Kaunitz, and the relations between France and Austria, more important information would have been furnished, and in general the continual straining after theatrical effect, given place to the sobriety of a proper historical style. A history like this requires not, in order to give it effect, the aid of exclamations, or of abrupt moralizing. Lastly, though making every allowance for an author who dates his Preface from "Paris, May 15th, 1859," we dislike, in such a composition, the continual "*delenda Carthago*" strain adopted against the Hapsburg family; and we are far from believing that the moral influence of France in Germany has been so beneficial as M. Michiels represents. With all these drawbacks, as this is the only work in our language which gives information popularly accessible on the subject,* we advise our readers to consult its pages. In the limited space assigned to ourselves, we can do little more than trace the outlines of this history, and indicate the present state and the just demands of Protestants in Austria.

At the period of the Reformation, the *hereditary* domains of the German branch of the house of Hapsburg were comparatively small. The crown of Bohemia, to which the electoral dignity in Germany attached, and that of Hungary, were *elective*. So far as the latter country is concerned, that fact is unquestioned; and —whether you call it choice or ratification—even the most ardent advocates of the "right Divine" cannot deny, that whatever claims family treaties may have given the Hapsburg family, the Diet of Bohemia always took the initiative in the appointment of a sovereign. In point of fact, these Parliaments, including the Estates of Austria, wielded a very great power. Laws had to be sanctioned, and supplies were granted by them; on their own domains the nobles exercised an almost uncontrolled authority, and only the subjects of the crown lands, or the inhabitants of towns, could be said to be directly under the rule of the monarch. These circumstances, the turbulent dispositions of the lords, and the continual danger to which especially Hungary and Austria were exposed from the Turks—with whom malcontents readily

* "*The Reformation and Anti-Reformation in Bohemia*," (2 vols., London: Houlston and Stoneman, 1845,) gives full details of the religious history of that country especially during the reign of Ferdinand II.

entered into alliances—rendered absolute despotism impossible. As in other countries so in Austria, the Reformation had long been preparing. The ignorance and vices of the clergy, their rapacity and hypocrisy, greatly contributed to the spread of those secret dissidents from Rome, who, under the vague appellation of Waldenses, were spread over the whole Continent of Europe. About the year 1315, no less than 80,000 of these sectaries are said to have existed in the Austrian domains; about a century and a half later, the first ministers of the "Bohemian brethren" were ordained by a Waldensian "bishop" in Austria. Nor were voices wanting in the Church of Rome to denounce the ecclesiastical degeneracy of their days, and with more or less distinctness to proclaim a different Evangel from that of the Curia. Among these preachers we mention such names as Turcianus, James, a Bernardine monk, and Theodobald of St. Lawrence in Austria; Conrad of Waldhausen, Milic and Janow, the illustrious precursors of Huss in Bohemia. The history of Huss himself, and of his friend Jerome of Prague, is well known. The reformation at which they aimed was not so much that of dogmas as of life. The Church, as existent in their days, formed so glaring a contrast to the biblical ideal of "the company of the Elect," that they unhesitatingly denounced it as the Babylon and anti-Christ of revelation. The flames to which an assembled council consigned the Bohemian proto-martyrs in 1415 and 1416, were not able to consume their writings or their labours. All Bohemia rose to avenge the treacherous deed of Constance, and neither the forces of the Emperor Sigismund, nor the liberal promises of indulgences to the new Crusaders, proved sufficient to suppress the Hussite movement. At last, the warriors of Zisca and Procop obliged the Church to come to terms, and the celebrated "Compactates" of the council of Basle conceded the use of the cup in the Eucharist to the laity, free preaching, the secularization of the lands of the clergy, and a more satisfactory administration of discipline. From Bohemia the tenets of the Hussites rapidly spread to Moravia, Austria, and Hungary. But already the opponents of Rome at Prague were divided. The more lax party, which was satisfied with the letter of the Compactates, bore the name of Calixtines, (from the Chalice for which they had contended); the more strict, which indeed was not wholly free from fanatical extravagances, that of Taborites. In the contest between these two parties, the Taborites were ultimately routed and exterminated. But their place was soon taken by the "Bohemian brethren." A more interesting record scarcely exists than that of the unaffected simplicity, the deep piety, the fervent love, and the unceasing persecutions of the "Brethren." Had we no other evidence, even

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proved so unavailing, that scarcely one out of thirty still professed to belong to the Old Church; though Protestantism was not legally recognized, almost all the nobility had their private chaplains, and sent their sons to study at Wittemberg or Leipsic; the monks and their ceremonies were the object of public derision; the Bishop of Vienna was about to demit his office in a diocese which no longer owned his jurisdiction, and Ferdinand himself was so deeply impressed with the necessity of reforms, that he instructed his envoys to the Council of Trent, to insist on allowing the cup to the laity, and decent marriage to the clergy. But a new period in the history of the Popish Church commenced with the introduction of the Jesuits. In Vienna, in Prague, in Hungary—in short, wherever the black fraternity gained a footing—their influence soon made itself felt, and the reaction which issued in the Thirty Years' War commenced. Ferdinand I. was succeeded both in Austria and in the empire of Germany, by his son Maximilian II. This truly liberal prince, who had been educated by Protestants, for some time kept Dr. Pfander, a Lutheran preacher, as his private chaplain. These well-known leanings exposed him to persecution at the court of Ferdinand, and in anticipation of personal danger an asylum had even been bespoken for him in Germany. But the hopes of the Protestant party were at his accession doomed to sad disappointment. Whether from natural indecision, from political motives, from disgust at the endless, unmeaning, and most acrimonious disputes among Protestants themselves, or from the influence of his wife, who was such a devotee that the Jesuits would fain have seen her canonized, even before her death—or from all these causes combined—Maximilian remained outwardly attached to the communion of Rome. While extending the utmost toleration to the New Church, and guaranteeing religious liberty to all his subjects, he allowed the sable advisers of the empress free scope both at the court and throughout his dominions. The fruits of this policy appeared under the reign of Rodolph II., his son and successor. That sovereign, whose gloomy seclusion, habitual suspiciousness, and abominable debaucheries, too clearly betrayed the mental disease under which he laboured, had been trained by the Jesuits, and so far as he busied himself with affairs of state, his administration was decidedly hostile to the Protestant Church. Protestant councillors of state and other officials were dismissed, and the worship of the Reformers interdicted in the royal cities. The internal dissensions of the Protestants, in Austria as in Germany, greatly assisted the efforts of the Jesuits, who numbered annually from 100 to 200 converts, among them some apostate pastors. But as yet the measures of the priestly party were chiefly prepa-

the measures which Ferdinand I. took against these unoffending Christians would suffice to prove that this monarch was not the tolerant and liberal ruler whom M. Michiels introduces to his readers.* Thus prepared, the tenets of the Reformation found ready access in the Austrian dominions. After some wavering, the Emperor Charles V. and his brother Ferdinand I. decided against the Reformation, and those cruel measures were inaugurated by which bigotry has ever sought to establish its dominion. In 1522, Paul Speratus preached the doctrines of Luther in Vienna, and soon afterwards Caspar Tauber, and other citizens of Vienna, became its first martyrs. In Bohemia it was found impossible to suppress these tendencies, while in Hungary, which at that time was not under direct Hapsburg sway, the writings of Luther spread very early, and in 1523, Grynæus and Viezheim, professors at Buda, pastor Cordatus, and Henkal, the chaplain of Queen Mary, openly preached the great doctrines of the Reformation. In vain King Louis and the priests of Hungary hurled "terrible edicts" against the Reformers; already pious monks—Ambrose and George of Silesia, and John Surdaster—had gained numerous converts for the truth, and plied their work under the powerful protection of Count Mark Pempflinger. Unexpected reverses for a time arrested persecution, and obliged Charles V. to accord to the Protestants the treaty of Passau (Aug. 2nd, 1552), followed by the peace of Augsburg (Sep. 25th, 1555), which secured indeed the legal recognition of the New Church, but by introducing the characteristic principle "cujus regio, ejus religio," gave the secular princes uncontrolled power over the consciences of their subjects. These measures, and, perhaps, a closer acquaintanceship with the doctrines of the Reformation, disposed Ferdinand I. to greater toleration. On him devolved, after the resignation of Charles V., the crown of Germany, even as long before he had reigned over the hereditary Hapsburg possessions in Germany, over Bohemia, and Hungary.

Ferdinand I. was not uninfluenced by the growing political power of Protestantism, nor by his knowledge of the corruptions of Rome. An official visitation of the Austrian clergy revealed the astounding fact that "in 122 monasteries, along with 436 monks and 160 nuns, no less than 199 concubines, 55 wives, and 443 bastards had been found, while scarcely any of the secular clergy remained unmarried." The efforts of Bishop Faber to stay the progress of the Reformation in Austria had

* See a sketch of the history of the "Brethren," in an essay entitled, 'Bohemian Reformers and German Politicians,' in the "Free Church Essays." Edinburgh Constable and Co. 1858.

proved so unavailing, that scarcely one out of thirty still professed to belong to the Old Church; though Protestantism was not legally recognized, almost all the nobility had their private chaplains, and sent their sons to study at Wittemberg or Leipsic; the monks and their ceremonies were the object of public derision; the Bishop of Vienna was about to demit his office in a diocese which no longer owned his jurisdiction, and Ferdinand himself was so deeply impressed with the necessity of reforms, that he instructed his envoys to the Council of Trent, to insist on allowing the cup to the laity, and decent marriage to the clergy. But a new period in the history of the Popish Church commenced with the introduction of the Jesuits. In Vienna, in Prague, in Hungary—in short, wherever the black fraternity gained a footing—their influence soon made itself felt, and the reaction which issued in the Thirty Years' War commenced. Ferdinand I. was succeeded both in Austria and in the empire of Germany, by his son Maximilian II. This truly liberal prince, who had been educated by Protestants, for some time kept Dr. Pfander, a Lutheran preacher, as his private chaplain. These well-known leanings exposed him to persecution at the court of Ferdinand, and in anticipation of personal danger an asylum had even been bespoken for him in Germany. But the hopes of the Protestant party were at his accession doomed to sad disappointment. Whether from natural indecision, from political motives, from disgust at the endless, unmeaning, and most acrimonious disputes among Protestants themselves, or from the influence of his wife, who was such a devotee that the Jesuits would fain have seen her canonized, even before her death—or from all these causes combined—Maximilian remained outwardly attached to the communion of Rome. While extending the utmost toleration to the New Church, and guaranteeing religious liberty to all his subjects, he allowed the sable advisers of the empress free scope both at the court and throughout his dominions. The fruits of this policy appeared under the reign of Rodolph II., his son and successor. That sovereign, whose gloomy seclusion, habitual suspiciousness, and abominable debaucheries, too clearly betrayed the mental disease under which he laboured, had been trained by the Jesuits, and so far as he busied himself with affairs of state, his administration was decidedly hostile to the Protestant Church. Protestant councillors of state and other officials were dismissed, and the worship of the Reformers interdicted in the royal cities. The internal dissensions of the Protestants, in Austria as in Germany, greatly assisted the efforts of the Jesuits, who numbered annually from 100 to 200 converts, among them some apostate pastors. But as yet the measures of the priestly party were chiefly prepa-

ratory. To excite mutual distrust, jealousies, divisions, and tumults, and then to call in the aid of the State, promised more rapid and general success than the slower process of persuasion or of bribery. The risings of 1589, 1590, and the peasant war of 1594, which lasted for three years, and in consequence of which a "riding commission" settled Popish priests in every district, were only the prelude to those scenes which inaugurated the counter-reformation of Ferdinand II. In Hungary the consequence of this policy proved serious to Rodolph II. When in 1604, he ventured, of his own will, to add to the decrees of the Diet an article which ordered the removal of all sects and heresies, a rebellion broke out which finally led to the dethronement of Rodolph. The Imperial family had long witnessed with apprehension the mad freaks of Rodolph, and by a "family treaty" resolved gradually to deprive him of his dominions. The Hungarian troubles afforded the desired opportunity. Matthias, the brother and heir of the emperor, espoused the cause of the Protestants—at least outwardly; and at the head of an army furnished by them, obliged his brother to cede, first, the crowns of Hungary and Austria, and, finally, that of Bohemia also. The advantages which the Protestants reaped from this act of treachery were only apparent. Rodolph had, indeed, been obliged to sign the "Letters of Majesty"—the Magna Charta of religious liberty in Bohemia, while Matthias had accorded similar rights to the Protestants in Austria and Hungary; but these concessions were only wrung by the pressure of circumstances. In truth, they remained in Austria in many respects a dead letter, while in Bohemia they gave rise to the Thirty Years' War. The "Letters of Majesty," while professing to grant most ample liberty of worship to *all* parties, and in *all* places, had not made express mention of the domains of the clergy. An attempt to build churches in these localities was strenuously resisted. Matthias, to whom the Protestants appealed, took the part of the clergy. As remonstrances had proved vain, the Bohemian nobles resolved to redress their wrongs. An armed deputation appeared to remonstrate in the castle of Prague, and by way of summary punishment, the leading Popish advisers were thrown out of the windows. Thirty directors were appointed to carry on the Government, the Jesuits banished, and an army levied. Under these difficult circumstances, when the malcontents of Austria and Hungary showed signs of espousing the cause of the Bohemians, Matthias behaved with his usual irresolution. Promises alternated with threats; he negotiated, and at the same time sent marauding bands into Bohemia, till his death put the helm of the State into the hands of Ferdinand II.

With this pupil of the Jesuits, who nominated the Virgin commander-in-chief of his armies, and took a solemn vow to uproot all heresy, the counter-reformation reached its highest point. At his accession, the fortunes of the House of Hapsburg were at their lowest ebb. The violent measures by which Ferdinand had some years before swept the Protestant Church from Styria and Carinthia, destroyed its last traces, and banished all its adherents, in fulfilment of his declaration, that he would rather have "a wasted than a cursed land," had prepossessed the Protestant world against him. Bohemia was in open revolt against his rule, and a rebel army besieged him in Vienna; the Estates of Austria made no secret of their sympathy in the movement, while the ruler of Transylvania had taken arms to vindicate the liberties of the Hungarians. The good sword of Bethlen and his successors preserved the rights of the Magyars, and the fearful persecution which, during the Thirty Years' War, desolated all Germany, left Hungary comparatively unharmed, till the peace of Linz, in 1645 (between Ferdinand III. and Rakotzi), once more secured the privileges of the Protestant Church. It was otherwise in Bohemia, Austria, and even in Germany. The first care of Ferdinand II. was to procure the Imperial crown. Deserted by his own subjects, with finances utterly exhausted, and without an army to support his cause, Ferdinand betook himself to Frankfort, where the Electors had met to appoint a successor to Matthias. The Protestant opposition in Germany was headed by the weak Elector Palatine, Frederic V., the husband of our own heroic Elizabeth Stuart, daughter of James VI. But the plans of the Protestant princes —divided, helpless, or debauched—were easily defeated; the protest of the Bohemian Estates remained unheeded, and Ferdinand II. was elected to the throne of the Cæsars. On the very day of his coronation tidings arrived that the Diet of Prague had solemnly deposed him, and soon afterwards the Elector Palatine was crowned king of Bohewia. But Ferdinand had already taken his measures. By enormous concessions he bought the armed assistance of Maximilian of Bavaria, his cousin and brother-in-law, and the "Popish League" lent its aid to crush the dangerous rising. Forsaken by the "Protestant Union" of German princes, at the mercy of the endless negotiations of his father-in-law—that "wisest of fools," as Sully not inaptly called him—with an army utterly disorganized, and supplies exhausted, poor Frederic was ill prepared to meet his enemies, among whom even the Protestant Duke of Saxony appeared. The battle on the "White Mountain," near Prague, decided the fate of Bohemia. Frederic fled precipitately, and sought an asylum in Holland. Still the war continued;

the Palatine family were deprived of their possessions, which along with the forfeited electoral dignity, became the reward of Maximilian of Bavaria, and the counter-reformation commenced its bloody work in Germany. It is foreign to our purpose to trace the fortunes of that period, or to describe the unparalleled horrors of the Thirty Years' War. The battles of Tilly and Wallenstein, the victories of that glorious hero Gustavus Adolphus, the misery and desolation of Germany, where packs of wolves roamed over what had once been the most fertile districts, and soldiers had to guard burying-places, in order to scare famishing peasants from the unnatural feasts to which they crowded; finally, the peace of Westphalia, by which, in 1648, Ferinand III. restored, to some extent, the rights violently taken away by his father, and Charles Louis, the son of the ill-starred "Winter-King" of Bohemia, recovered part of his ancestral dominions—are matter of general history. But in Bohemia and Austria the Jesuits had done their work. Those whom a short truce after the surrender of Prague had deceived, now experienced the vengeance of Ferdinand. In one day the noblest and the best of Bohemia fell under the sword of the executioner; others had their estates confiscated, or were subjected to vexatious and ruinous punishments. The charter of Bohemian liberty was torn, and commissioners, accompanied by dragoons, soon effected "the conversion" of the country. The numerous exiles who found safety in other lands—especially in the neighbouring Saxony—have left us some touching memorials of the untold sufferings to which their countrymen were subjected. From that period till the reign of Joseph II. Protestantism in Bohemia may be said to have been all but extinct. Similar measures effected the pacification of Austria Proper; the exercise of Protestantism was interdicted, preachers and schoolmasters were banished, and the revolts excited by these arbitrary proceedings quelled in the blood of the recusants. When in 1652 a commission of ten Jesuits went through the country, their inquiries could only elicit the existence of seventy-two noble families who still professed a timid adherence to the doctrines of the Reformation.

This state of matters continued with little alteration during the reigns of Leopold I. (1657-1705), and of Joseph I. (1705-1711). Under the administration of Charles VI. (1711-1740) fresh troubles broke out. In the beautiful district around Salzburg, and in the neighbouring mountains, the Reformation had early found access to a hardy, industrious, and uncorrupted race, among whom it continued to spread without for some time attracting attention. The first persecution broke out in 1684, when about sixteen hundred of these humble Christians were obliged to emigrate, being in

many cases compelled to leave not only their property but their children behind them. After that period the reigning archbishops ignored the existence of Protestant meetings, the more so as they were held secretly at night and in woods, while there was no open secession from the Church of Rome. But in 1729 Archbishop Count Firmian sent Jesuits among the unsuspecting mountaineers, and the persecutions soon recommenced. The intercession of the Protestant princes of Germany only prevailed so far that at last the dissidents were allowed to emigrate. Many of these poor people were forced to leave in the middle of winter, and amidst incredible hardships. Between 1731 and 1740 Salzburg lost in this manner nearly thirty thousand, or about one-tenth of its most industrious population; a disaster this from which the country has never recovered. For the same cause the sovereign Abbot of Berchtesgaden exiled 2000 of his subjects; while, after considerable delay, about 1200 Austrian Protestants, who had hitherto worshipped in secret, were transported to Transylvania. Remonstrances addressed to the Empress Maria Theresa (1740 to 1780) were unavailing. It will readily be believed that, so far as circumstances allowed, the Church in Hungary was subjected to similar treatment. The most severe persecution was that which befell it under the reign of Leopold I., when the Jesuits contrived to throw the blame of a rebellion on the Protestant ministry generally, and thus consigned so large a number of them to exile or the galleys. Even under the sway of Maria Theresa, who was so deeply indebted to her Hungarian subjects, these molestations did not cease. But a brighter day dawned upon Austria when Joseph II. succeeded to the Empire. That prince, who in so many respects was in advance of his age, resolved to abolish the clerical domination which had so long oppressed the country. An edict, published in 1781, gave complete liberty to the Protestants throughout the Empire, allowing them to build churches, to occupy places of trust, and even to make converts. Another series of ordinances put an end to the interferences of the See of Rome, prevented the publication of any papal bull without the imperial consent, restored the independent authority of bishops, abolished a number of superstitions, closed every monastery of which the inmates were not directly engaged in some work of active usefulness, and, finally, ordered the infamous bulls, "*In cœna domini*" and "*Unigenitus*" to be torn out of the "rituals." Reforms so sweeping excited the bitter hostility of the Ultramontane party. But neither threats, entreaties, nor a personal visit from Pope Pius VI., could turn the emperor from his purpose. Without entering more fully into the history of an administration which, however glorious, was not without its mistakes, we note that, in consequence of these

liberal measures, thousands of secret Protestants in Austria and Bohemia, whose religion had been preserved from father to son, now came forward to claim the protection of the emperor. Under Leopold II. (1790-1792), and especially under Francis II. (1792-1835), a more retrograde policy was again adopted. But so long as the Hungarian Constitution remained intact, it was impossible to oppress the Church in that country. Successive Diets passed increasingly liberal ordinances; and, under the mild sway of the Palatine Joseph and of his excellent duchess, the Protestant Church, which had sunk to the lowest level of rationalism, gradually recovered, and showed signs of a new life. The former restrictions on the importation of Bibles and books from abroad remained a dead letter; the influence of a large Church reawakening extended to the other provinces of the empire, and a better era seemed approaching. But the right of complete self-government accorded to Protestantism during the year of revolution in 1848 was of brief duration. When the treachery of Görgey put an end to the Hungarian war of liberation, the administration of the country was entrusted to Haynau, and the privileges lately enjoyed gave place to restrictions more grievous than had been experienced for two centuries. The constitution of the country was abolished, Ultramontanism, now regarded as the only secure prop of the throne, prevailed in the councils of the young emperor, and Jesuit rule was re-established. The celebrated Austrian Concordat formed only the copestone of this policy. To place the instruction of youth and the censorship of the press into the hands of the clergy, to allow the unrestricted interference of Rome in the ecclesiastical affairs of the country,—in short, to carry out in the fullest sense the retrograde measures so dear to the priesthood, was not only to arrest every progress in the monarchy, but to excite universal dissatisfaction, and to isolate Austria from the rest of Germany. The consequences of these ruinous measures have appeared in the humiliating peace of Villafranca, when the house of Hapsburg not only lost its rights in Italy, but virtually also its former commanding position in Germany and in Europe.

Meagre and somewhat desultory as this brief outline of Protestant history has necessarily been, it would be incomplete without some notice of the state of parties in Austria. The enactments of Joseph II. were in great measure the consequence of the spread of those "liberal ideas" which, issuing from France, produced throughout Europe what we might designate as an ecclesiastical reaction. In truth, deism and French infidelity rapidly spread through all classes, and deeply infected the clerical order.* That abject super-

* Of this we could, if necessary, furnish proof from personal knowledge.

stition and gross ignorance should have led to such a recoil, can scarcely surprise the thoughtful observer. While outward rites and processions continued as before, the Popish clergy and the educated classes scarcely disguised their unbelief. The rich abbacies of Austria provided luxurious support to a crowd of men, whose lives both in and out of their monasteries were matter of painful notoriety. At the same time the Protestant Church suffered from evils scarcely less glaring. In Hungary, the ignorance, the apathy, the carelessness, and, too often, the dissoluteness of pastors and people, had long been cause of complaint, when the partial revival to which we have referred led to a happy change. Next to faithful preaching, the first care of the more earnest men in Hungary now was to improve the religious literature of the country, and, by intercourse with other Protestant churches, to introduce a higher tone. In the various universities of Germany many and valuable bursaries, specially destined for Hungarian students, have long existed. It was the policy of an absolutist and Jesuit government to prohibit attendance in these seats of learning; partly in order to prevent the spread of more liberal ideas, and partly to perpetuate the low condition of the Protestant Church. For this purpose a theological school was founded at Vienna, which may be described as the stronghold of the effete and drivelling rationalism of a Paulus of Heidelberg. From this institution or from the numerous smaller academies in Hungary, are the pastors in Austria drawn; no foreigner may be employed or is allowed even temporarily to occupy a pulpit. Government nominates the Consistory (or Supreme Ecclesiastical Tribunal) of Vienna, over which a *papist* presides; even the theological class-books are prescribed; anything like evangelical Christianity is discountenanced and persecuted; religious meetings are interdicted except at canonical hours and by Government-authorized individuals; intercourse with foreign churches is cut off; the Scottish missionaries in Hungary, whose influence had proved so beneficial, have been banished; the Synods of Hungary can no longer meet freely to order their own affairs; the censorship of the press restrains anything that might prove offensive to Rome or prejudicial to her interests; Protestants are again thrust into corners, and exposed to those endless vexations and chicaneries which the Jesuits so well know to employ. Such, then, is the present condition of the Protestant Church in Austria. Unfortunately, these evils have too long remained hidden; that noble Institution, "the Gustavus Adolphus Verein"—to which perhaps on a future occasion we may call the attention of our readers—has indeed extended help to the Protestant Diaspora in Austria; but this aid has been necessarily limited. In our own country the sufferings

of our co-religionists under Jesuit rule, and their urgent wants, have been but little known. But matters cannot continue in their present state. The late measures of the papal party have excited deep discontent even among Roman Catholics, and Austria is, we believe, in great measure prepared to throw off that yoke of an ignorant and bigoted priesthood, which has proved so galling. If the restrictions which now hamper the Protestant Church were removed, we believe it would rapidly extend and attain an unparalleled degree of prosperity. Viewed in this light, the late Italian war will, we trust, prove an occasion of real good to the monarchy. If Francis Joseph and his advisers could but learn the lessons of history,—if they would stop short in that course of suicidal policy which, by handing over the country to the Ultramontane party, has brought it to the brink of destruction,—if they inaugurated a series of progressive and generous reforms,—if, above all, they allowed the unfettered development of mind and heart,—the Austrian monarchy would not only recover from its late disasters, but, by and by, occupy that place in the European family of nations to which we believe it is fairly entitled. But in this case temporary expedients will not suffice. What we demand, in the name of the three millions of Austrian Protestants, is,—the complete removal of the present *incubus* of Government control, equal rights to all subjects, the power of free development, and that healthful communication with universal Protestantism which especially a weak and long down-trodden Church so urgently requires.

III.

DRAKE'S VOYAGES ROUND THE WORLD.

BY THE REV. J. BALDWIN BROWN, B.A.

Sir Francis Drake is typical of Elizabethan man. He was the first of his class—a class which was the most busy, daring, and successful of the actors on the theatre of Elizabethan history. The brilliant career, indomitable strength, and adventurous spirit of the great captains and discoverers of the sixteenth century, did more than Burleigh's wisdom and Elizabeth's will to lift England to the vanward place among the nations of the earth. He is, perhaps, the only great

mariner who can compete with Nelson for the honour which our laureat assigns to him :—

> "Thine island loves thee well, thou famous man,
> The greatest sailor since the world began."

At least, he was the Nelson of his time.

The portraits which have come down to us vary considerably. Those which appear to be most authentic, present a square, sturdy, and resolute person; the features by no means distinguished, rather of a common type, but impressed with an unmistakable stamp of power. I hardly know a face, save Cromwell's, so laden with this expression—betokening such mass and force in the nature of the man who owns it, and promising such a lordly power of control. Iron resolution, keen sagacity, complete self-possession, with a touch of dry humour, are all there, as manifest as in the face of any of the great ones whose footfall has shaken the world. I do not set him forth as the most accomplished and complete commander of his time. Probably he lacked something of the highest strain in his composition—something which Nelson had. But for all the qualities which make a leader of daring and desperate enterprise by land and by sea, none, perhaps, have matched, certainly none ever surpassed, Sir Francis Drake. His reputation was the most brilliant of his time. No Elizabethan man made his name so famous in his lifetime; no name could bring such a glow to the cheek of his countrymen, and strike such pallor to the heart of his foes. He had in singular measure all the great qualities demanded by his vocation in an age of the most intrepid adventure—the calm vision of occasion and opportunity, which is the very prudence of daring, an almost absolute power over men, and that fell certainty of success which attends the indomitable—and which, when he was in sole command, appears never to have failed.

The date of his birth is uncertain—probably 1539 or 1541. More certain is it that Devonshire may claim him as one of her worthies. Camden stated (and many things corroborate him) that the great sailor was born of mean parents in Devonshire, and that he had for godfather, Francis Russell, Earl of Bedford, whose name he bore. The word "mean" in this account of his parentage must not be construed too absolutely; his birth was humble, simply compared with the position to which he subsequently attained. His father must have been a man of some education, for we read that, falling into difficulties on account of his stanch Protestantism under Henry VIII. (for, as wise Dr. Fuller says, "the sting of Popery still remained in England, though the teeth were knocked out"), he fled into Kent, and became, at length, a kind of seaman's chaplain at Upnore, on the Medway; and, being very poor, then apprenticed his son Francis to the master of a bark which traded along the coast, and sometimes stretched over to Zealand and to France. So to Kent belongs the honour of nursing him to his robust manhood. This master "held Drake hard to his business, and pains with patience in his youth knit the joints of

his soul, and made them more solid and compacted." Drake had that in him which could bear the rough discipline and profit by it, and "he so pleased the old man by his industry, that being a bachelor, he bequeathed to him the bark by will." This is the first notice of this world-famous man. It singles out his industry as his most decided characteristic. We pray our readers to mark it: we shall find it also noted in his epitaph.

It is not possible to trace the steps by which he rose to be an able and accomplished seaman. He continued for some time to carry on his coasting traffic, and saved some little money; when, hearing that Hawkins was fitting out an expedition to the West Indies, Drake sold his vessel, travelled with some other "stout seamen" to Plymouth, and there embarked his all in an adventure which gave shape to his subsequent career.

The expedition which he joined, and in which a small command was offered to him, was one of the most notable which had ever left our shores. It was the first act of that bloody struggle between Papal Spain and Protestant England, which ended in the utter and final humiliation of the world's most splendid empire, and the exaltation of this little, but free and faithful island, to the empire of the ocean, and the captaincy of the onward progress of mankind. Observe, this expedition of Hawkins did not *cause* the enmity between Spain and England, which issued in the Armada. That train had long been laid; Hawkins and Drake but fired it, and the echo of the explosion resounds still.

The expedition was bound for the Negro Coast and the Indies. Captain John Hawkins, the commander, was a sout seaman; at that time, probably, the first in reputation of all the English mariners. Perhaps he remained through life the next man to Drake in power and reputation; but though his elder, and in some sort his instructor, he was a man of an altogether lower type, of coarser grain, and of feebler fortune; fortune being in such times some fair gauge of power. The chief object of the expedition was "slaves;" the second, traffic and pillage in the Western Seas. In round terms, John Hawkins was a slaver; but so little was this traffic esteemed a dishonour in the age of Elizabeth, that a coat of arms was granted to him, by "way of increase and augmentation of honour," for having opened a new branch of trade—a part of which was "a helm, with a demi-Moor in his proper colour, bound and captive, with annulets on his arms and ears, or mantelled gules, double argent." The history of the rise of the slave trade in the sixteenth century is a very curious and interesting subject, but too large to be dealt with here. Certain it is, that both Columbus and Las Casas were moved by pity for the feeble Indian race, perishing by hundreds of thousands under the pitiless exactions of the Spanish conqueror, to look to the tougher Negro race for a supply of labour, which might save the wreck of the Indian populations; and further, it must be borne in mind, that serfdom had for ages been a familiar idea in Christendom (and the origin of European

serfdom will bear looking into, though its end was disastrous—which also holds good of many things); nor were the Elizabethans so tender hearted to human sufferings as we are, but were ready to do and bear things, the recital of which would drive our somewhat effeminate philanthropy into hysterics. All this must be borne in mind, and may serve to moderate our judgment. Still we must set the darkness of the Elizabethan age against its brightness; and this accursed traffic is the chief blot on its brilliant deeds. Drake, however, had little to do with it through life; he flew at altogether nobler game.

We must not linger over the fortunes of the expedition in Africa, where they succeeded, as they deserved, but ill in their nefarious designs. We will lift the curtain upon a nobler scene, where we may behold in full play all the brilliant and mighty qualities which make the sixteenth century the noblest hitherto of the world's history. A little squadron of three ships is entering the port of St. Juan d'Ulloa, "the port which serveth the city of Mexico." One only of the ships, the *Jesus*, sent by the Queen, and commanded by Hawkins, was of any force; her tonnage was about 700: the *Judith*, a little vessel of 50 tons, was under the command of Drake. There was at that time formal peace between England and Spain, and covenants were in force under old treaties for water and victuals for the ships of either nation in the other's ports. But choleric John Hawkins, having been refused food, water, and licence of traffic, at Rio da Hacha, had straightway stormed the town, with the loss of two men only, and helped himself at will. "Faith of treaties, my Spanish friend, or ——." The Spaniards soon learnt how to fill up the blank, the sacred art of diplomacy being then happily, or unhappily, unknown in those distant seas. Well, our three brave ships, in sore need, stand into the port of St. Juan d'Ulloa. Twelve Spanish ships lie in the harbour; the authorities mistake the Englishmen for an expected fleet from Spain, and come on board for despatches. Picture their dismay when they found John Hawkins, John Hampton of the *Minion*, and Francis Drake to meet them. They gave themselves up for lost. However, the British, who ever played an open and manly game, reassure them, demand supplies, and on assurance given let the commanders go. The next day come in sight the thirteen great ships of Spain. Hawkins shall tell the rest.

"On the morrow," says Hawkins, "we saw open of the haven, thirteen great ships, and understanding them to be the fleet of Spain, I sent immediately to advertise the general of the fleet of my being there; giving him to understand that, before I would suffer them to enter the port, there should be some order of conditions pass between us, for our safe-being there, and maintenance of peace."

There is something quite amazing in the hardihood of the British. Three ships, one only being of any force, with twelve hostile ships behind them, ruffle up to the mouth of the harbour, and blowing their matches, shout to thirteen great ships standing into their own ports, "Sheer off till we come to terms, or we fire." Amazing, truly! but, still more amazing, the thirteen ships did it. They recognized their masters, and made conditions of entry into their own ports.

Still Hawkins, though he carried so bold a front to the Spaniards, felt himself in a most dangerous position, and partly anticipated what subsequently occurred. Hawkins stipulated for liberty to trade, food at a fair price, the temporary possession of a fortified island, and the exchange of six hostages as guarantee of good faith. After some demur, the viceroy (who was on board the fleet) agreed to the conditions, though he considerably "misliked them." The master of twenty-five ships signed and sealed the conditions, and was allowed to enter his harbour; the splendid daring of the English having kept him outside for three days. Hawkins soon perceived signs of treachery. In the first place, they had dressed six common men in fine clothes as hostages, and abandoned them to their fate: then great activity was observed, both on the ships and on the shore; and the English were apprehensive that the truce would soon be violated by some sudden and treacherous blow. At length the English were fiercely assailed, at a moment when they were at every disadvantage, and a most desperate struggle ensued. The *Jesus* was so riddled with shot that the crew were compelled to abandon her, after destroying several of the largest of the Spanish ships. In the end, the *Minion* and the *Judith* managed to get off and regain England, without plunder, without stores, and with just one-sixth of the number that sailed from the British coasts. It is said that the little *Judith* was splendidly handled by Drake through the whole affair; but the accounts are confused, and it appears that Hawkins cherished some ill-feeling towards Drake for some time, for the manner in which he had removed his little ship out of the fire. Had he failed to do so, probably the whole expedition would have been lost.

This treacherous wrong on the part of the Spanish authorities, Drake never forgave. He was a hearty hater, and thenceforth, we fear, that Spaniard and devil were too nearly synonymous in his mind. He felt that he had been shamefully tricked out of honour and booty, and he firmly believed that he was thenceforth justified in seeking to repay himself out of Spanish treasure, wherever he might find it about the wide world. It is said that he got an opinion to that effect from some pliant chaplain to the fleet (could it be his father?); Drake being something of a Puritan by belief and habit, doubtless this would be a great ease to his conscience: he had his roving commission, sealed, as it were, in Heaven's Chancery, and his crusade against the Spaniard became a kind of holy war. It was a strange doctrine of the divine. However, as Fuller says,

"The case was clear in sea divinity; and few are such infidels as not to believe doctrines which make for their own profit. Whereupon Drake, though a poor private man, undertook to revenge himself on so mighty a monarch, who, not contented that the sun riseth and setteth in his dominions, may seem to desire to make all his own where he shineth. And now let us see how a dwarf, standing on the mount of God's Providence, may prove an over-match for a giant."

And it is quite possible to understand Drake's point of view. The English had played a man's part throughout: the Spaniards, the

coward's and the knave's. There was no public law in Europe to right the matter, no public opinion to judge. It is amusing to find the dicta of international law brought to bear on this question, when it is by the strong-handed strife of such an age that international law comes to be a practical reality at all. Where were Grotius, Vattel, and Puffendorf to help him? Drake's age was stating the case for their judgment; we must not wonder if it failed to anticipate the conclusions to which by their aid Europe has arrived. There are certain fundamental rules for the intercourse of nations, which Drake conceived had been shamefully violated, and he evidently felt that his surest avenger would be his own right hand. We dare not justify him. *Now*, no doubt, we should call his career plainly piracy, just as we have come to call duelling murder, and shall one day call war a crime. We must estimate the necessities and habits of an age, in judging its great men. Perhaps Drake's conduct stands fairly square with that of David when he levied black mail from the cave of Adullam, and employed his own right hand to avenge him of wrongs which no court in this world was competent to repair; though, it must be confessed that his course stands but poorly square with those ideal Christian maxims of which so much is prated, and so little practised, in this *exalté* and elaborately virtuous age.

We have dealt on this expedition of 1567 to St. Juan d'Ulloa, with something of fulness, for it is the starting point of Drake's great career.

In 1572-3 Drake was again in the West Indies, avowedly for the purpose of reimbursing himself for the shame and loss which he had suffered at Rio da Hacha in 1565-6,* and at St. Juan d'Ulloa in 1567. The expedition was but partially successful, though some of the adventures, in which Drake's coolness and daring are conspicuous, seem scarcely credible to those who are not familiar with the history of that romantic time. Sir F. Drake, the nephew of the admiral, thus sets forth the motives which animated him to undertake this and subsequent expeditions to the Spanish main. It is interesting, because it shows how thoroughly he was convinced that Spanish treachery justified his career.

"As there is a general vengeance which secretlie pursueth the doers of wrong, and suffereth them not to prosper, albeit no man of purpose impeach them; soe there is a particular indignation ingrafted in the bosome of all that are wronged, which ceaseth not seeking by all meanes possible, to redresse or remedie the wrong received, in so much that those great and mighty men, in whom their prosperous estate hath bredde such an overweening of themselves, that they do not onlie wronge their inferiors, but despise them, being injured, seeme to take a verie unfitt course for their own safety, and farre unfitter for their rest. . . . . Among the manifold examples thereof which former ages have committed to memorie, or our tyme yealded to sight, I suppose there hath not bin any more notable then this in hand, either in respect of the greatness of the person by whom the first Injurie was offered, or the meanenes of him who righteth himself: the one being (in his owne conceit) the mightiest Monarch of all the world; the other an

* Of this voyage no particulars have been preserved.

English Captaine, a meane subject of her Majesties, who, (besides the wronges received at Rio da Hacha with Captaine John Lovell in the years 65: and 66:) having bin grievously indamaged at St. John de Ulloa in the Bay of Mexico, with Captaine John Hawkins, in the years 67: and 68: not only in the losse of his goods of some value, but also of his kinsmen and friends, and that by the falsehood of Don Martin Henriques, then the Vice Roy of Mexico; and finding that no recompense could be recovered out of Spaine, by any of his owne meanes or by her Majesties letters: he used such help as he might by two severall voyages into the West Indies."

This expedition excited the greatest interest in England, as the breach between Philip and Elizabeth yearly widened, and the storm of the Armada began to lower. The people were all at church at Plymouth, when the news was spread during sermon time that Drake's squadron was entering the port. Let us hope that the preacher was the pliant chaplain, for his congregation turned out at once, *en masse*, "all hastening to see the evidence of God's love to our gracious queen and country, by the fruit of our Captain's labour and success." Drake brought home with him much treasure and much fame; and, what is more to our purpose, he brought home with him a vision of the Pacific, which haunted him continually, moving him to bear the flag of England into those tempting seas. The first vision of it seems fairly to have mastered him. Camden thus narrates the discovery:—

"Drake," he says, "roving for a time up and down in the parts adjoining, discerned from the mountains the South Sea. Hereupon, the man, being influenced with ambition of glory and hopes of wealth, was so vehemently transported with desire to navigate that sea, that falling down there upon his knees, he implored the Divine assistance that he might, at some time or other, sail thither and make a perfect discovery of the same, and hereunto he bound himself with a vow. From that time forward, his mind was pricked on continually night and day to perform his vow."

From that time, probably, we may regard the voyage round the world as in his own mind decreed. He was in no haste, however, to embark. After his return from the expedition to which I have just referred, he manned three ships and served as a volunteer, under Essex, in Ireland. There he made the acquaintance of Sir Christopher Hatton, the Queen's Vice-Chamberlain, and high in favour. He introduced Drake to Elizabeth. She seems to have discerned him at once, and marked him for high service. Queen Bess had largely that prerogative of the royal spirits, the power of discerning and engaging the alert in her service. By the Queen's countenance and secret help, he engaged in fitting out a new expedition, the object of which was kept a profound secret until it sailed. Drake contemplated nothing less than the venturing with a little English squadron into unknown seas, the gates of which were guarded jealously by the naval forces of the first maritime power of the world. It was but a little squadron. Drake took with him just five ships, of which one only, the *Pelican*, reached the burthen of 100 tons. The squadron consisted of the *Pelican*, 100 tons, Captain Drake; the *Elizabeth*, 80, Captain Winter; the *Mari-*

gold, 30, Captain John Thomas; the *Swan*, a flyboat, 50, Captain John Chester; the *Christopher*, 15, a pinnace, Captain Thomas Moone. The whole complement of the five ships was 164 men.

"It is worthy of note, that Drake, who was a man of severe simplicity in his personal habits, fitted up his own ship with great splendour. Neither had he omitted to make provision also for ornament and delight, carrying to this purpose with him, expert musitians, rich furniture, (all the vessels for his table—yea, many even belonging to the cooke-roome—being of pure silver,) and divers shewes of all sorts of curious workmanship, whereby the civilitie and magnificence of his native countrie might, amongst all nations whithersoever he should come, be the more admired."

The expedition sailed on the 15th November, 1577; but being beaten back with a great storm, in which the *Admiral* and the *Marigold* were partially dismasted, they could not get away finally until the 13th of December. They were off the coast of Africa on the morning of the 25th, standing on to Mogador, which the general had appointed for the first rendezvous. There they remained until the 31st, and then they set up the pinnace, which they had carried out in frame. They carried on some courteous and friendly intercourse with the Moors, "among whom," they report, "it is a law to drink no wine; notwithstanding, by stealth, it pleaseth them well to have it abundantly, as here was experienced." They were off Cape Blanco on the 16th, and there they remained some days. As I have mentioned the slave trade, I think this significant, and for Drake's honour, it should not be suppressed. The people of the country brought down to them a woman, with a young infant at the breast, "to be sold as a horse, or as a cowe and calfe by her side, in which sort of merchandize our general would not deal." They captured some Portuguese trading ships, which they released, except one coaster of 40 tons, for which Drake gave the *Christopher* in exchange. Thence to the Cape de Verde islands, where the exquisite climate, and the splendid fertility of the soil, filled them with delight. In sailing by St. Jago, they noted a custom which has painfully intruded itself on all Protestant travellers in Catholic countries. It is thus mentioned by Fletcher, the Chaplain:—

"In sailing along the island, we perceived the inhabitants were too superstitious, according to the pope's anti-Christian traditions; for upon every cape and small head they sett up a cross, on most whereof is engraven an evil-faced picture of Christ. One of the crosses myself and others did breake down, but with great dislike, as well to som of our own company, being so much addicted to that opinion, as the Portugalls themselves."

Off St. Jago, they captured a Portuguese ship, laden with a rich cargo of wines, provisions, and the better sort of stores, with which they furnished themselves amply; the crew and passengers being kindly treated and sent off in the pinnace with sufficient supplies. They then steered boldly over the Atlantic for the coast of Brazil.

"During which long passage on the vast gulph, where nothing but sea beneath vs and aire aboue vs was to be seen, as our eies did behold the wonderful workes of God in His creatures, which He hath made innumerable, both small and great beasts, in the great and wide seas: so did our mouthes taste, and our natures feed

on, the goodnesse thereof in such fulnesse at all times, and in every place, as if He had commanded and enjoyned the most profitable and glorious workes of His hands to waite upon vs, not alone for the reliefe of our necessities, but also to give vs delight in the contemplation of His excellence, in beholding the variety and order of His prouidence, with a particular taste of His fatherly care ouer vs all the while.'

On the 17th of February, they were under the Line, Drake having previously, careful of the health of his men, as are all great captains, bled every man with his own hand,—the principia of homœopathy, and the virtues of aconite being, alas! all unknown. On the 5th of April they made the coast of Brazil in 31° 30′ S., the La Plata having been appointed as their next rendezvous. They spent a fortnight in that river, to rest and refresh the men,—a point to which Drake always gave great attention—and then they hauled out to sea again on a southerly course. The commander was kept in constant anxiety by the separation of his ill-matched ships. It was rarely that they were all in company, and much valuable time was consumed either in searching or waiting for the truants. He resolved, therefore, to seek a convenient harbour, and there reduce the number of his ships. They searched the coast as far as 47° S., and found none convenient. This little record of Drake is interesting, as showing very clearly what manner of man he was.

"Our Generall, especially in matters of moment, was neuer wont to relye onely on other mens care, how trusty or skilfull soeuer they might seeme to be, but alwayes contemning danger, and refusing no toyle, he was wont himselfe to be one, whosoeuer was a second, at every turne, where courage, skill, or industry was to be employed; neither would hee at this time intrust the discovery of these dangers to anothers paines, but rather to his owne experience in searching out and sounding of them."

After beating about the coast in search of the missing ship, the Portuguese prize, rebaptized the *Mary*, (the *Swan*, the other missing ship, having been found and brought in by Captain Winter) "with hartie and often prayers, we joyned watchful industry, to serve God's providence," and "on the 19th of June, towards night, having sailed within a few leagues of Port St. Julian, we had our ship in sight, for which we gave thanks to God with most joyful minds." Drake resolved to put into Port St. Julian, where Magelhaéns had wintered in 1520, and where he had promptly suppressed a mutiny, by having the ringleader struck with a dagger to the heart. Cromwell once, when the man stepped out of the ranks to present the remonstrance of troops on the verge of mutiny, "discerning in a moment with those truculent eyes of his how matters stood, plucked out a pistol from the holster, and blew out his brains. Noll was a man fit for such things."* Magelhaéns and Drake had something of the same stuff in them too. There at Port St. Julian was transacted that "bloodie tragedie," as Fletcher calls it, which is almost without parallel in history, both as regards the difficulty of getting at the truth of the matter, the strange-

* Carlyle's "French Revolution."

ness of many of the circumstances, and the blot it has left—or has been supposed to have—on a well-nigh spotless fame. We will endeavour, as far as we can, in a few words, to lay the sum of the matter before the reader.

It appears that one Thomas Doughty sailed with Drake as one of the chief men in the expedition. He was an old friend of the general's (the term general being applied to the commander by sea as well as by land—the admiral being, strictly speaking, the leading ship, the ship to be observed), and, if he is to be believed, much respected and beloved. A brief statement of the uncontroverted facts will make the evidence which we shall have to examine more plain. What is allowed on all hands is this: After the capture of the Portuguese prize, Doughty was put on board as master. Some accusation of malversation being brought against him, Drake went on board to investigate it. He found it to be but trifling, and, though he thought it better to remove him from the *Mary*, he sent him on board the *Pelican*, to command during his absence. On board the *Admiral* he seems to have been guilty of graver faults. He was charged with what amounted to incitement to mutiny. Drake, coming on board, committed him to custody in utter disgrace. At Port St. Julian he empanelled a jury, and tried Francis Doughty on the capital charge; a verdict of guilty being returned, he had him executed there. Thus much is clear. The question which arises is this—was Doughty, who was clearly a man of character and ability, over-persuaded by some unquiet spirits in the fleet, to take the lead in a movement against Drake, which would manifestly, if successful, have been fatal to the expedition? in which case he most justly fell; or was he a man of such high ability that Drake conceived a jealousy of him, and gladly availed himself of some trumpery or fictitious charge to put him finally out of the way? The tale that Drake was the tool of Leicester's vengeance is not worthy of serious refutation.

The evidence which is accessible, we will briefly describe. Our chief authority for the facts of the expedition is a narrative published in 1628, by Sir Francis Drake, the nephew of the great admiral. On the title-page it is said to be "carefully collected out of the notes of Mr. Francis Fletcher, preacher to this expedition, and divers others his followers in the same." This may be regarded as the family narrative, founded on documents which would be easily within reach of the admiral's relatives. The tale, according to this statement, is as follows:—Drake, before he sailed from Plymouth, heard that Doughty had spoken disrespectful words of him, and uttered sentiments subversive of his authority; but, having a strong regard for the man, he passed them over, hoping "by love and benefit to remove and remedy it, if there were any evil purposes conceived against him." On the voyage he found that the mutinous spirit in Doughty was still working, in spite of the admiral's trust in giving him command of the *Pelican;* and he came to the conclusion, with much sorrow and pain, that Doughty must be dealt with sternly, or the whole enterprise would be

wrecked. He therefore gave him in charge to the captains and divers gentlemen of the expedition, "protesting his love to the misguided man, but producing the proofs of his guilt, and leaving him in their hands." Doughty was so overwhelmed by the proof produced, and so broken down by his commander's kindness, that he humbly confessed his guilt, and acknowledged himself to be worthy of death. The forty gentlemen, having heard the whole case, found him guilty of a capital crime, but left to the general the manner of his death. Drake gave him his choice—either to be executed on the island, or to be set on shore on the mainland, or to be sent back to England for the judgment of the Queen. Doughty, penetrated with remorse, chose the first alternative as the best for his soul's interest, and for the welfare of the expedition; he only supplicated that he might receive the Communion with Drake before he suffered. The rest we give in the words of the original narrative:—

"The Generall himselfe communicated at this Sacred ordinance, with this condemned penitent gentleman, who showed great tokens of a contrite and repentant heart, as one who was more deepely displeased with his owne act then any man else. And after this holy repast they dined, also at the same table together, as cheerefully in sobriety, as euer in their lives they had done aforetime: each cheering vp the other, and taking their leave by drinking each to other, as if some journey onely had been in hand.

"After dinner, all things being brought in a readines, by him that supplied the roome of the provost-Marshall; without any dallying, or delaying the time, he came forth and kneeled downe, preparing at once his necke for the axe, and his spirit for heaven; which hauing done without long ceremony, as who had before digested this whole tragedy, he desired all the rest to pray for him, and willed the executioner to do his office, not to feare nor spare."

With this account of the affair we might rest contented, but for two things: (1), the suspiciously dramatic complexion of the transaction; and (2), the discovery among the Sloane MSS. in the British Museum of the original narrative of Francis Fletcher, from which this history of the nephew is avowedly compiled, and which gives quite a different complexion to the transaction. He evidently regards Doughty as a victim, Drake as an envious persecutor, while he calls the whole affair a "bloodie tragedie," which he more than once intimates might well evoke the judgments of Heaven. He speaks of Doughty as the most exaggerated terms, and declares that he never saw so edifying an end. Added to this, there is another narrative of the voyage, by one John Cooke, which is among the Harleian manuscripts, and appears to be in the handwriting of the antiquary Stowe. This is written in a spirit of violent hostility to Drake; it accuses him of blasphemy, unmanly violence, and extreme tyranny, and of many other sins, most alien to what we know of him from sufficient and credible witnesses. I confess to a strong conviction that this narrative of John Cooke ought to be put out of court at once and summarily. The bitter hatred of the man to Drake is palpable throughout; while the signature, "John Cooke," occurs frequently at the foot of the charges on which Doughty was tried and condemned. Had Drake been anything like what John

Cooke asserts him to have been, the expedition would have found its grave on this side Cape Horn. The chaplain's narrative is the only serious difficulty, joined with the internal unlikelihood of some of the circumstances which the author of the "World Encompassed" relates. Which way does the probability lie? Altogether I conceive with the nephew's narrative. There is one great fact which to me is an invaluable clue through the mystery; I mean the communion of Drake and Doughty in the Sacrament before the execution. All the witnesses, even John Cooke, are agreed about that. It seems to me well nigh conclusive. That Doughty thereby confessed his guilt and expressed his penitence, and that he felt that a load would be lifted off his heart if the man against whom he had sinned would commune with him before he suffered, is to me undeniably plain. There is something in this death scene well nigh incredible to us in this age. So simple, so noble, so brave, on either part. And yet Drake did not dare to spare. Even a *word* about "return" could not be tolerated.

Doughty was probably but the organ of many whose hearts were failing them; England's most noble enterprise must be shamefully abandoned, or a dear life must fall. Drake was equal to the emergency. His dearest friend must perish, if the sacrifice were demanded by his country and his queen. Fletcher's name, too, occurs as a witness to almost every charge against Doughty. His conduct throughout the whole affair seems to have been most questionable. There is a curious fragment of manuscript in the Harleian Collection, from which it appears, that at some point of the voyage Drake summoned Francis Fletcher before him, and "excommunicated him out of the Church of God, denounced him to the devil and his angels, and tied a posy round his arm with this inscription, 'Francis Fletcher, the falsest knave that liveth.'"

Fortunately we have the judgments of two able and impartial contemporaries upon the whole matter, and it runs in the direction which we have indicated. Camden says —

"In this very place John Doughty, an industrious and stout man, and the next unto Drake, was called to his trial for raising a mutiny in the fleet, found guilty by twelve men, after the English manner, and condemned to death, which he suffered undauntedly, being beheaded, having first received the holy communion with Drake. And, indeed, the most impartial persons in the fleet were of opinion that he had acted seditiously; and that Drake cut him off as an emulator of his glory, and one that regarded not so much who he himself excelled in commendations for sea matters, as who he thought might equal him. Yet wanted there not some, who, pretending to understand things better than others, gave out that Drake had in charge from Leicester, to take off Doughty, upon any pretence whatsoever, because he had reported abroad that the Earl of Essex was made away by the cunning practices of Leicester."

Hakluyt to much the same effect:—

"In this port (St. Julian) our General began to inquire diligently of the actions of Mr. Thomas Doughty, and found them not to be such as he looked for, but tending rather to contention of mutiny, or some other disorder, whereby (without redress) the success of the voyage might greatly have been hazarded; whereupon the company was called together and made acquainted with the particulars of the

cause, which were found partly by Mr. Doughty's own confession, and partly by the evidence of the fact, to be true; which when our General saw, although his private affection to Mr. Doughty (as he then in presence of all sacredly protested) was great, yet the care he had of the state of the voyage, of the expectation of her Majestie, and of the honour of his countrie, did more touch him (as indeed it ought) than the private respect of one man; so that the cause being thoroughly heard, and all things done in good order, as neere as might be to the course of our laws in England, it was concluded that Mr. Doughty should receive punishment according to the quality of the offence. And he, seeing no remedie but patience for himself, desired before his death to receive the communion, which he did at the hands of Mr. Fletcher, the minister, and our General himself accompanied him in that holy action: which being done, and the place of execution made ready, he, having embraced our General, and taken his leave of all the companie, with prayer for the Queen's Majestie and our realm, in quiet sort laid his head to the block, where he ended his life."

There is, too, another piece of evidence to which sufficient importance has hardly been attached. Drake took out of the Portuguese prize a pilot who was well acquainted with the seas for which he was bound, and carried him with him. He dismissed him finally at Acapulco in the Pacific. This pilot's narrative has been published, and the Spanish historians draw from it in their account of the expedition. But they bring no charge against Drake in connection with these transactions. They assert that Doughty was put to death because he would have returned, and praise the firmness and wisdom of the course which Drake pursued. Had any charge been feasible, the Spaniards would not have failed to urge it; and it is a high testimony to Drake's clemency and kindliness that this pilot urged not one word of complaint against Drake's treatment of him on his return. It is but just to say that the last editor of the "World Encompassed," the able editor of the Hakluyt Society, leans rather to the narratives of Cooke and Fletcher; but I feel fully satisfied, from a careful estimation of the accessible evidence, that the verdict of the Elizabethan age, which is also the verdict of the Spaniards themselves, must stand.

This vital matter being settled, the *Mary* was broken up, and the fleet was reduced to three ships,—the *Pelican*, which was soon after named the *Golden Hind*, in compliment to Sir Christopher Hatton, who probably bore it on his arms, the *Elizabeth*, and the *Marigold*. The little squadron then weighed, and stood for the entrance of the Straits of Magelhaens. They were reached on the 20th of August. The topsails were struck as they entered, in honour of Queen Elizabeth, and prayers were read, and a sermon preached, in honour of a higher King. They found much difficulty in the navigation, the Spaniards having wilfully falsified the maps; but it certainly speaks well for Drake's seamanship, that he carried his fleet through in sixteen days, fourteen days being reckoned a good passage, even at the present time.

On the 6th of September they emerged into the Pacific, and were greeted "with a most terrible storm," which drove them above one hundred leagues to the westward, and scattered the fleet. The *Marigold*, Captain Thomas, went down with every soul on board. The

Elizabeth, Captain Winter, and the *Golden Hind*, were driven about for a whole month by the fury of the storm, and at one time were as far south as 57°; and thus, without seeking it, were the first discoverers of Cape Horn. On the 7th October the *Elizabeth* parted company, recovered the mouth of the Straits, and, her people being weary and fearful, bore up for England; there they arrived safely, but received, as they deserved, cold welcome, having abandoned their commander to his fate. Fears were entertained that Drake would never be heard of again; but he, as we shall see, was busy about deeds which were to make the whole world ring with his fame. The stormy weather continuing, Drake incurred extreme danger in searching for his consorts. For fifty-two days this tremendous storm pressed on them, and Drake was again driven south, and discovered more clearly Cape Horn. The storm having at last fairly blown itself out, the *Golden Hind* was put on a northerly course, to make the rendezvous which her captain had appointed, in lat. 30° S. on the coast of Peru. Sighting an island called Mucho, in 38° S., he endeavoured to revictual his ship. The natives at first seemed friendly, but subsequently they entrapped a boat's crew with Drake himself, and wounded every man in the boat with their arrows, the captain himself being struck under the eye and in the head. His coolness and intrepidity brought the men off, and the clement general, considering that the natives had mistaken the English for Spaniards, resolved to take no vengeance, but set sail, and reached a bay on the American coast, called Philip's Bay, in lat. 32° S. There they met an Indian chief, who offered to conduct them to Valparaiso, where they might obtain all needful stores.

Thus was Drake, in a little ship of 100 tons, ill manned and worse provisioned, and leaky through the length and stress of the voyage, alone in the midst of the Spanish settlements of the Pacific, surrounded by their ships, and cut off, by a strait which was supposed to be impassable from west to east, from the Atlantic and home. The history of the next six months is the most brilliant narrative of successful daring that I know. By this gallant enterprise of the little English war-ship and her indomitable crew, more than by any other single thing, the fate of the Spanish Armada was sealed, and the Spanish supremacy of the seas was destroyed. Drake, with his one little ship, during that six months, entered well nigh every port, rifled every treasure-ship, exacted contributions from every town, and bearded every fort and fleet of the Spaniards in those seas. His deep religious heart was stirred within him by the cruelties, atrocities, superstitions, and crimes which the Spaniards wrought there without stint or shame. To the privateer this became something like a holy war. It would be easy to prove that the English in those seas felt themselves champions of the most sacred cause of humanity, when they heard of and observed the horrible cruelty of the Spanish conquerors to the native races which were withering under their brutal yoke. Coasting along, and still searching most diligently every creek for his missing consort, he arrived

off Lima on the 15th February. This was, perhaps, his most daring enterprise. Thirty ships were in harbour there; seventeen of them laden and ready to sail. Drake took the *Golden Hind* in without a moment's hesitation, and anchored in their midst; then, having obtained provisions and water, they laid the ships under contribution at their leisure. Hearing there of a rich treasure-ship, the *Cacafuego*, which was the pride of the South Seas, and which had sailed only fourteen days before for Panama, they cut the cables of all the ships in port, and stood out with immense booty in chase of the great galleon of Spain. On the 1st of March they fell in with her about 150 leagues from Panama. She was boarded and carried at once, and treasure to the amount of £90,000 being transferred to the *Golden Hind*, they let her go. Drake was true to his principle of action, such as it was. He considered that he had a right to any amount of treasure, but he observed the utmost consideration and courtesy towards the men, save where wrongs came under his eye which a higher duty called on him to avenge. Standing west to avoid Panama, they obtained fresh booty, and on the 15th anchored in Guatulco (Acapulco), in 15° 30′ N., and, being fully laden with booty, began to consider the means of returning home.

The conclusion at which he arrived justified the terms I have again and again applied to him. I give the words of the original narrative:—

"And considering also that the time of the yeare now drew on wherein we must attempt, or of necessitie wholly giue ouer that action, which chiefly our Generall had determined, namely, the discouery of what passage there was to be found about the Northerne parts of America, from the South Sea into our owne ocean (which being once discouered and made knowne to be nauigable, we should not onely do our countrie a good and noteable service, but we also ourselues should haue a nearer cut and passage home; where, otherwise, we were to make a very long and tedious voyage of it, which would hardly agree with our good liking, we hauing been so long from home already, and so much of our strength separated from vs,) which could not at all be done if the opportunity of time were now neglected; we therefore all of vs willingly harkened and consented to our Generall's aduice, which was, first to seeke out some conuenient place wherein to trimme our ship, and store ourselues with wood and water and other prouisions as we could get, and thenceforward to hasten on our intended journey for the discouery of the said passage, through which we might with joy return to our longed homes."

To the northward then they steered. Before they left Acapulco Drake wrote a letter to Captain Winter by a ship leaving for the south, hoping that they might fall in with the *Elizabeth*, and carry information of his course. It is so simple and noble in spirit and expression, that I quote it entire:—

"Master Winter,—If it pleaseth God that you should to meete with the ship of Sant John de Anton, I pray you use him well, according to my word and promise giuen unto them: and if you want anything that is in this ship of Sant John de Anton, I pray you pay them double the value for it, which I will satisfie againe, and command your men not to doe her any hurt; and what composition or agreement we have made, at my return into England, I will by God's helpe performe; although I am in doubt that this letter will never come to your hands; notwith-

standing, I am the man I have promised to be, beseeching God, the Saviour of all the world, to have us in his keeping,—to whome only I give all honour, praise, and glory.

"What I have written is not only to you, Master Winter, but also to M. Thomas, M. Charles, M. Caube, and M. Anthonie, with all our other good friends, whom I commit to the tuition of him that, with his blood, redeemed us, and am in good hope that we shall be in no more trouble, but that he will helpe vs in adversitie, desiring you, for the passion of Christ, if you fall into any danger, that you will not despaire of God's mercy, for he will defend you and preserve you from all danger, and bring us to our desired haven; to whom be all honour, glory, and praise, for ever and ever. Amen.

"Your sorrowfull captain, whose heart is heavy for you,

"FRANCIS DRAKE."

As they sailed northward they were both surprised and distressed by the bitter cold of the weather. Even in 42° N. the cold was more intense than any of them had ever known, though some of them had been as far north as 72°. But Drake's courage failed not in the least, and the original narrative shows to us by what means the Elizabethan captains were wont to rehearten their men:—

"Yet would not our General be discouraged, but as wel by comfortable speeches, of the Diuine prouidence, and of God's louing care ouer his children, out of the Scriptures, as also by other good and profitable perswasions, adding thereto his own cheerful example, he so stirred them vp to put on a good courage, and to quite themselues like men, to endure some short extremity to haue the speedier comfort, and a little trouble to obtaine the greater glory, that euery other man was thoroughly armed with willingnesse and resolued to see the uttermost, if it were possible, of what good was to be done that way."

And this seems to be a fair occasion to say a word on Drake's religious principles and life.

He was engaged at this time on an expedition which even mild judges would consider as closely bordering on the piratical. He was deeply laden with booty to which he had helped himself without scruple all through the Spanish main. Yet here we find him nobly sustaining his men out of God's Word, and through life referring his actions habitually to the judgment and approval of Christ. What are we to say of his Christianity? Muscular, certainly! It could take in with a good conscience all the bold and strong-handed deeds of a stormy life and a stormy time. Neither the blood of battle nor the spoils of war came amiss to it, nor stern vengeance, nor fierce hate of what should be hateful to all good men. And yet do not confound it with the muscular Christianity of the school which is rising to some strength among us, which seems to preach the pride of the flesh as one of the central doctrines of Christ's Gospel; and whose creed, if fairly written out, would apparently be something like this—"I believe in a Christian six foot two, who can pull stroke in the Oxford eight, or bowl in the All England eleven, or who can fell a London drayman at a blow." Perhaps Drake could have done all this; certainly he did much more; but he did not regard these things as specially his God-given vocation. His whole life was muscular, everything which he did

was forceful, and his religion got married *naturally* to a thousand strong-handed things which it belonged to the man and to his age to do; but it was not specially yoked on to jots of proud force or daring, and paraded with a—"See how muscular my Christianity is!" before the face of an admiring because feeble and flaccid world. I rather fear this homage to the "pride of the flesh," which is characteristic of a reigning school. I do not read that strength of the flesh was one of the leading strengths of our Lord. I have read of it in pagan schools, I have heard that it is throned on Olympus, but not in the school of Christ—not among the white-robed in heaven. There can be no question that Drake was a deeply religious, as well as a generous, patient, and clement man. We shall see yet other proofs of it before we are round the world.

They held on their course until they reached 48°, and then even Drake felt that they must turn south. The cold was too intense for even his hardy crew to struggle with. Standing about, they found the harbour of San Francisco, in 38° 30′, and there they remained some time, taking possession of the harbour and country, which they named New Albion, for the queen. Very full of interest is the narrative of their stay there. The pagan Indians found them out, and would persist in worshipping them as gods; and there is something very noble and very beautiful in the tenderness and earnestness with which Drake and his crew sought to lead their thoughts up to the living and the true God, while they ministered with sagacious kindness to all their present needs. Their chief trouble with the Indians was our chief trouble—interminable talk. The Indians (sorrow to Drake) were eloquent, and they knew it, and persisted in discoursing largely of unintelligible things. Poor Drake was as puzzled as we are to stop the flood of weary talk with which eloquent individuals in pulpits, hustings, platforms, parliaments, and even judgment-seats, are flooding us. Drake, sitting in state, and looking as edified as possible, while an Indian spoke for half an hour with faultless fluency, in a tongue wholly unintelligible, the savages keeping up a running accompaniment of delighted "Oh's!" when some grand point was made by the orator—might sit for the portrait of the much-be-talked generation in which our part of the great world-drama has to be played. But the kindly, loving, trust-inspiring ways of the English with the savages stands in grand contrast to the bloody and lustful records of the colonial empire of Spain. If you want to know why God's hand was against the Armada and with the English, read Las Casas and read Drake; and part of the reason, at any rate, will be plain.

On the 23rd of July they sailed; the pitiful sorrow of the Indians at their departure being the best testimony how purely, justly, chastely, and kindly the English had had their conversation among them. Drake's course was by this time fully decided. He abandoned the idea of a passage round the North of America as impracticable. Indeed the trending of the coast to the N. W. seems to have raised a question in his mind as to whether there were a passage at all. Fearing that

the fame of his exploits had led to the concentration of a Spanish squadron, with the view of intercepting his return, he adopted a resolution, of which we can only say that it was like himself—to push over the Pacific, and complete his glorious enterprise by the circumnavigation of the world. In sixty-eight days they stretched over the waste of waters, steering by a "card," which he had obtained from a Panama captain, and hoping to make the Philippine Isles. Passing some islands in the Pacific, which for the best of reasons they named the Thieves' Islands, they made the Philippines on the 16th of October, 1579; and on the 3rd of November they made the Moluccas, where they met with a most magnificent reception from the king. We must not dwell upon it, but only note, to Drake's honour, that the son of this King of Ternate, writing many years afterwards to King James, thus records the impression which Drake had left behind him there:—

"Hearing of the good report of your Majesty by the coming of the great Captain, Francis Drake, in the time of my father, which was about some fifty years past: by the which captain my predecessor did send a ring unto the Queen of England, as a token of remembrance between us; which, if the aforesaid Drake had been living, he could have informed your Majesty of the great love and friendship of either side; he in behalf of the Queen, my father for him and his successors; since which time of the departure of the foresaid Captain, we have daily expected his return, my father living many years after, and daily expecting his return: and I, after the death of my father, have lived in the same hope, 'til I was father of eleven children; in which time I have been informed that the English were men of so bad disposition, that they came not as peaceable merchants, but to dispossess us of our country; which, by the coming of the bearer hereof (Captain Middleton), we have found to the contrary, which greatly we rejoice at," &c. &c.

He sailed November 9th. On the 11th he anchored under a small island of the Celebes group, where they stayed some days to repair damages and to refit. Their description of the island and its riches is very glowing, but we must not linger. They sailed on the 12th of December, and on the 9th of January, while they were running under all sail, during the night, they suddenly struck on a rocky shoal, and stuck fast. They gave themselves up for lost, and it is well worth our while to mark closely how such men demeaned themselves in such a case. Like men, we may be sure; but we should hardly be prepared for all which the narrative reveals:—

"The vnexpectednesse of so extreame a danger, presently raised vs vp to looke about vs, but the more we looked the lesse hope we had of getting cleere of it againe, so that nothing now presenting itselfe to our mindes, but the ghastly appearance of instant death, affording no respit or time of pausing, called vpon vs to deny ourselues, and to commend ourselues into the mercifull hands of our most gratious God: to this purpose wee presently fell prostrate, and with ioyned prayers sent vp vnto the throne of grace, humbly besought Almighty God to extend His mercy vnto vs in his sonne Christ Jesus, and so preparing as it were our neckes vnto the blocke, we euery minute expected the finall stroake to be giuen vnto us.

"Notwithstanding that we expected nothing but imminent death, yet (that we might not seem to tempt God, by leauing any second meanes vnattempted which He afforded,) presently, as soon as prayers were ended, our Generall (exhorting vs

to haue the especiallest care of the better part, to wit, the soule, and adding many comfortable speeches, of the ioyes of that other life, which wee now alone looked for) encouraged vs all to bestirre ourselues, showing vs the way thereto by his owne example; and first of all the pump being well plyed, and the ship freed of water, we found ovr leakes to be nothing increased, which though it gaue vs no hope of deliverance, yet it gaue vs some hope of respit, insomuch as it assured vs that the bulke was sound, which truely we acknowledged to be an immediate prouidence of God alone, insomuch as no strength of wood and iron could haue possibly borne so hard and violent a shocke as ovr ship did, dashing vnder full saile against the rockes, except the extraordinary hand of God had supported the same. . . . . Our miserie beeing thus manifest, the very consideration whereof must needs haue shaken flesh and bloud, if faith in God's promises had not mightily sustained vs, we passed the night with earnest longings that the day would once appeare; the meane time we spent in often prayer and other godly exercises, thereby comforting ourselues, and refreshing our hearts, striuing to bring ourselues to an humble submission vnder the hand of God, and to a reffering ourselues wholly to his good will and pleasure. The day therefore at length appearing, and it being almost full sea about that time, after we had giuen thankes to God for his forbearing of vs hitherto, and had with tears called vpon Him to blesse our labours; we again renewed our trauell to see if we could now possibly find any anchor hold, which we had formerly sought in vaine. But this second attempt proued as fruitlesse as the former, and left vs nothing to trust to but prayers and tears, seeing it appeared impossible that euer the forecast, counsell, pollicie, or power of man could euer effect the deliuery of our ship, except the Lord onely miraculously should do the same.

"It was therefore presently motioned, and by generall voice determined, to commend our case to God alone, leauing ourselues wholly in His hand to spill or saue vs, as seeme best to his gracious wisdome. And that our faith might bee the better strengthened, and the comfortable apprehension of God's mercie in Christ be more clearely felt, we had a Sermon, and the Sacrament of the bodie and bloud of our Sauiour celebrated. . . . . The manner of our deliuery (for the relation of it will especially be expected) was onely this. The place whereon we sate so fast was a firme rocke in a cleft, whereof it was we stucke on the larboard side. At low water there was not aboue sixe foote depth in all on the starbord, within little distance as you haue heard no bottome to be found; the brize during the whole time that thus we were stayed, blew somewhat stiffe directly against our broadside, and so perforce kept the ship upright. It pleased God in the beginning of the tyde, while the water was yet almost at lowest, to slacke the stiffenesse of the wind; and now our ship, who required thirteen foot water to make her fleet, and had not at that time on the one side above seuen at most, wanting her prop on the other side, which had too long alreadie kept her up, fell a heeling towards the deepe water, and by that meanes freed her keele, and made us glad men.

"This shoale is at least three or foure leagues in length; it lies in 2°, lacking three or four minutes, South latitude. The day of this deliverance was the 10th of January."

On the 14th of March they reached some port on the south of Java, and were most hospitably entertained. There they took in what supplies they might need for their long homeward voyage; and on the 26th they weighed for England. The Cape of Good Hope was passed on the 15th of June, within cannon-shot, but they would not land. On the 22nd they touched at Sierra Leone for wood and water, and on the 26th of September—

"We safely with joyfull minds and thankfull hearts to God, arrived at Plymouth, the place of our first setting forth, after we had spent two yeares, ten months, and some few odde daies besides, in seeing the wonders of the Lord in the deep, in discovering so many admirable things, in going through with so many strange adven-

tures, in escaping out of so many dangers, and overcomming so many difficulties in this one encompassing of this neather globe, and passing round about the world, which we haue related.

"Soli rerum maximarum Effectori,
Soli totius mundi Gubernatori
Soli suorum Conservatori,
Soli Deo sit semper gloria."

Drake was received at Plymouth with intense enthusiasm, the whole town was wild with joy. Since Captain Winter's return he had been given up for lost. The church bells rang the whole day through; on the next day the simple-minded seaman went up to Tavistock, to show his respect to the old residence of his parents; and then, having been fêted by the West-country people, he navigated the *Golden Hind* to London. It is said that the booty on board was of the value of £1,000,000. The queen hardly received him as cordially as he had hoped. The truth is, that Drake's free and easy ways in the Pacific were likely to produce serious complications with Spain. His splendid success embarrassed her; but she marked him well, and held him ever after in high honour as one of the chief men of her realm. It was not till the next year that, dining at Deptford, she entered his famous ship with which he had "ploughed a furrow round the world," and knighted him with her own hand. How he served her at Cadiz, and in the great Armada fight, is too well known for me to need to dwell upon it here—how he died, I have briefly to tell.

In 1595 Drake sailed with Hawkins, his old friend and commander, for the Spanish main: it proved the grave of both. The last scene is thus simply chronicled:—

"On the 15th of January, on their way towards Puerto Bello, Captain Plat died of sickness, and then Captain Drake began to keep his cabin, and complain of a scowring or fluxe. On the 23rd they set sail, and stood up again for Puerto Bello, which is but three leagues to the westward of Nombre de Dios. On the 28th, at 4 of the clock in the morning, our General, Sir Francis Drake, departed this life, having been extremely sicke of a fluxe which began the night before to stop on him. He used some speeches at or a little before his death, rising and apparelling himselfe, but being brought to bed again, within one hour he died. They moved on to Puerto Bello, and after coming to anchor in the bay, and the solemn burial of our General in the sea, Mr. Bride made a sermon, having to his audience all the Captains in the fleete.

Shortly before, another of the Elizabethan great ones fell,—a man who had all Drake's courage and conduct, and who was besides a chivalrous gentleman, which Drake was not. Sir Richard Grenville, perhaps the noblest and purest spirit of that age—the Sydney of the sea—thus yielded up his life to God:—

"In 1591, Sir R. Grenville was serving in an English fleet against Spain. They were assailed by a Spanish fleet of far superior force, and worsted. But Sir R. Grenville, in his good ship the *Revenge*, refused either to strike or to fly. He bad the gunner sink the ship rather than yield—but he was overruled by the crew. After inflicting the most tremendous chastisement on the Spanish fleet,—it is said that he was engaged with no less than 15 ships,—the *Revenge* was taken, but she was so crippled that she soon after went down with 200 Spaniards, when Sir

Richard Grenville was carried, mortally wounded, on board the Spanish Admiral's ship, where he was treated with distinguished honour. But in a few days he felt that death was at hand, and spoke these memorable words in Spanish, that all who heard him might bear witness to their fervour:—'Here die I, Richard Grenville, with a joyful and quiet mind: for that I have ended my life as a good soldier ought to do, fighting for his country, queen, religion, and honour: my soul willingly departing from this body, leaving behind the lasting fame of having behaved as every valiant soldier is in duty bound to do.'"

Drake, Hawkins, Grenville, gone, England might seem poor indeed. But the work was done. Spain was broken utterly, and that spirit was kindled in Englishmen, of which the Nile, Copenhagen, and Trafalgar are the direct and inalienable fruits. That supremacy which Drake, more than any other, won for us, has never been shaken. Numbers are nothing, as of old, where English seamenship has room. Drake brought us to the vanward as a nation, where he ever himself loved to be. We have maintained the post in many a bloody struggle, with the world in arms against us; and an Englishman may be pardoned for believing that we shall maintain it while the world endures. The epitaph of Drake, by two able contemporaries, may fitly bring this paper to a close:—

"He was more skillfull in all poyntes of navigation then any that ever was before his time, in his time, or since his death; he was also of a perfect memory, great observation, eloquent by nature, skillfull in artillery, expert and apt to let bloud, and give physick unto his people according to the climate; he was low of stature, of strong limbs, broad breasted, round headed, browne hayre, full bearded, his eyes round, large, and clear, well favoured, fayre, and of a cheerfull countenance. His name was a terror to the French, Spanyard, Portugall and Indians. Many princes of Italy, Germany, and other, as well enemies as friends, in his life time desired his picture. He was the second that euer went through the Straights of Magellanes, and the first that euer wente rounde about the world: he was lawfully married unto two wives, both young, yet he himself and ten of his brethren died without issue: he made his younger brother Thomas his heire, who was with him in most and chiefest of his employmentes; in briefe, hee was as famous in Europe and America as Tamberlayne in Asia and Africa.

"In his imperfections he was { Ambitious for honour, Unconstant in amity, Greatly affected to popularity.

"He was fifty and four years old when he died."

"If," says Fuller, "any should be desirous to know something of the character of Sir Francis Drake's person,—he was of stature low, but set and strong grown: a very religious man towards God and his houses, generally sparing the churches wherever he came: chaste in his life, just in his dealings, true of his word, merciful to those that were under him, and hating nothing so much as idlenesse. In matters (especially) of moment, he was never wont to rely on other men's care, how trusty or skilful soever they might seem to be, but always contemning danger and refusing no toyl: he was wont himself to be one (whoever was a second) at every turn, where courage, skill, or industry was to be employed."

Verily, "there were giants on the earth in those days."

IV.

SUN PICTURES.—II.

BY MARY HOWITT.

We have left the miller now for some time, and having reached the top of the long ascent, find a cold bleak region lying beyond, still ascending to the distance of several miles, and the higher we go, the keener the air becomes. A wind like that of March careers along, sweeping up eddies of dust from the hard, rocky, and uneven road. The trees are become much more scattered, and have that dwarfish, weather-driven look, peculiar to trees on high and bleak situations. Formerly this part of Staffordshire was called "the Moorlands," and very wild, hard, and uncultivated was the life of its inhabitants. Great crimes were committed amongst them; crimes of a savage character, originating in the sordid spirit of their lives, and the gross ignorance which prevailed everywhere; they were not of frequent occurrence, perhaps, but never died out of the memory, and furnished inexhaustible topics of talk for the winter fire-side, or of brooding thought in the wild Moorland fields, and thus probably became the seed of further crime. Our own ancestors, by the father's side, came from a wild place called the Foxholes, some miles beyond Waystones; and though the property had been out of our family for two generations, yet thither it was that we were now bound. To visit this old home of our family, of which we still possessed old writings, dating back as far as Richard III., together with many curious family papers of a much later date, was, in fact, the object of this little excursion.

As we advanced higher and higher, the evening air grew ever keener and colder, and the sun setting with a chilly uncertain light, amid cold grey clouds, we soon found that the miller's three miles seemed likely to lengthen out considerably; for after we had gone, as we imagined, nearly that distance, we were told still, "about three miles," and, indeed, so it must be, if yon scattered village of stone houses, standing high on what must have been formerly the bleak Moorland edge, be, as we are now told, Waystones. On we go, the few people we still meet having still the look of miners, but uncouth and rude like the character of the scene. And now an open carriage passes us; a large, yellow, ill-kept, old carriage, dating back, it may be, to the cultivation of these Moorlands. A gentleman and a boy, his son probably, are in the carriage, and a slovenly man, like a farm-servant, drives. The cold air blows little clouds of dust along the hard, stony road; long shadows are cast in the cold white light of the setting sun, and the gentleman and the boy in the old yellow carriage cannot comprehend what has caused two ladies, one with two light umbrellas in her hand, the other with a very small travelling bag, to be walking towards Waystones. Strangers are scarce

here, no doubt; and as long as the carriage is in sight, we are evidently objects of wonder and conjecture to its occupants.

On we go, still ascending. The sun has now sunk below the horizon; the wind blows colder and wilder. We pass hard-featured, clay-besmeared men, leaning to talk over field gates, who stop their talk and watch us with rude wonder as we pass; but they venture upon no remarks. There is an uncouth, hard element about them, which corresponds with the character of the country,—its bleakness, its stone walls, and its half cultivation. Now we reach the first scattered houses of Waystones; the doors are open, and dust-coloured children are playing on the door-steps. Untidy girls are nursing babies, and women with folded arms, or each with her baby, are leaning against their doors, scolding or gossipping. Both the girls and the women are remarkable for their dismal finery; flounced barège dresses in tatters, and tawdry flowers in their filthy caps. It is like a wretched portion of London, transported bodily to these high, black, moorland regions. We begin to feel anxious about our night's lodging, and inquire for the Black Bull. But the Black Bull is at the farther end of the village, and we go on more hopefully. On we go, still ascending, seeing nothing on either hand but the same unattractive features.

At length we reach a point where the road divides with an acute angle, enclosing a triangular, or wedge-shaped little field, along one side of which towers up a remarkable row of tall, weather-beaten, and very picturesque Scotch fir trees,—the only trees in or about the village. Along the top of the little field stretches the front of a cheerful stone house, standing on the road-side, and divided from the field by green painted iron pallisades. Cheerful white blinds are in the windows, and a large sign of a black bull's head at the corner raised our drooping spirits, for here assuredly is better hope of entertainment than we might have expected.

The front door of the "Black Bull" opens into a little passage, on the right and left of which lie two rooms. On the left, the door is closed; the right-hand room is open, and shows a large, brick-floored better kitchen, or common parlour, and a man at work covering a sofa, with large-patterned, many-coloured drugget. We ask to see the landlady; and the landlord makes his appearance, with an old greasy cap on his head, from a back room where several men sit drinking. We again desire to see the landlady, stating our intention of passing the night there. He looks inquiringly at us, as if considerably puzzled, says nothing, but coming into the little passage by which we have entered, endeavours to open the left-hand door, finds it fastened within, and retires. The next moment bolts are withdrawn on the other side, and we enter into another brick-floored parlour, but evidently of a higher grade, the atmosphere of which is stiflingly hot and close, and everything covered with dust. Here the landlady, being summoned by her husband, appears, and both stand before us, eyeing us with silent but close scrutiny. Is it possible we think, that they question our respectability; two ladies coming thus on foot? and we say that we

were recommended to come to Mr. Malkin's or Mawkin's, of the "Black Bull," by the Rev. Mr. Coldwell, of Combe, a village at no great distance. "Mawkin, indeed!" exclaim both husband and wife, with something of scorn. "Mawkin had not lived there for nearly a year; everybody knew that! Mawkin and his wife quarrelled; Mawkin was bankrupt; Mawkin was a disreputable fellow, and his wife was his match,—and he had not paid eighteenpence in the pound!" "Oh, indeed!" we say, somewhat crest-fallen. "If you want Mawkin, you should not come here!" said the burly landlord. "I'm John Strut, Mr. Strut, as I may say, butcher and farmer, of Waystones, and own some of the best property in the place." We are glad to hear it; but we are tired, we say; have walked from ——, wish to see our bed-room, and want our tea. This we address to the landlady, a stout, rather comely woman, with everything which she wore awry. But we have not yet passed through a sufficient examination. And now both husband and wife question us as to the identity of our clerical friend. 'Coldwell!" they repeat. They know no *Cold*well—not even of Combe. They know Hotwell—perhaps we might mean him, the Rev. Mr. *Hot*well, of Waystones; at least, who ought to be living at Waystones; but Coldwell they ignore altogether; and Hotwell knew as well as they did, that Mawkin did not keep the "Black Bull!"

During this discussion, though we apparently come off with anything but flying colours, we are scrutinized from head to foot, by husband and wife; and the conclusion arrived to in both minds, probably communicated by some telegraphic sign, being favourable, we are conducted by the landlady up-stairs into a room which astonishes us; so cheerful and homelike is its aspect, so different the bare brick floor and vulgar style of the room below. Here a short, buxom young woman, the landlady's daughter, is putting up a clean, nicely-fringed roller blind, and we are now informed that they are preparing for Whitsuntide, when the great club, a hundred and eighty, dine there. The room is wainscoted, and painted of a soft grey, with white mouldings: the bed hangings are grey and white damask, which, in its woven pattern, represents orchard-boughs laden with fruit; quaint, but not disagreeable. A series of Westall's prints, storms in the harvest field, and other such subjects, together with a handsome glass case of stuffed game birds, are the ornaments of the room; while the other furniture is good, and in excellent keeping. It is like the guest-chamber of some country parsonage, and we express our unqualified approbation of everything, excepting a gentleman's carpet bag, boots, and sundry toilet articles, which betoken previous occupation. "Yes," the landlady says, "a mining gentleman engaged the room three days before, had slept there one night, but is now gone somewhere; if he returned she will find him quarters elsewhere." With this assurance, therefore, and requesting that all his luggage be carefully removed, we joyfully take possession, and order our tea.

Returning to our dusty, brick-floored parlour, the atmosphere of which is much more bearable from the fresh air we admitted before

leaving it, we find, though the dust still remains unremoved, a remarkably well appointed tea set out for us. Since we have been upstairs, the large wainscot cupboard with its glazed front, in the fashion of country public-houses, has been opened, and from the grand display of Sheffield plated goods, tankards, tea-pots, waiters, &c., the best paraphernalia has been brought forth, and together with white and gold china, presents a very inviting array; to all which are added hot buttered toast, thick country cream, a wholesome loaf of home-baked bread, butter in pretty little pats, new laid eggs, and fragrant tea of such extraordinary strength, that we dare not venture upon it without an additional supply of water. We look on in astonishment, and can but express our pleasure to the buxome young girl, in her grey barège flounced dress, the landlord's daughter, who smilingly waits upon us. She evidently takes great pleasure in us, and intends to do her best for us, and as a mark of her good-will grows confidential; tells us of the Mawkins's, who were "scandalous people," and that they themselves were not brought up to "the public line;" that they came to the Black Bull about a year ago; that they were all born and bred in Waystones; that she and her mother had never in their lives been further than the next town, seven miles off; her father had been to Manchester, but to London—no never! That it was a very busy, tiring life, that of the public line, that they never could go to bed early, not till "the company" was gone, and on Sunday mornings consequently it frequently was three o'clock in the morning before they were in bed, because it was a rule never to disturb "the company." But, did she really like "the company?" we ask; "for instance, is it not disagreeable to hear a man shouting and noising as the man is now doing who has been drinking, and shouting, and noising ever since we came into the house?" "Bless you!" she replies, smiling, as if compassionately upon us, "that is only Mester Brassy! He is, to be sure, a noisy old gentleman; but there is no harm in him! The worst of it is," she says, "that it is so difficult to get a servant, and therefore she has such a great deal of work to do. Why now, look at me," she says, dropping her arms, holding them apart from her person, and spreading out her hands, "I've never cleaned myself since morning! I'm just as I was when I got up!" She did not look dirty nor untidy by any means; and her smart grey barège looked much more like an afternoon than a morning working dress. Of course we expressed our condolence, whereupon she assured us, that a servant had come, quite unexpectedly just before we arrived; that she had offered herself ten days before; she had no character; but her mother engaged her, and as she did not make her appearance, they had given her up. She had come, however, with her boxes and all, just before we came, which was very odd; did we not think so?" We cannot but be struck with the remarkable coincidence; after which, this communicative damsel confides to us various other interesting facts, such as that she was at the boarding school at Waystones, but only as a day scholar; that they expected her cousin "Sam" at

the club-dinner; that Sam was a farmer at Windy Head, near Rams, and that he kept as many as fourteen cows; her father had "better than a hundred and twenty acres, and Sam had about ninety." These two numerical facts are not, however, communicated until various little sums in simple addition had been gone through.

"I know it's that, or more," added she. The bulk of this long communication, however, was not made until, our tea being completed, she came to carry the things away.

The noisy old gentleman, Mester Brassy, becoming noiser and noiser the dusker it grew, and finally the miller and his fat horse and flour sacks having arrived at the Black Bull, he too, and sundry other men, as we were informed, were drinking with him. "What a foolish noisy man he is!" we said to our pretty waitress. "It is a pity that there is no one to send him about his business." "Oh, bless you!" she said again, compassionating our ignorance, "he has sons at home to mind his business!" Again we stood reproved before her, and she carried out the last remains of our tea equipage.

Wishful to know something of our morrow's journey to the Foxholes, we requested the landlord's company for a few moments, and he entered in his short coat and with his greasy cap on his head; nor was he less communicative than his daughter. He promised to put us in the best and shortest way to the Foxholes in the morning, and he branched off in every variety of subject. We had mentioned Mr. Coldwell the Rev.; he had spoken of Mr. Hotwell the Rev. There was a feud between the parish of Waystones and Mr. Hotwell; but he did not live there, though his church was there; but at Rams. "Rams?" we asked, "where was that?" remembering what we had just heard of Cousin Sam of Windy Head. "Rams," said the landlord, advancing to the window, "is yonder church that you see over the hill through the fir trees." We saw it; we had seen it all the way on our long walk to Waystones; it was the strange, tall, melancholy grey stone tower that looked like a land-mark. "Yes, he lived at Rams; there was service at Rams and Waystones morning and afternoon alternately. But Mr. Hotwell said that there was no house good enough for him at Waystones, and yet our friend the landlord assured us that he himself had given notice to his own best tenant, who lived in one of the best houses in Waystones, to quit, that it might be ready for Mr. Hotwell! But no! he would go to Rams, and to Rams he went! And he, Mr. Strut, of the Black Bull, felt himself much aggrieved. Of course we could not do otherwise than take Mr. Strut's view of the subject, especially as he assured us that he owned some of the best houses in Waystones, that he was a butcher, and farmer, and farmed "better than a hundred and twenty acres of land;" nevertheless we very humbly suggested that perhaps Mr. Hotwell, who, according to his account, had a wife and nine children, might prefer locating them at Rams, seeing that the population of Waystones and its neighbourhood appeared anything but attractive: and with that we were informed regarding Waystones, that it belonged to small proprietors; people owned their houses and a

few acres of land, and that "everybody was very well-to-do." And again our informant told us about his own houses, "Some of the best in Waystones! Everybody liked to be his own landlord; that was the way here; it was more independent like. No, there was no Squire, nor great landed proprietor, nearer than Squire Biles, of Beak, and that was six miles from Waystones." We asked, if the people were thus independent and landed proprietors, how it was that we had seen so much appearance of squalor? and the reply to our inquiry was that the men were mostly miners, and earned good wages—from a pound to thirty shillings a-week, but that they spent it as it came; and the women loved fine clothes. They did not save; but they were not badly off. "No doubt they visited the public-houses?" we said, remembering that we trod upon delicate ground; "were there many in the village?" "Yes, five, and all pretty well frequented." "No doubt," we again suggested, "that they liked jovial companions, like those who were at that time carousing in his own kitchen?" and we modestly suggested that if the noise, which was then growing ever louder, continued, there would not be much chance of sleep. The landlord replied, as his daughter had done before, that "It was only Mester Brassy, who was a very good sort of man; he had his drinking bouts everyone knew, once and awhile, and that you would not, perhaps, see him within the ale-house door for months after that; but he liked his glass, and when he was a little fresh he treated everybody that came near him, so there was naturally a good batch of them now together. But he was a very good sort of man, no better in Waystones."

The full moon lighted up the vast landscape, and the little triangular field, the dusty road, the long line of picturesque fir trees, and the distant grey tower of Rams church as we went to bed, but not to sleep, so vociferous waxed the merriment of Mr. Brassy, and his drinking friends, to which was added the accompaniment of an accordion, which filled up every pause, and perhaps softened the louder tones of the Bacchanals. But no trouble can last for ever; and at length, when we had turned over in despair, for the hundredth time, a sudden silence fell upon everything. The Brassy-Bacchanals and the see-sawing accordion were equally hushed; first one door banged, then another; first below, then above, after which the silence of midnight lay over all.

Next morning, waking in our orchard bed, we found it high time to rise. We had slept profoundly: it was nearly the breakfast hour which we had mentioned over night, and we rose hastily. The morning was grey, and almost threatened rain. The aspect of everything in and about Waystones looked grey. The absence of clergyman or other spiritual teacher—(for we had been told the night before, that there was not even at this place the methodist chapel or school usually to be met with in similar districts)—the absence of any man or woman superior to the sordid small proprietor who scrapes together money to purchase his house and field, and drinks all the rest—gave a picture of a low religious, moral, and intellectual state, which had little joy or comfort in it. But we had no time for moralizing at the moment, and has-

tened our toilets. Before, however, they were completed, we see coming up the dusty road on the right hand of the triangular field three dust-coloured objects, which, as they approach the top of the road and the corner of the house, resolve themselves into a boy of about twelve, in a dirty, drab-coloured smock-frock and old drab wide-awake, and a girl of about the same age, in an old drab gauze or barège frock, with dirty blue ribbon bows down the front, and an old dust-coloured bonnet stuck on her head, together with a donkey, dust-coloured like themselves, wearily bearing on its back a wooden pack-saddle, on which was piled about half a hundred-weight of coal. On they came till they reached the very front of our window, when the boy ran on, leaving the girl and ass. At this moment, however, a remarkable circumstance occurred, which was quite beyond the comprehension of the girl. The ass would not move; in vain she pulled it forward, in vain she beat it; advance it would not; and the reason why was at once evident. The wooden pack-saddle had become slightly overbalanced in straining up the lane. The ass knew, by its own instinct, that if it attempted to move, the load would tumble over. Seeing plainly, from our elevation, the catastrophe which was at hand, we open our window, and tell the child to let the ass stand still, because the coals are slipping to one side. Either the girl could not understand our undialectical English, or the sudden apparition of the two strange ladies who had arrived the night before at the Bull's Head, so completely discomposed her, that she pulled frantically at the ass to remove both herself and it from our influence, and so doing at once brought about the consummation. The ass, willing to oblige, but able to do so only on certain terms, kicked out one of its legs, and down went coal and pack-saddle together! It might have been our evil eye that had done it, so wild and woful was the look which the girl cast up at the window, and then screamed like one in sudden despair for "Sammy" to come and help her. Her screams brought at length the faithless "Sammy," and a tall, strong woman to the rescue, who, after surveying the ruins for some little time, set about to repair it in a very business-like manner. The pack-saddle was re-adjusted, and the main quantity of coal replaced, when the girl again taking the bridle and casting a scared and resentful look at the window, moved off with the ass hurriedly out of the reach of further disaster, leaving Sammy in much discontent with about one-third of the coal which he was ordered by the woman to bring on in a wheelbarrow, which by some mysterious means had suddenly appeared upon the scene. Sammy was an ill-looking, sullen lad, with the scowl of a young Cain on his unhappy face, and looking after his sister, the woman, and retreating ass, shouted almost furiously, "I shanna du it mysen!" At length, as no help made its appearance, spite of this reiterated assurance, Sammy, scowling up the road, slowly heaved the coal into the barrow and moved off.

(To be continued.)

V.

THE MORAVIANS AT KÖNIGSFELD.

"Alas! the world is full of peril!
The path that runs through the finest meads
On the sunniest side of the valley, leads
Into a region bleak and sterile!
But, in this sacred and calm retreat,
We are all well and safely shielded
From winds that blow and waves that beat,
To which far stronger hearts have yielded."

LONGFELLOW.

METHINKS I see little Königsfeld this sultry August afternoon, a lovely picture of repose, as it lies so peaceful and calm beneath the pure, intensely purple sky; its white houses and tall roofs, its schools, and little chapel, standing out in bold relief from the dark background of forest that rises up around them.

No cries and shouts are heard of idle urchins, no noisy customers besiege the solitary inn-door, the children are all collected in the schools adapted to their sex and age; the labourers, many of them women, are at work in the neighbouring fields, gathering in the last of the hay and clover crops, and the other inhabitants are either sitting at home with carefully closed green shutters, to keep off, if possible, the dazzling rays of the burning sun, or they are gone out to the forest, carrying with them books and work to its cool and welcome shade, where their seats are the moss-grown stumps of long-ago felled trees; their carpet, the green straggling bilberry-bushes that strew the ground, laden with dark, juicy fruit, a good contrast to its bright-coloured namesake, the red bilberry, whose scarlet clusters of berries peep forth so prettily from the wax-like leaves of the low stunted plant on which they grow.

In one part of the forest, the loud croaking of the frogs from the sedgy borders of the rush-pond, or, as I have been wont to name it from its hoarse-voiced inmates, the frog-pond, breaks the stillness of the air; in another direction the monotonous drip of a water-wheel is heard, and down in a picturesque little dell you see a saw-mill at work beneath a rustic shed, the unwieldy tool slowly but surely making its way through the gigantic trunk to which its teeth have been applied.

But Königsfeld, the little settlement itself, is still—not a sound is heard, save the distant, soft, sweet tinkling of the cow-bells, as the herds wander leisurely over the newly-mown meadows, cropping what scanty herbage there remains, and the plashing of the little fountain in the centre of the place, as its tiny column rises into the air, then falls again scattered into thread-like, sparkling streams, that ripple the surface of the shallow basin, alive with gold and silver fish, embedded in green turf, and surrounded with fragrant lime trees.

Not even the sound of old brother Flach's hatchet, as he chops wood in the yard of the Sisters' house, is heard, for he is resting to wipe the perspiration from his furrowed brow; the fowls, too, are silent, lying huddled together in the shade, half buried in sawdust, beneath the deep eaves of the log-house.

Presently, down one side of a double flight of stone steps, leading to the entrance of one of the best houses of the little settlement, descends a young girl, with a pitcher in her hand and a child on her arm. The child is the youngest daughter of the doctor of the place—the only doctor of the little community, and one, moreover, held in high esteem by the Black Foresters of the neighbourhood, who will fetch him at dead of night to some one of their scattered, far-off farms, and reward him, perhaps, for coming, by an upset of their lumbering, rickety vehicles! The girl is a daughter of one of the less considerable of these farmers, who has come to live as servant with the doctor's wife; and very well she likes her position—she is fond of attending the Moravian services in the chapel, is pleased to be permitted to take part in their festivals, and even thinks that she shall one day like to join their community.

She is a bright-looking girl, with a ruddy complexion, fine blue eyes, white teeth, and red lips; none of her hair is to be seen in front, being concealed beneath the black skull-cap she wears; but behind, from below the gaily embroidered horse-shoe crown, descend two long brown plaits, tied at the ends with black ribbon; above the cap, she wears a round straw hat, that protects her head from the sun, though the brim is too narrow to shade her face; it is painted white, and trimmed with four black rosettes. Her petticoat is also black, and very short and full, though it does not set off, except round the waist, where it is bunched out by means of a bolster of straw beneath. The sombre hue of her dress is relieved by the dazzling whiteness of her stockings and large chemise sleeves, tightened at the elbow, which are visible, as she has left off her close-fitting jacket on account of the heat. The lacings of her boddice are many coloured, and her apron, which is beautifully clean, and tied together by the corners behind, after a favourite fashion of the country, is checked, blue and white.

Whilst she fills her pitcher at the fountain, the little settlement seems to become suddenly animated; four o'clock has struck, the afternoon classes are ended, and children are seen on all sides wending their way to their homes. Marie returns to the house with three laughing sprites dancing around her, threatening every instant to pull the crowing Mathildchen from her arms.

In the meantime, the boarders of both boys' and girls' school having cleared their class-rooms of books and work, are sitting down to a plentiful vesper, as they call their afternoon meal, of bread and fruit. This over, they proceed with their teachers to their play-grounds, or go for a ramble in the forest, where they may stay gathering wild flowers and berries, if they choose, till supper time, which is at half-

past six; for there are no lessons to prepare this evening, since to-morrow is a festival.

Not a holiday to be spent in mirth, and dancing, and idle amusement, but a solemn feast unto the Lord; and there are many such celebrated by this little church, in annual commemoration of the peculiar blessings and marks of Divine favour with which its revival was attended. I say its revival; for though we usually speak of "the foundation of the Church of the Brethren by Count Zinzendorf, in 1722," its actual origin dates as far back as the martyrdom of Huss, when their ancestors in Bohemia and Moravia, quitting home, friends, and possessions, for the sake of the faith, fled into the forests and mountain-caverns, and there preserved a spark of the true light, which, although it became so faint as almost to be extinguished during the subsequent fierce persecutions, still was not suffered to die out, but, after centuries gone by, when the church was again tottering at its foundations, reappeared in its original purity and simplicity—a little leaven that should tend to leaven the whole lump.

Far and wide spread the influence of the little colony at Herrnhut, on the estate of the pious Count Zinzendorf, who had suffered the poor refugees, chased like their ancestors from their native homes by the fierce spirit of persecution, there to settle and take root. Numbers, from other churches and sects, but chiefly Lutherans, flocked to join them. All were Christians, and as such the brethren received them in love. Still, the difference of sentiment existing among them on minor points of doctrine naturally gave rise to disputes, that for a time disturbed the original harmony of the community. The wise and prudent measures, however, taken by the pious young count, produced at length a reconciliation between all parties; various institutions and regulations, formed with a view to securing and perfecting this unity, were favourably and unanimously received, and the bond of renewed brotherhood was finally sealed by all partaking of the sacrament together, the administration of which was, on that occasion, attended with such a special blessing, the peace-bringing presence of the Saviour was so visibly felt, the hearts of all so overflowed with love towards Him and to each other, that the day has ever since been kept by the members of the church as one of thanksgiving and prayer.

Let us again fancy ourselves at Königsfeld, on the morrow, the 13th of August. It is still early morning; the inhabitants of the little settlement are not yet astir; a light haze, foretelling heat, still broods over the place and dims the blue sky; the mist curls downwards in fantastic wreaths through the stems and branches of the firs, whose tall summits are just caught by the gilding rays of the sun. All is still; but anon the half-waking dreams of the sleepers are mingled with the idea of heavenly music, and rousing themselves to consciousness, they become aware that the subdued and solemn sound of trumpets is ushering in, in plaintive psalmody, the dawn of the festival.

At nine o'clock the whole community, the Sisters and young girls all

in white, attend the early service in the chapel, when the venerable pastor holds an address on the subject of the festival, and prays with earnest fervour for a blessing on it.

Two young women and a youth, sitting on their respective sides of the chapel, just opposite the minister's desk, appear to be deeply affected by the address and prayer; indeed, in both they have been specially named. They have long been candidates to become members of the community. They have resided some time at Königsfeld, making themselves acquainted with the ordinations and arrangements, external and internal, of the Moravian church, and, still remaining in the mind to join it, the "lot" has been cast by the elders in childlike faith, with fervent prayer to the Lord that He, the "Chief Elder" of the church, would testify His will concerning the matter, and the answer has sanctioned the admission of the young people, who are now, in the presence of the assembled congregation, about to be received into the respective choirs of Brethren and Sisters by their several representatives, by the pledge of the right hand and the kiss of charity.

Sometimes the lot is cast more than once, at successive intervals, before the result sanctions the admission of the candidates; in which case they are admonished to examine themselves whether they truly and sincerely desire to join the church; and, if so, to await patiently the Lord's good time for their acceptance. The "lot" is only made use of on special occasions—such as the reception of new members, the appointment of ministers, and sometimes in the case of marriage; it is always accompanied by previous earnest, fervent prayer, and the result accepted with childlike trust and submission. The marriages thus decided are chiefly those of the missionaries, who, called suddenly to some distant heathen station, still unmarried, and perhaps not having yet thought of marrying, yet the nature of their office requiring that a partner should share with them its labours,—lay their case before the elders of the church, and request that they will propose a fit partner for them. These latter—who through the superintendents of the several choirs, are acquainted with the character and dispositions of each and all their brethren and sisters—choose from the latter a certain number of those who would seem to their human judgment suited for a helpmate to the future missionary, and then devoutly appeal to the Lord for His direction in their final choice. The proposal is then made to the sister on whom the lot has fallen, through the pastor of the community, and she almost always accepts it, in prayerful trust that such is the will of God. The instances are but rare of these marriages not proving happy.

The two young sisters who have been formally received into the community on this festal morning, have put on to-day, for the first time, the quaint little cap of fine white muslin, which, with its pink ribbon passed through a small loop just behind each ear, and then brought down again and tied beneath the chin, is the only peculiarity in the sisters' dress. If we look into the chapel this afternoon, while

the "Liebesmahl," or Lovefeast (the Agapæ of the early Christians), is being held, we shall notice that some of the sisters have a blue ribbon in their cap, some pink, some white, and some red. These are the distinguishing badges of the choirs to which they belong; the colour for the single sisters' choir being pink, for the married sisters' choir blue, for the widows' white, and for the girls' a beautiful blood-red.

The brothers are divided into similar classes, and there is also a children's choir. Each choir has its annual festival, celebrated on the anniversary of its formation, or some day otherwise memorable to it; and on these, as on their other festivals, the chief part of the day is spent in solemn and touching meetings for prayer and praise in the chapel, the celebration of the Lovefeast, with a musical service in the afternoon, and at the close of the day the receiving of the Lord's Supper. There occur in this month of August, no fewer than three such choir festivals: that of the children on the seventeenth, of the unmarried brothers on the twenty-ninth, and of the widowers on the thirty-first.

Oh, what a long-looked-forward-to, long-to-be-remembered day is that children's feast, or "Kinder-fest!" All the pupils of the schools, strangers and "Gemein-kinder," (as the children of the community are called,) are alike admitted to a participation in its enjoyments. The teachers, masters, and mistresses, lay themselves out to please and gratify their young charges; the services are beautifully adapted to the comprehension, and for the edification of all; and the weather, usually favourable at this season, and so wonderfully brilliant in those high mountain regions, seems to add zest to the whole. How delightful to be awakened on the morning of the day, by the Brothers blowing the trumpets beneath the windows, or the teachers singing softly at the dormitory doors, "Segne, segne sie aus freiem Trieb;" (Bless, oh! bless them!)—or some such suitable hymn. Into what a fairyland are the school-rooms converted, with their wreaths and flowers, their heather-chains and oak-garlands, their tables spread with cakes and fruit, and decked with gay bouquets and plants! As we pass from room to room along the corridors, or up and down the broad staircase, what fragrance pervades the air from the strewed branches of fir on which we tread! We are free to roam as we like to-day, and happy and joyous we feel in our liberty. Then there is the breakfast all together in the dining hall, (instead of, as usual, each class partaking of it in its own room,) the extra-strong coffee, duly sweetened; the great currant-cakes, a sort of bun of an oval form—become by custom a necessary part of the festive fare,—afterwards the careful adorning, I will not say unattended with the slightest possible tinge of vanity! the adjusting of the newly-washed, spotless white dresses, the putting on of the bow and sash, and, to finish all, the little net cap with its pink trimmings.

Who would not pardon the involuntary smile of delight, the irresistible wandering of eyes, when, on entering the chapel for the

first service, we find it also carpeted with branches of the fir, the doors festooned with evergreens, the windows filled with flowering plants and shrubs, and the minister's desk hung, instead of with dark green cloth, with pure white, bound round the top with a pink ribbon (of a deeper shade than the sisters' colour), and decorated with delicate chains of honey-scented heather, and wreaths of the prickly juniper, interspersed with the brightest blossoms of the season.

It is a pretty sight, and the white dresses seem in keeping with the scene. But soon all outward show and symbols of festivity are forgotten, when—the last tones of the organ's solemn peal having died away—the venerable pastor gives out a hymn, and then, in simple heart-stirring tones, addresses the youthful choir before him in words that will never be forgotten, and that, doubtless, will in after years be looked back upon by many of those then present as good seed that has since taken deep root in their hearts. Such is the fervently-expressed desire of him now speaking to and praying for them. During the day, there are three other services—the sermon at ten; the lovefeast, with its accompanying beautiful psalmody, at three, to which even the infants are admitted on this their own peculiar festival; and a lecture, preceded by a choral piece, sung to wind instruments and violins, accompanied by the organ, in the evening.

The services are numerous—too numerous, it may be objected; yet no! they are not found so. For one thing, there is, if we may so speak, great variety in them; they cannot become tedious, the longest seldom lasting more than an hour,—others but half an hour; there is nothing held forth above the comprehension of the youngest or the meanest; 'tis ever the heart rather than the understanding that is appealed to. All attend them with eagerness and delight; the Black Foresters come in numbers on Sundays and holy days to join in them; and it is a strange and pleasing sight, on a bright calm Sabbath morning, to see the country-people, in their picturesque costume, men and women with great bouquets in their breasts, flocking betimes into the little settlement, and collecting in groups in front of the chapel; where, seated on the porch steps, or in the shade of the trees around the fountain, they await the chiming of the bell for the ten o'clock service.

These poor peasants live so far from their parish churches, which are necessarily but thinly scattered throughout this sparely-cultivated district, that many of them would probably attend no place of worship at all were they not thus attracted to that at Königsfeld, partly, perhaps, out of curiosity, but also from affection for the brethren, who have won their respect and good-will by instituting schools for their children, and other unceasing efforts to do good amongst them. This, indeed, was the object of the self-denying Moravians when they first came—a few from one of their flourishing little colonies, a few from another—to settle in this wild mountain-region; wilder still when, scarcely more than half a century ago, in the bleak month of December, 1807, they felled the first tree for the now thriving village.

To return to the children's feast. The festivities are not at an end

with the close of that day, for the day following is also kept as a holiday in the schools; and, if the weather permit, the pupils are taken to spend the afternoon at one of the distant farm-houses, which, according to the fashion of the thinly-populated district, serve the double purpose of inns, where, in primitive rustic style, they enjoy what refreshment they can find. Coffee and sugar they have carried with them; and bread, and excellent milk and butter, they are sure to obtain at a moderate outlay. These having been secured, the Sisters, accustomed to the manners of the place, make their way to the little kitchen, and there with their own hands prepare the coffee, and set the milk to boil, while the hostess stands looking on with knitting in hand, or arms a-kimbo, chattering all the time.

These farm-house inns are queer places. Picture to yourself a permanent hencoop built in the wall of the guest-room,—cow-shed, stable, and pig-stye under the same roof that shelters you for the time being, and only separated from the apartment you occupy by a narrow passage, and a low lath partition; above you, perhaps, the hay-loft! Still, whatever may be the somewhat extraordinary internal arrangements of these dwellings, they are certainly externally picturesque in the extreme. There is the thatched, deep-eaved roof, to protect the walls from the effects of the winter snows; the wooden gallery, running round the sides of the house, with its luxuriant row of pinks straggling in wild profusion above, below, and between the roughly-carved palisades; beneath, neatly-ranged against the walls, is the stack of newly-cut wood, on which hang coarse knitted stockings, white, or, maybe, bright scarlet and blue, to dry or bleach.

When the coffee has been duly partaken of and enjoyed, games of play in the fields or meadows adjoining the farm follow, in which old and young take part; and when evening sets in all return, a little tired and very happy, singing as they go, to Königsfeld. Such little treats as these are of frequent occurrence throughout the summer, on half-holidays; and the kind Inspector, the superintendent of both boys' and girls' schools, usually adds to the enjoyment of them by his presence.

Sometimes, instead of going to a farm-house, an excursion is made to some beautiful or romantic spot in the neighbourhood,—a waterfall, some lovely forest-dell, carpeted with flowers and verdure, or wild mountain gorge, where the torrent dashes foaming and roaring between shelving rocks and steep precipices, their rugged sides clothed in patches with the wild raspberry and blackberry, the hazel-bush and crimson wood-strawberry, all growing apparently from the granite mass itself, so scanty is the soil in which they have taken root.

Here, having walked some five or six miles, we are glad to sit down and rest, and refresh ourselves with the milk-roll that we have each brought in our pocket, and a sip of the light and cooling wine that the good Inspector has provided for us.

We look around, and find that we are shut in by the black and lofty mountains of Würtemburg; in front of us is a steep, thickly-wooded

ascent, its sides furrowed with wood tracks, down which the tall fir trees are sped into the torrent below, which floats them into the Kinzig, and so into the Rhine; behind us a rugged precipice, towering to the skies. Here we sit, in intense enjoyment of the scene, chatting or singing; or we wander along the torrent's brink with the Inspector, examining the fossils there to be found in numbers, and listening to his description of the nature of the soil of the Black Forest—its qualities and properties, its granite bottom and red sandstone surface—till at length the sinking sun warns us that we must bend our steps homewards; and, returning by a different route to that we came, we reach Königsfeld between eight and nine o'clock, after a delicious moonlight walk through the depths of the forest.

It is not the children alone who make these pleasant trips; the Sisters arrange similar excursions amongst themselves, and take part in them with equal zest. Simple and unassuming in manner and habits, not holding themselves aloof from society, but free from the affectation of the world, neither taking part in nor yearning for its frivolous amusements and gaieties, their hearts are open to the full enjoyment of nature and its beauties. Of expense their frugal earnings will not allow, but such pleasures as these do not cost much, and, if they work a little the harder five days and a half out of six, they can fairly afford now and then to spare an afternoon for such innocent indulgence.

Almost all the unmarried sisters, except, indeed, those to whom home duties afford sufficient employment, or who are in service, reside in the Sisters' house, where they earn their living by various occupations according to their several talents or abilities. Some are teachers in the school, others fill the position of servants; some are dress-makers or milliners, or they are skilful *menders*. Some are employed in doing all sorts of fancy and fine work, which is afterwards sold to visitors who come to take part in the festivals, or others, for the general benefit of the house; some assist in the laundry, some in the bakehouse, some in the kitchen, where cooking is daily done for nearly three hundred persons; namely, for the boys' and girls' schools, the Sisters, and several families in the place. Then there are the cows and pigs, and the poultry-yard to be attended to, the garden, the potato and corn-fields, the hay meadows belonging to the Sisters' house: *all* the work in which is done by the Sisters themselves, assisted by a couple of Black Forest girls. In Germany, indeed, this does not appear so astonishing as it would to us, for there the women are accustomed to reap the corn, to mow the hay, and do a variety of out-door labour, that we should consider only fit for men.

But whatever the difference in their employment, however mean the work of some, and elevated the occupation of others, all are sisters, and regard each other as such, and in all may be found more or less refinement—that true refinement that proceeds from the heart.

The Brothers are likewise employed in teaching, also in watch and

clock making, book-binding, dyeing, attending to the shop or little store of the place, or in out-door work.

When the warm summer weather is gone, and the cold winter sets in with its sharp frosts and deep snows, the dark, short days are enlivened by diversions which, if of a somewhat different nature to those enjoyed in summer, are equally delightful, equally simple.

There are the little concerts, got up by the Brothers and Sisters forming the church choir, at which oratorios are performed, or other sacred music, which they have practised during the long evenings. Sometimes the pupils of the boys' school and their masters give a musical entertainment, a miscellaneous concert that does wonderful credit to the performers, while it cannot fail to give pleasure to the audience.

There are the sledge-drives, not very frequent, certainly, but all the more enjoyed on that account, when the Sisters, four or five together, hire a sleigh, and start after their early half-past eleven o'clock dinner, for Donaueschingen, or Villengen, the bustling little post-town, to see, may be, some travelling menagerie, or to do their Christmas shopping—purchase, that is, little articles of luxury not to be obtained at the one shop at Königsfeld.

How delightful to make one of such a party on a cold, bright December day! The sleigh-bells tinkle merrily as the low, capacious vehicle glides swiftly over the hard, crisp ground; far and near there is nothing to be seen but fields of dazzling, shining snow; the icicled hedges glitter in the sunlight; and the forest looks like some enchanted maze, every branch and twig fantastically festooned, as it were, with crystallized lace; and, ever and anon, a brilliant shower, as of diamonds, descends suddenly to the ground, as the trees, slightly stirred by the breeze, let fall some of their snowy burden.

The children are provided with small hand-sledges, roughly made of wood, which are a source of great amusement to them throughout the winter, when, after a good sharp frost, they carry them to the top of some tolerably smooth and gentle declivity, and, seating themselves upon them, and giving the impulse with their feet, glide rapidly down, making the air ring with their laughter and cries of delight.

Then there are the Christmas festivities, which commence with the first Sunday in Advent; from which time till the Holy Eve itself no evening passes that the "Christ-kind" (Christ-child) does not enter one of the rooms of the Sisters' house, or some one of the family-dwellings of the little settlement, dispensing its blessings and favours in the shape of glittering Christmas-trees, or Christmas gifts, presented anonymously on waiters decked out with coloured waxen tapers, and ornamented with many an ingenious device.

There is the New Year's Eve, with the solemn midnight service, and the previous general tea-drinking; the pupils and their teachers all together, the Sisters in companies in their several rooms, and the young girls with their superintendents in their own apartment.

The unusual lateness of the hour, the approaching service, and the

occasion of it,—namely, the close of the present year, which, with all its incidents, the sins and follies committed in it, may never be recalled, and the dawn of a new one—a future that we cannot penetrate—all induces to grave and serious reflection. Many a silent prayer is offered—many a secret resolution formed—gentle words of admonition are tenderly proffered, and thoughtfully listened to. The new text-book is opened, and each draws a text for the other, a text from the Word of God, that shall be, as it were, a motto, a little light on the path, during the coming year.

The birthdays of the Inspector and Inspectress, and of the two superintendents of the Sisters' house, all occur at this season, and the preparation and presentation of birthday offerings, and the birthday treats given respectively to the school and Sisters' choir are not reckoned amongst the least of its pleasures.

The winters at Königsfeld, lying as it does high amongst the mountains of the Black Forest, are very severe, and, consequently, especially trying to the old and infirm. Thus it not unfrequently happens that a temporary shade—I will not say gloom, for where faith and hope are bright and clear that cannot come—is cast over the festivities of the season by the departure, or rather, as they themselves expressively term it, the going home, the "Heimgang," of some time-honoured member of the community.

Early in the morning, in the stillness of the evening, or, perhaps, during the busy hours of the day, a low, solemn strain of music from the church-tower suddenly strikes upon the ear, and one looks at another and says—"Our brother is gone home!"

A few days later the whole community assembles in the chapel, and the life (in most instances an autobiography) of the departed is read aloud by the minister. How such an autobiography will sometimes abound in edification and instruction! What an example it will hold forth of Christian discipline and fortitude! Perhaps the writer has seen many chances and changes of this troubled life; he may have been for years a missionary in the ice-bound regions of Greenland and Labrador, or on the unhealthy, fever-breeding coast of Dutch Guyana, or amongst the wild aborigines of the scorching plains of Caffraria. He may have laboured hard to convert some souls to God, and have met with but little or varying success, till at length, just when he was making steady, encouraging progress in his work of love, his health has broken down, and he has been called back to Europe, perhaps after a time to devote what remaining energies he has to the service of one of the communities in his native land; or, if his strength be too far gone for that, to rest and take repose in what quiet settlement he may choose, till the Lord shall call him home to Himself!

After the reading of the biography a short and suitable musical service follows, and then the whole community assembles in front of the chapel, and, having sung a hymn, forms in procession to follow the coffin to the grave. The trumpets are blown at intervals as we proceed

on our way to the "Gottes-acker,"—the field of the Lord, as they term their burial-place—a peaceful little spot, enclosed by hedges and trees in the midst of a plantation.

Here is no distinction of high and low, every grave is alike, marked with a plain flat stone, the only adornment the turf in which it is embanked, and, in summer, the flowers—the evergreen periwinkle, the pure white lily, the blood-red rose, or other such simply emblematic blossoms that surround it. Here the burial service is sung and said, the coffin is lowered into the newly-dug grave, another hymn is given out, and all return quietly home.

When the Easter morn dawns calm and bright, the Brethren and Sisters repair in company to this hallowed spot to pray and sing among the graves, in joyful commemoration of the resurrection of Him who has become the first-fruits of them that sleep.

This Sabbath of sabbaths is about to dawn; but in the Sisters' house all is yet hushed and still. It is dark; only here and there a brightly twinkling star emits a faint ray of light, as it peeps in through the unshuttered panes. Presently a small party of Sisters and young girls, with lanterns and tapers in their hands, are seen softly treading the broad staircase; and, passing along the dim corridor, they stop at a door at the further end; they silently fall into a half circle, and a single voice, melodious and powerful, bursts forth—"The Lord is risen!"—"Der Herr ist aufgestanden!" Five other voices, in sweet unison respond—"Yea, verily He is risen!"—and then all join in the Easter Hymn—

"Hail! to the rising from the tomb!"

Retracing their steps, they stop at several other doors, and repeat the salutation and the hymn. Before they have completed their round, and concluded the last verse, the house is astir. A hasty toilet is being performed, and at half-past four all will assemble in the chapel for the Easter Litany; after which they wend their way in quiet procession, rull of holy solemn thoughts, to the Gottes-acker in the plantation, and there, as they recall the names of those gone home before them, and count the green mounds raised since last the hallowed Easter morn found them thus assembled, they are forcibly reminded that, ere another day dawns, they too may have passed away. No sigh escapes their lips at the reflection; they utter it gravely but not sadly, for their hearts are full of joyful, child-like faith in the blood of Him who died for them, and rose again, as on this day, an earnest of their resurrection!

B.

VI.

KING ARTHUR AND THE ROUND TABLE.

WHO was King Arthur?—a question this which has been often asked, and which many a reader, fresh from the witchery of those delightful "Idylls of the King," is even now asking. Who *was* King Arthur?—a real historical personage, or a mere myth; a veritable monarch with a veritable kingdom, or king only in Fairyland, crowned only by our poets,—but crowned by them with starry diadem, beside which the most lustrous of earthly crowns looks dim. Many are the answers right learned antiquaries have given. Some have wholly denied "the stainless king" an earthly existence, and have told us he was the mere dream of a dark age; others have tried to turn him into a constellation —just as some French theorists tried to turn that undoubted historical personage, mightiest of his day—Charlemagne, and have gravely asserted, just as they did of the great Frankish king, that he and the Great Bear are identical! Arthur, the blameless, the most chivalrous of men, and the Great Bear!! We turn indignantly away from such blind guides of the past, and feel half inclined to believe, with our earliest antiquaries, that Arthur really was king of Great Britain, and the vanquisher of the Saxons at the mighty fight on Baden Hill, as well as on many another well-fought field; and that, but for his untimely death, the lords of the White Horse banner would have been driven from the land. Pleasant would this belief be, were it true; for we all feel a wish that the hero of the poet and the hero of history should be identical; but we know that England was never under the sway of one monarch, until very late in Saxon times, and that there were, in the sixth century, many other invaders to be repulsed besides Hengist and Horsa.

Still, there seems no reason to doubt that Arthur had an actual existence; although, not as the mighty monarch of Britain, but as the chief of some small territory in the south-western parts of our island. The Welch triads repeatedly mention his name, alluding to his many victories over the Saxons, to a mighty feast he held at Caerleon, to three strongholds which he possessed, all of which are in the south-west, and also to some of his chief followers. Taliessin, too, expressly alludes to Arthur's victory of Badon Hill, and calls him "chief of nobles;" while a bard, almost contemporary, apparently lamenting his death, refers to the battle of Camlan, and vaguely prophesies that he shall come again, almost in the very words of the old Breton lays. There is, therefore, we think, little doubt that Arthur had a real existence, although, as Sharon Turner—whose remarks on this subject are well worth reading—gracefully says: "Arthur, the all radiant sun of romantic tradition, is, in history, but a faint and nebulous star."

And the faint light of that nebulous star seemed to have faded wholly

away for many generations, when, in 1147, a work appeared,—yes, reader, although printing was not invented, and Paternoster Row as yet unknown —which at once seized upon the attention of the scholars of that age, French as well as English, and, ere long, seized upon the attention of the baron, and the high-born lady too, in a way that, perhaps, no other book ever did, and this was the "History of the British Kings," by Geoffrey of Monmouth. The story of this book is important in connexion with our hero. A learned friend, Walter Calenius, Archdeacon of Oxford, visiting Brittany, became interested in its legends, and brought back with him some books in the Breton language, which he requested Geoffrey to translate for him. Whether many scattered legends were skilfully woven by the translator into a consecutive whole, or whether on a groundwork of tradition he raised the history, it is difficult to tell; but the result was, that this chronicle of the British Kings—from the fabulous times of "Brutus, grandson of Eneas," down to their total subversion by the Saxons—became the grand text-book of our early history, even down to the days of Elizabeth. Who reads Geoffrey of Monmouth's history now-a-days? and yet it is right pleasant reading; full filled with stories which Chaucer, Lydgate, Spenser, Drayton, Shakspeare, and Milton have availed themselves of; but chiefly to be remembered as the first history which told of the prowess, the right royal state, the wide renown of King Arthur. It is here, that the great exemplar of chivalric romance was first brought before the notice of a wondering, all-believing age; and traditions which had been cherished by the exiles of Brittany, the fond recollections of their long-lost fatherland, became suddenly the poetic heritage, not only of France and England, but, ere long, of more distant Italy and Germany.

The Arthur of Geoffrey of Monmouth is not, we need scarcely say, the Arthur of chivalrous romance; for chivalry, as yet, had scarcely received a name, and certainly could not, as yet, claim that code of noble and gentle laws, to which modern refinement can add but little. Still, he is brought out prominently as a most valiant monarch, and the very terror of the Saxon invaders; as greatly beloved by his followers, as maintaining a splendid court, and as chief among the monarchs of his time. It is to us a strong corroboration of the opinion that assigns to Arthur a real existence as king of the Silures, that even Geoffrey never exhibits him as holding his court at London—although he has given a proud origin to our old city, and repeatedly celebrates it—but at Caerleon; and thus, too, all the battles in which Arthur is engaged, take place in that vicinity. Geoffrey's history was in Latin, and so eagerly was it welcomed, that, ere ten years had passed, to be ignorant of its contents, was for the scholar to "write himself down an ass." But so stirring a history was not to be confined to the cloister, or the school alone; knights and nobles made inquiries about it, and fair ladies prayed the *trouvères* to translate it into their mother tongue. So two *trouvères*, high in favour at court, set about the self-same task, apparently within a year or two after its appearance;

Gaimar, at the request of the Lady "Custance la gentil," giving a tolerably close translation from Geoffrey, and carrying on the history from other sources down to the reign of Henry I.; and Wace, who in his "Brut d'Angleterre," added largely to Geoffrey's history, and especially to his account of King Arthur.*

It was for Elinor of Aquitaine, that liberal patroness of literature, that Wace wrote his version, and which he presented to her in 1155, only eight years after the appearance of Geoffrey's history;—a tolerably laborious undertaking, since it extends to upwards of fifteen thousand lines. In this metrical chronicle,—for it would be unjust to the writer to call it a poem, although some very spirited, and even poetical passages may be found in it—while in some parts, Wace keeps close to his text, in others he largely deviates from it, and introduces scenes and incidents which he tells us he gathered in Brittany. This is especially the case with regard to King Arthur, over whose deeds, and upon whose character, he dwells most lovingly. He introduces him, as it were, with a note of admiration; and the reader will perceive the true elements of the chivalrous character in the following description, which we have endeavoured to render as closely as possible :—

"Of Arthur chiefest, now I'll tell,
Nor will I lie, so mark me well;
For bravest of all knights was he,
And bore himself right manfully.
Toward lofty ones he aye was stour,
But meek and piteous to the poor;
Bold, hardy, conquering was he,
Largesse aye giving willingly :—
And ever prompt his friends to aid,
For never 'Nay' to them he said.
Much loved he deeds of chivalry,
And much he hoped his deeds might be
Kept in all honoured memory.
And he was served of the best,
For of all kings was he valiantest.
And thus he lived, and thus he reigned,
And his right royal state maintained
'Fore all, for true nobility,
Largesse, and truth, and courtesy."

A true knightly character this, and wonderful for its anticipation of that fine combination of the sterner and gentler virtues, which gave chivalry its peculiar charm and its wonderful influence.

And the "valiant men," whom Arthur gathered round him, were worthy their king; for

"Through all the neighbour realms, the glory
Of those brave knights surpass'd all story;

* This work has lately been published in France, by M. Leroux de Lincy, from the MSS., but only very short portions have as yet been translated.

For courtesy and high honour
'Bove all 'fore English knights the floure;
And gentler and more courteous far
Unto the poorest peasant are
That all unrivalled chivalry
Than foreign knights of high degree." *

And it was for them, after his splendid coronation "at Caerleon, on the river Usk," that Arthur made his round table, on which, Master Wace remarks—

"Full many a fable hath been said
Of this, by Breton bards, and there,
Were placed in order regular
Each vassal seated by his brother;
None first, nor higher than the other;
For all were equal there, and all
Were served within King Arthur's hall
Alike, that none might vauntingly
Claim o'er the others sovereignty,
For all was done by courtesy."

How very strange do these details appear to us, when we remember that they were written seven hundred years ago, almost ere the strifes and murderous wars of Stephen's reign had closed; and the writer, whether in Normandy or in England, must have witnessed many of these scenes of murderous cruelty which fill the pages of contemporary chroniclers, almost to the exclusion of everything else. In those days of the Front-de-Bœufs and the Malvoisins, does it not seem astonishing to find the *trouvères* thus dwelling upon truth, and honour, and the gentlest courtesies; telling rude warriors of the graceful self-negation of the true knight, bidding fierce and haughty barons take example from the mightiest of kings, who, stern towards his foemen, was yet

"Meek, and piteous to the poor."

King Arthur is indeed Wace's especial favourite. He bestows two thousand lines upon him and his doings, giving us a very minute account of his armour and weapons, which of course were those of the writer's own day. Thus we find him clad in a haukberk—for plate armour was not as yet—and helmet, and nasal, for the closed helmet belonged to the following century. The helmet, however, was adorned with the golden dragon, "his sire's device," and a jewelled coronal; his shield bore "our ladye" for badge, while his good sword—who has not heard of resistless Excalibor? Wace calls it Caliburne,—made by

* Lest some sceptical reader should think we have given a "free" translation, adapted to the nineteenth rather than the twelfth century, we subjoin the three closing lines in the original, remarking that the word "vaillant" had a very wide significance in Norman-French, and meant general nobleness of character:—

"Plus erent curteis, e vaillant,
Enteis li pouvre paisant,
Ke chevalers en altre regne."

no mortal man, and from no earthly steel, was a gift of faerie, and from the isle of Avalon—that isle of enchantment.

> "His lance was long, and good, and stout,
> Oft felt its point the rebel rout,—
> And many a lay they'll sing to ye
> Of that same lance in Brittany."

And good aid did Wace obtain from the many Breton lays he heard, but more important aid did his successors gain from the same source; for even down to the days of Chaucer, we find reference to the witching tales of faerie recorded by "these old gentil Bretons." None of these have a place here; and it is rather singular to find that the earlier *trouvères* seem to have been far more chary of admitting marvellous stories into their "*romans*" than their successors. In Wace, and Gaimar, the marvels are few and far between; in the writers of the thirteenth century they are abundant—the graceful lays of Marie of France especially, all claiming a Breton origin, being as entertaining a series of fairy tales as we ever read;—while the English romances of the following century are as full of the supernatural as the Arabian Nights. And thus, although we linger well pleased over the character Wace has given of King Arthur, and willingly assign to him the praise of being the first writer who stamps a high chivalric character upon that great monarch of romance, we miss the many stirring incidents of later stories,—the Pentecost hunt, and the adventurous chase after the white stag; the many embassies of kings menaced by giant foemen, or by fearful dragons, and the successful enterprises of his gallant knights; the ladies, so fair, and so woebegone, who supplicate his aid against direful tyrants, or enchantments more dire than they;—those tales, too, of enchanted fountains, and magic horns, and rings of wondrous power, and faëry steeds bearing the knight far away; and faëry maidens, too, who watch over the good knight when scorned and neglected; and when through false accusation he is brought forth to die, ride up to king Arthur's palace hall in more than queenly state, and far more than mortal beauty, and bear him away to dwell in joyaunce. None of these pleasant stories are found here; but descriptions of mighty feasts and mighty battles, and the tale of Modred's treachery,—and the fatal contest at Camlan, when Arthur disappeared from among men. But this, the last scene, is related in a matter-of-fact way that contrasts strongly with the fine poetical painting of the later romance writers. Here is no anxious watch of Sir Bedivere by the side of the faëry lake; no hand rises to seize Excalibor when it falls from Arthur's fainting grasp; no "Morgain la fay" to place him gently beneath the shade in the woody isle of Avalon, and sit in patient vigil age after age, watching his tranced slumbers;—instead of this, we are simply told that

> "Arthur, saith the history,
> In the heart was stricken mortally,
> And thence to Avalon was borne
> That healed his wounds might be: nor mourn,

There still he wons; the Bretons wait
His coming,—for their lays relate
He liveth still, and still they look.
I, Maister Wace, who made this book,
Will nought affirm, save that I hold
That sooth, which Prophet Merlin told.
He said, that Arthur's end should be
For aye enwrapt in mystery;
And truly saith, that still his fame
Should last, and caitiffs dread his name."

Barren of incident as this, the earliest tale of King Arthur—Arthur, the great exemplar of chivalry—appears to us, it was welcomed with an enthusiasm which we can scarcely imagine; and ere that generation had passed away, tales of his valiant deeds, of his valiant knights of Camelot and Caerleon, of his mysterious disappearance, but his certain return when his country should need his aid, were sung alike by the *trouvères*, who exulted in his book learning, and the unlettered *disour;* and listened to alike by the noble company in the royal hall, and by the wondering peasantry who crowded round the market cross to hear the newest lay of the wayside minstrel.

Most of the tales, which ere long became incorporated with the simpler narratives of Geoffrey of Monmouth, and of Wace, and form the cyclus of Arthurian romance, claim a Breton origin; and in most instances there is little doubt that the claim is well founded. But when we perceive how eagerly every tale told of King Arthur, or his deeds, was welcomed by the common people, no less than by the scholar and the noble,—that early in the following century, allusions to King Arthur and his knights abound in our popular literature,—we think it difficult to account for this sudden acceptance of a new class of fiction, save by believing that some dim traditions of similar events and persons still lingered in the more remote parts of the land. In the south-western counties, and along the Welsh marches, a British population—although by this time largely mingled with the Saxons—must have remained; and among them many a fragment of old British history, likely enough, found a resting place. We know, indeed, how largely the Celtic element predominates in our popular superstitions, and our popular nursery tales; how references to "old-world" events and persons meet us in the names of numerous localities. What wonder, then, that the dimly remembered names of Arthur, of Caerleon, of Camlan, should act as a spell—a kind of "open sesame"—on the minds of our forefathers, awakening memories which had been handed down through many generations, unlocking the old stores of British legend; ond thus even the scholar, as he pored over the learned pages of Geoffrey's history, might pleasantly recognize almost the same stories to which he had listened at his nurse's knee.

It is to the Bretons, however, that we owe the specific details of Arthur's history, as told in the romances of chivalry; for to them Arthur was the grand central point of every tradition—the sun of their legendary history, with whose disastrous setting their very existence as

a nation came to an end. There seems no reason to doubt the reiterated assertions of the Bretons, that a large proportion of their ancestors, during the sixth century, emigrated from the south-western coast of Britain; nor the kindred tradition that they were the remnant of the Silurian tribe, who, after unavailingly fighting for their fatherland, were compelled, by the death of their warrior king, to relinquish all further contest, and depart over seas, bearing with them deep and precious memories of that last chieftain who had fought with them and for them, but, alas! in vain.

Thus would Arthur appear to the sorrowing exiles of Brittany as the great martyr-hero of their history; and every wild Celtic fable would cluster round that name, and invest it with an importance unknown to any other. Wales could boast many a powerful leader; and thus Arthur, in Welsh tradition, is only one of many valiant men; but the Arthur of Brittany is a mighty monarch, holding high state, and receiving embassies from afar. He is the son of Uther Pendragon, the great chieftain before whom was borne the mystic dragon,—that dragon which was the proud badge of our Tudors, and co-supporter with the Plantagenet lion, of the royal arms—and on the death of his father all Britain owned his sway. They told of Guinevere, too, nobly descended from the Romans, daughter of King Gofyrfan, fairest among women, but most faithless,—the paramour of Sir Lancelot, who, brought up by the faëry of the lake, who pitied the beautiful infant left there by the hapless queen, thence received the title by which he has ever since been known. Of Guinevere, however, the Breton lays—and in this, too, the Welsh agree—speak most reproachfully; they even charge her with having encouraged Modred to rebel against his uncle; and "false Guinevere" dwelt in their traditions as the wanton queen, who saw the ruin of her kingdom, and the death—disappearance rather, as they fondly hoped—of her noble husband, without sorrow and without remorse. Not until very late in the days of chivalrous romance was the tale told of the guilty queen taking a sad farewell for ever of the penitent Lancelot, and wending her unattended way to Ambresbury, while Lancelot retired to the deepest forest, and ended his days in tears and prayers; and so, not until long after his death, was it discovered that the valiantest of King Arthur's knights had there sadly and in solitude died. Our gifted laureat's picture of the repentant queen is so touching in its deep sorrow, that we are well pleased to find him following, and improving upon, the later versions of Guinevere's story; for in Breton lays, and in some of our oldest ballads, she is fierce and vindictive, as well as faithless. The later romances, too, endeavour to palliate her criminality, by telling us that when Lancelot was sent to her father's court to ask her in marriage for his king, she was told that *he* was Arthur; and thus, all unknowingly, she flung away the affection of her young heart upon the noblest and goodliest of knights whom she had ever yet seen. A palliation this, somewhat resembling the incident in the tale of Tristrem and Iseult, where the magic draught is drunk unwittingly by

the hapless pair, whose destinies from henceforth are linked together. There is, after all, a kind of homage to morality in these palliations; the old romance-writers never seem to have delighted, like the modern French novelists, in making their heroes and heroines sinful for the mere love of wickedness.

In Breton story, Lancelot, and Gawain—that most courteous of knights, who won lands and castles by his good sword, but worship among all men, and the fairest of brides by his gentle courtesy—are the most conspicuous among Arthur's knights; but many who hold high place in our later romances have scarcely a name there. It is questionable, too, whether the stories of the Sangreal—that holy vase made from a perfect emerald, and which only the pure in heart could behold—ever belonged to Breton fiction. Most probably the story of the vase was some eastern legend, brought home during the first crusades; but indeed the whole character of these Breton fictions seems rather to belong to a period when every Celtic superstition had full sway. Thus, that half human, half unearthly magician, Merlin, is as prominent in Breton story as in old English; and Vivienne, with her serpent wiles and her more than deadly revenge. She and the "false queen," however, are the only females whose characters are revolting. The other women, if mortal, are as undistinguishable for aught save beauty, as Celtic female character mostly is; but in the fair and mysterious beings who dwell in the depths of the forest, or rise from the still bosom of the lake, there is great dignity and beauty. There is a solemn awe investing them, too, for they are mighty in power and wisdom, and therefore, precious is the faëry's favour; but a gift to be exulted in secretly, not to be boasted of. Woe to the knight who, in the face of bitterest taunts, boasted the loveliness of his unseen lady-love,—as the lay of Sir Lanval, and many another besides, can prove.

Chief among these we find "Morgain la fay," as the French romance writers of the fourteenth century call her,—a name which our English poets have adopted,—and this name proves her ancient British origin, for she is the "Môr Gwynn" of Welsh fable, the "white damsel," a supernatural guardian of places and families;—of the same race, too, though of higher rank, with Sir Walter Scott's "white lady," whom, indeed, she closely resembles, not alone in her inhabiting lakes and rivers, but in her prophetic gifts, and the strong sympathy that links her to human beings. Over Arthur she ever watches; and over ungrateful Lancelot too, for she lifted him, a little infant, from the green bank where he lay, and bore him to her bower beneath the still lake, and sent him forth when grown up, to the court of her favourite Arthur. But even when "the stainless king" held highest court at Caerleon, and saw the vanquished kings of Ireland, Denmark, Dacia, and Gaul around him, "Morgain la fay" was sad, for she foresaw the faithlessness of her foster son, and the treachery of Modred, and the fatal battle of Camlan, where the pride of the British race was

crushed and trampled down. But, then, it is to her alone that Sir Bedivere turns in the hour of direst need, when he bears the dying king away to the margin of the lake, and tenderly "Morgain la fay" receives the precious burthen in her white arms, and dresses his wounds, singing that soft, low song, which tells that once again he shall grasp his good sword, and again lead his people onward. And there she sits—the lady of the lake—still watching over her tranced hero; sometimes seen by the wandering knight, to whom her appearance is the presage of high renown. That lake, and that "woody isle of Avalon," how did the memories of the exiles dwell upon it! That brightest spot in the realms of romance, which to the Welsh bard was merely "one of the perpetual choirs of Britain," was to the homesick exiles, looking across the far sea, hallowed ground,—hallowed beyond all others, for it was the shrine where their monarch lay as the ages rolled on, and from whence his summons should come forth, bidding them return again to their long-lost fatherland.

Still, for many of the well-known heroes of romance, and for many a pleasant tale of King Arthur and his knights, we must turn to Welsh tradition; and doubtless chiefly from this source did the English writers—Lucas de Gast, Walter Map, and others—who, soon after Wace compiled their prose romances, obtain their materials. Thus Ywaine, the Knight of the Lion—he whose gallant deeds and various fortunes are related so spiritedly in one of our oldest metrical romances—belongs to Welsh tradition. Eluned, too, who so successfully aids him with her wondrous ring. Geraint-ap-Urbin, whose story and that of his gentle Enid has so gracefully been told by Tennyson,—King Arthur's own laureat—is also a Welsh tradition, and exhibits, as told in the "Mabinogion," a very high antiquity. And Sir Caradoc, too, "one of the three darlings of King Arthur's court," and justly so, for so true was he in word and deed, that he alone was worthy to possess the magic horn that refused its draught save to him on whose lip falsehood never dwelt; and his fair wife, so pure and good, that she alone could wear the wondrous mantle in which threescore high-born ladies at King Arthur's court had essayed to array themselves in vain,—this tale, the theme of so many a French *fabliau* and English ballad, we also owe to Wales.

And still, as years flowed on, and the name and the fame of King Arthur gathered brightness—still, one after another, some new tale of wild enchantment, of noblest daring, of gentlest courtesy, came forth, adding lustre to the coronal which Welsh, but especially Breton, fiction had woven around his brow. What a mighty name is King Arthur! that mightiest of all rulers in the realms of fiction; sung by a choir of the noblest poets the world ever saw, and linked to England, not only by that fame which sent of yore so many a knight and so many a minstrel hither to gaze on the ruins of Caerleon, and pay homage to the hero of our own land, but by the many beautiful and touching lessons of firm faith, and stainless honour, and Christian gentleness,

which the tales of King Arthur and his knights supplied,—tales which went forth in a rude age from English ground into every land, with a gentle but a mighty influence, impressing a new character, not upon England alone, but upon Europe—a silent, a gentle influence —but mighty in its gentleness—the spirit of Christian chivalry.

VII.

COUNT CAVOUR,

THE SARDINIAN EX-PREMIER.

ABOUT a quarter of a century since, a young nobleman from the Subalpine kingdom, a cadet of an ancient and immensely wealthy patrician house, long notorious for its aristocratic *hauteur*, besides being eminently unpopular as one of the most priest-ridden and reactionary families in the land, escaped, like a bird out of its cage, from the stifling atmosphere which surrounded him at home, and alighted on the chalk cliffs of Dover. Once safe in England, Count Cavour—for it is of him we speak—was in no hurry to quit the coign of vantage which its free and happy soil afforded him for studying the ideas, arts, laws, and institutions by which nations become great. The vast world of London, its roaring maelström of trade, the Thames, with its forests of masts and floating chimneys, its magnificent bridges and groaning wharves—what a contrast to Torino, a sort of Islington asleep on the equally drowsy Po! The men, too, whether mechanics or millionaires, who jostled one another in the Strand or Cheapside, how unlike the machines in the Porto Susina, tame and passive tools of despotism! Here a people of kings, there everybody still in the leading-strings of the police. What a difference, again, between the aristocratic fribbles of his father's saloons and the English House of Lords, and, above all, between such statesmen as a Russell, a Palmerston, a Peel, and a Della Margherita and the other Jesuit marionettes who figured in the Cabinet of Carlo Alberto! The young Piedmontese had brought to this country strong prepossessions in its favour. He had eagerly read of us in books, and had often longed to witness for himself the practical working of the free press, the municipal and political franchises, and the active parliamentary life of the great Constitutional State. Now that he did so, his admiration kindled into enthusiasm, and he was never weary of contemplating the spectacle from every possible point of view. No wonder he prolonged what he had at first intended to be only a short visit to this country, into a stay almost long enough to entitle him to letters of naturalization. During all these years he was ever on the *qui vive* to add to his stock of information; and pro-

bably no more active, keen, and sagacious observer of English life and manners was ever in our midst. His high birth, his ample fortune, his refined bearing, and witty conversation, made him quite a lion in the brilliant circles of Belgravia and Mayfair, whenever he chose to grace them with his presence, which was not so often as the *beau monde* could have wished. He was more frequently to be seen in the libraries of our parliamentary notabilities, with many of whom he contracted lasting and valuable friendships, than at Almack's and the opera. The *roués* of the fashionable world plied him with their blandishments in vain; he had too much to do to waste his time in dissipation, even supposing he had any inclination that way, which happily he had not. Were there not the rattling looms of Manchester, Macclesfield, and Derby to be seen, the Staffordshire coal-fields and iron foundries, and the Liverpool docks? He has come to these shores to pick up hints for the silk-throwsters and cotton-spinners of Genoa, and to learn the mysteries of guano for the benefit of the old-fashioned farmers of the Lomellina. We take it for certain he was one of the first to go and see Mr. Huxtable's pigs, and to listen to the marvellous revelations of that modern Triptolemus, as to how stones may be turned into bread, by simply calling in the aid of chemistry, to fatten our fields with the manure of the mastodons. He was thankful to Protectionist squires for many an agricultural hint, whilst he imbibed sound Free Trade doctrine at the feet of Cobden and Bright. For we were then in the midst of the great Corn Law struggle; nor could he have pitched on a more favourable time for seeing in full play all the thousand springs of England's complicated industrial and political life. Was Count Cavour in the Speaker's gallery during the great tariff debate on the 11th of March, 1842, when Sir Robert Peel expatiated so suspiciously, and so much to the disgust of the country gentlemen, on the soundness of the commercial maxim, "to buy in the cheapest, and sell in the dearest market"? Most likely he was, although we cannot positively affirm the fact. If he had not already set sail for Genoa—for it was in that year that he took his departure—we may be pretty sure he was there. For he followed every phase of the stirring controversy with the liveliest interest, and to what excellent purpose he studied it is triumphantly recorded in the liberal commercial code of his country.

We think we have a right to be proud that England was the university in which this eminent statesman graduated, "the greatest of the present age," as he is styled by a recent Reviewer, "and worthy to ranked with the greatest of any age." "*I* taught the boy," Britannia can say, appropriating the honest boast with which Pitt's schoolmaster is said to have greeted the close of his illustrious pupil's maiden speech in Parliament.

If there be any who judge that recent events do not confirm the high estimate previously entertained of Count Cavour's sagacity, we own we are not amongst the number. He was no party to the sinister Peace of Villafranca. So far from it, he indignantly re-

signed office on the morrow of its conclusion, and his retirement caused an immediate fall in the English and Continental funds. The present dead-lock at Zurich proves that he was right. Meanwhile, the calm and resolved attitude of Italy which, by enlisting in its cause the public opinion of Europe, bids fair to baffle all the calculations of the despots, is entirely the result of his wise and temperate policy. The game is not played out as yet; and even as the pieces stand, there are many excellent judges who think that when he quitted the board he had still a very fair chance of checkmating the astute Frenchman, as he had already done his Austrian antagonist. Never were the *pawns* handled in so masterly a style. Fortunately, those who have succeeded him are all men of his school, although in all likelihood he must soon be recalled to power to disentangle, by some stroke of his genius, the seemingly hopeless embroglio. Doubtless should the liberation of the Peninsula—the one aim of all his profound combinations—be again defeated for this time, he will feel bitterly disappointed. For not even in Mazzini's fiery breast does the Italian idea glow more fiercely than in that of the cool and calculating Cavour. In the great things he has done for Sardinia, he has all along kept eagerly in sight the elevation of his greater fatherland. Yet, even should this hope be deferred, it is at least something glorious to have taught the Italians the true secret of their strength, and to have pointed out the means by which they must ultimately triumph. He has translated their inarticulate yearnings out of the raving jargon of revolution into the measured and intelligible language of reason, and has taught them how to render the poetry of childhood into the manly realities of contemporary history. If Italy is ever again to become independent because united,—she was never united but once, and then she was mistress of the world—she will owe it less to the two Napoleons, although both of them have blindly helped on her birth-throes, than to Count Cavour. The Bonaparte of our fathers' days, by massing together her petty states and municipalities into great provinces and kingdoms, and by subjecting all to his code, gave the death-blow to that narrow church-steeple or parish patriotism, as it is called, which has always been her deadliest bane, and against which Dante and Machiavelli had hitherto uselessly warned their countrymen. Molten thus into one in the fiery furnace of French conquest, the consciousness of a common country was unwittingly conjured up by the great Corsican magician. Strangely enough, it was *Austria* which for the first time appealed to this new spirit of Italian nationality, in her summons to the peninsula to cast off his yoke in 1814. And now we see the Imperial pamphleteer of our own times turning the tables upon the Hapsburgs, and endeavouring to chain this powerful Jin to his own tottering throne. That the attempt should succeed in the long run is simply impossible. For, meanwhile, the Italian idea has found *native* expositors, and already the mission of the prophet of despair belongs to the realm of the past; whilst that of the practical statesman, with a hopeful example to point to, of the bright future in store for the

whole nation, if it will only be true to itself, has stirred every patriot's heart from the Alps to Sicily.

England, then, if only by the lessons she gave Count Cavour during his apprenticeship to his craft in this tight little island, has done some small matter for poor Italy as well as boastful France. When he came to this country he was still smarting from the disappointment occasioned by the abortive movements of 1831,—in which, by the by, the present Emperor of the French figured as a sworn Carbonaro. As for the young Piedmontese, although he had already abandoned the politics of his family, and therefore naturally was no uninterested spectator of these revolutionary risings, he himself took no part in them. He was then just of age, having been born at Turin in 1810, during the French occupation of the country. Some will think it an ominous circumstance, that a sister of Napoleon I., the Princess Marie Pauline Borghese, was one of the sponsors when he was christened. However, we cannot afford more than a few sentences for the Count's antecedents previous to his visit to England, which was really the turning-point in his whole development. His first tutor up to his fourteenth year was the Abbé Frézet, who is known as the writer of a French history of the House of Savoy, from which province the Cavours are thought to have originally sprung. As the second son of a noble line, his father, according to the Italian custom in such cases, destined him for the army, and he was accordingly sent to the Royal Military Academy at Turin, where he so distinguished himself by his diligence and his fine aristocratic bearing, that he was recommended by his superiors to the Court of Charles Felix, as a page to wait upon the king. But he was soon found to be far too high spirited a lad to be made a lacquey of, even to a monarch, and to the infinite chagrin of his friends, who thought his career was now for ever at an end, he was dismissed in disgrace. His own words when he rejoined his friends at the Academy were, "Thank God, I have flung off that mule's burden!" It was in vain that he now strove, by redoubled diligence in his studies, to regain the good opinion of his family. History, geography, ethnology, general literature, and mathematics, he read with avidity; and so proficient did he become in this last department of science in particular, that the famous astronomer Plana, who was his instructor, said he never had so gifted a pupil. But it is quite characteristic of the debasement to which a despotic and priest-ridden court dooms the high-born idlers that flutter around it, that his relatives only despised him the more, as an incorrigible book-worm, utterly insensible to the claims of his exalted station, as the destined heir of a fortune of nearly a million sterling, and of an unsullied name. It was far worse, of course, when he fell under suspicion of being a Liberal. At length, with the events of '31, and the razzia that followed against everything like free opinion, his position in the army—in which he had risen to the rank of a lieutenant, but for whose brilliant gaieties he had never felt any liking, —became so intolerable that his father felt constrained to yield a reluctant consent to his quitting the service.

He had now an opportunity of showing that he was anything but a dreamer, by entering upon that career as a practical agriculturist, which even amidst the heaviest cares of State he has never since relinquished, and which, especially after his return from England, after picking up all sorts of farming lore, has alone rendered him such an unspeakable blessing to his country. As already hinted, he was the first landed proprietor in the Subalpine kingdom to use guano on his fields; and although the rustic wiseacres laughed at him a good deal at first, they now import that manure to the tune of a million tons *per annum*. The cork plantations, too, of the Sardinian island, are his work, and many another happy innovation, which have made that formerly barren wilderness begin to blossom like a garden. For there is a good deal of the thrift of the Hollander—a little, too, of Dutch phlegm—about this sharp-witted Italian. Look at any tolerable portrait of him, and see if there be any mistaking the air of business that plays around those restless, though good humoured features. From behind the spectacles those keen eyes can see a thing or two, no doubt. An aristocrat every inch of him, certainly, but not above work. A man diligent in his business, whether in the stubble-land, the workshop, or the Cabinet; whichever comes handiest for the moment, and will do most good to his country. Such a man, Solomon says, shall stand before kings. A man well worth studying, but seen best in *action*. "What has he *done?*" Napoleon used to ask of any one who was praised to him as a genius. There need be no shrinking from this test, in the instance before us.

It was in 1842, as already observed, that Count Cavour, enriched with valuable information of all kinds most useful to a statesman, returned to Turin. He was then thirty-two, in the full vigour of life; and since he sleeps but four hours a day, enjoys robust health, and regards labour as a luxury, he had managed during his voluntary exile, to keep up his studies in every department of national economy, and the administrative sciences, with especial reference to the commercial, industrial, and international relations of Piedmont. But his first and foremost study was the English Constitutional System, which, in spite of present appearances, he was not without hopes of seeing one day acclimatized, and bearing its precious fruits, on his native soil. It so happened, too, that at the time of his return to Piedmont, things were looking far more promising there. A slight breeze was rippling the surface of the Dead Sea. Long had Sardinia been the very paradise of the Jesuits, who held the nobles in willing, and Carlo Alberto, as was often suspected even then, in unwilling tutelage. The ministers were the creatures of these living corpses, and scarcely in Rome itself was clerical domination more absolute. The Subalpine kingdom, in short, had become a Paraguay in the heart of Europe. But the hour of liberation was drawing on, and free England had meanwhile been schooling the man for the task. Taking advantage of the new life which had already begun to show itself in almost all the great cities of the peninsula, especially in the establishment of schools for the

poor, and institutions for the encouragement of science, art, and literature, Count Cavour, soon after his return, founded, with the help of other eminent Piedmontese patriots, the Royal Agricultural Society of Sardinia, which soon numbered more than 2000 members. In this and other philanthropic and scientific associations, the Liberals, in spite of Della Margherita's jealous police system, found centres of union; by means of which they consolidated their strength, and were enabled to exert a certain degree of moral influence, which favourable circumstances could not fail to convert—for the want of other organs of public opinion—into real political power. Pio Nono's reforms and the Tuscan movement furnished this occasion, and rendered the Provincial Congress of the Societa Agraria at Alessandria an ever memorable event in the history of Sardinian freedom. Soon Carlo Alberto, by relaxing the restrictions on the press, gave it to be understood that he was not disinclined to still more important political concessions. But between the king and the people lay entrenched the black legions of the clerical party, strong in its alliance with the feudal aristocracy, many of whose members were affiliated to the Jesuits. It was necessary to put to the rout this formidable phalanx, if Carlo Alberto and the nation were to be brought together in a common effort for the regeneration of the State.

Cavour's keen discernment saw at once the seriousness of the crisis, when the events of the autumn of 1847 threatened absolutism with shipwreck. A foe alike to the clerico-aristocratic *régime* on the one hand, and to all revolutionary violence on the other, he felt the vast importance of warding off too stormy a collision, by getting a hearing for the opinions of temperate though earnest reformers. Wise and enlightened journalism he instinctively saw to be the best means to this end. He therefore established, in conjunction with his friend, the illustrious historian of Italy, Count Cesare Balbo, and other eminent patriots—such as Count Santa-Rosa and the Cavaliere Boncompagni—a daily paper, "*Il Risorgimento*,"—which, in spite of its aristocratic staff, soon became the organ of the middle classes. It speedily became the *Times* of Turin, only, happily, an honest *Times;* sternly closed to all democratic flummery and Mazzinian theories. In its influential columns the English constitutional system first became extensively known and popular in Piedmont and Italy at large, through the powerful pen of Cavour. At the same time the Count's saloons became the headquarters of the *élite* of the Liberal party, just as his father's had heretofore been the favourite rendezvous of the Reactionaries; and his honourable ambition was gratified at seeing himself recognized as the leader of an important political section. Animated, brilliant chat, rather than discussion, amidst the rushing current of events, was the order of the day in these *réunions;* and the quiet, cool insight, with which the master of the house unravelled the tangles of the situation, and his imperturbable humour, even in the gravest moments, were the theme of general admiration. Already in the January and February days of 1848 he saw the storm that was hurrying on, and resolved to

be beforehand with it, by boldly taking the place which he felt belonged to him as the mouth-piece of the moderate patriots. It was he who, amidst the popular rage at the ministry's refusal of an audience to the Reform deputations to the king from Genoa and the other great towns, and even from the priest-ridden island of Sardinia, guided the swelling stream into a safe channel. His was the decisive voice at the meeting of the Turin press convened on the occasion, at which, when reforms were spoken of, he, amidst general acclamations, insisted that the one reform needed was a *constitution*, whereupon he was selected, together with Santa-Rosa and Durando, to lay this demand at the foot of the throne. Accordingly, after urging, in conjunction with his colleagues, upon the helpless and bewildered Cabinet the fearful perils of delay, the Count himself wrote to the king through the post, enclosing the minutes of the meeting which the Censorship had burked, and solemnly assuring Carlo Alberto that he and those who acted with him were loyally bent on nothing save a happy alliance between the majesty and security of the Crown and the true interests of the country. It was mainly owing to him also that these vigorous steps were followed up on the 5th of February by an address to the same effect, which was carried in the strongly aristocratic Municipal Chamber of Turin, by a majority of three-fourths. Two days afterwards the king announced in a manifesto to his overjoyed subjects Sardinia's accession to the ranks of the Constitutional States of Europe.

The new electoral law was Cavour's work, which he undertook at the request of the ministry; and when, in the May following, the Turin Parliament met for the first time, he sat in the Lower Chamber, as deputy for the first electoral college of the capital. But, meanwhile came the five bloody days of Milan, the cry which rang throughout Italy for the War of Independence, Carlo Alberto's prompt response in the defiance hurled at Austria on the 23rd of March, and his first intoxicating victories and subsequent ominous checks. And now, at the very outset we discover, what subsequently becomes verified throughout his whole career, in how strikingly original a manner our illustrious Italian pupil has apprehended the Constitutional system. As he has listened admiringly to the debates in our own House of Commons, his agile southern intellect, overleaping John Bull's honest but, perhaps, rather "slow" and humdrum prejudices about party consistency, has conceived an idea of a somewhat novel and fruitful kind. He does not see why the same man may not be a Tory at one time, and a Radical at another, so that he be consistently patriotic in both phases. He is for rolling Russell and Peel into one, a sort of embodied Coalition, who is to be the former on the eve of a Reform Bill and the latter on its morrow. The *situation*, not a mere party shibboleth, is to decide a politician's course, and he sees no intrinsic reason for a change of captains, because the vessel of the State at one time requires more ballast, and at another more sail. This idea, into some dim apprehension of which we ourselves are being

at last nudged by circumstances, is the key to the whole career of this remarkable statesman, and is the secret of his great success. As already hinted, he began to put it in practice from the first. He who had done more than any other man towards the setting up of this Turin Parliament, a whole revolution in itself, took his seat when he entered it, amongst those very Reactionaries to whom he had been all along, and was still as much as ever in principle, most vehemently opposed. Nor was he in any bad sense of the word inconsistent in this. For meanwhile a tornado of anarchical passions had broken loose. Besides, although ardently sympathizing with the War of Independence, he entirely disapproved of the policy which directed it, and which was expressed in Carlo Alberto's proud saying, "L'Italia farà de sè." For he did not believe in 1848 any more than in 1859, that America was degraded because she accepted the help of France in the achievement of her independence; or Germany, because she once owed her salvation to Gustavus Adolphus; or even England, because she is indebted to a Dutchman for all her present liberties. In like manner, in Italy's extraordinarily difficult position, he thought then, as he doubtless thinks now, in spite of certain wiseacres both here and elsewhere, that she required the aid of one of the great powers,* and that her whole future was not to be risked on a single throw of the dice. The melancholy fields of Custozza and Novara were too soon to justify his foresight. As for himself, his enemies of course had meanwhile the satisfaction of being able to liken him to Actæon devoured by his own dogs. In the Chamber, in the democratic press, and in the clubs, he was denounced as the Reactionary *par excellence*, and at the new election in January, 1849, his constituents read him a lesson by electing a Radical university professor in his stead. He, however, declined to take it, and though excluded from the Parliament of his own creation, energetically opposed as a journalist the new democratic ministry of Gioberti. After the dark day of Novara, the subsequent abdication of Carlo Alberto, and the rejection of the Austrian Treaty by the Legislature, he gained his seat in the Parliament summoned by Victor Emmanuel's minister, the Marquis d'Azeglio, to ratify the humiliating peace, and it was at his dignified suggestion that it was passed *sub silentio*. The Premier had told the nation, that by returning a Chamber which should seal this inevitable compact,

* England was the power to which he would have preferred to apply, just as he would much rather have been under obligations to this country on the more recent occasion, had not the unaccountable apathy of Lord Palmerston, in the "Cagliari" affair, afforded such a discouraging commentary on the Count's handsome encomium on that minister in 1848, as to present but slight hopes of our making a generous return for the aid furnished us by Sardinia, *at our own invitation*, against the Russians in the Crimea. "My confidence in England," said Count Cavour, in 1848, "rests on the honourable character of the statesman to whose hand the helm of Government is entrusted; on Lord John Russell, the Premier, on Lord Palmerston, the Foreign Minister. Lord John Russell, I say it without reserve, at the risk of being charged with Anglomania, is the most liberal minister in Europe."

they would at least enable their king to save what he loyally regarded as the brightest jewel of his crown—the Constitution. The hint, was fortunately taken, and the Cabinet, of which Cavour was soon to become the soul, obtained a decided majority.

That within less than ten years Piedmont has so completely recovered from that all but annihilating catastrophe, as to be now at least twice or thrice as strong as she was before that stunning blow felled her to the earth; her fortresses made almost impregnable, besides being far more powerfully armed; her new naval port of Spezzia bidding fair to grow into the Sebastopol of the west, whilst, by the transfer, Genoa is once more thrown open to the trade of the world; one of her staple industries—silk—doubled, and another—cotton—quadrupled; commercial treaties concluded with France, England, Belgium, the Zollverein, and other powers, her finances elastic and healthy: whilst, during the same period, Austria has doubled her enormous debt; the stain of Novara wiped out on the glorious fields of the Tchernaya, Palestro, and San Martino, and the war indemnity of three millions sterling avenged on her old foe by the cession of as many of the proud Hapsburg's wealthiest subjects; her alliance courted by the great powers, and her own right to a place amongst them already loudly talked of;—that Piedmont has achieved all this, we say, under the benign auspices of freedom; her temperate, wise, and enlightened use of which has rekindled the star of hope for Italy, and has become the praise of all tongues, she owes, under Providence, mainly to one man, and that man is Count Cavour. Not that we ought to underrate the high merits of Victor Emmanuel, and of the D'Azeglios, the Dabormidas, the Ratazzis, and other capable statesmen, who have appeared on the stage of public affairs in Turin during the same period. It would be grossly unfair to do so. But, at the same time, it must be admitted that the chief merit of *Il Re galantuomo*—as he is rightly styled in more senses than one, or even than two—is the loyal and wise confidence he has always displayed in his gifted minister, just as their chief merit consists in having refrained from unpatriotically thwarting him when they were in opposition, and in having cordially seconded him as his colleagues when in power. With all due recognition of the rightful claims of others, from the throne downwards, this wonderful triumph of constitutional statesmanship is none the less emphatically his. What is the most surprising thing of all is, that this has been achieved amidst a fervidly Catholic people, in the very teeth of the priesthood, backed by the whole power of Rome.* It was in a conflict with the Church, the great debate on the Siccardi laws for the abolition of clerical jurisdiction, that, tacking again as the situation changed, he broke away from his friends, Counts Balbo and Revel, on the Right, and, advancing towards the Centre, secured the triumph of the Bill, by a masterly speech (March 7th, 1850) which at the same time regained for him a great portion of his lost popularity. It was at his instance that Siccardi was invited to join the Cabinet; and the Right Centre, as the section led by himself was now styled, soon comprehended the great ministerial majority. When charged by his

former associates with desertion, he defended himself characteristically by alleging the examples of the Duke of Wellington, who, by conceding Catholic Emancipation in 1829, in opposition to his own party, averted a religious war in Ireland in 1830; of Lord Grey, who, by advocating reform at the expense of his order in 1832, preserved England from all sorts of perils in after years; and especially of Sir Robert Peel, who, by sacrificing his adherents at the shrine of Free Trade in 1846, spared his country any share in the revolutionary turmoils of 1848. We see that conscientious apostasy is quite a settled principle with this singular political genius, and that the great turncoats of our parliamentary history are his tutelary saints. Of course, as the recognized leader of the House, he could not long remain out of the Cabinet, and, accordingly, he now felt himself free to make a distinct bid for power, of which he is undoubtedly fond. On the 2nd of July, 1850, he delivered, by way of criticism on a Loan Bill, brought in by the Finance Minister, Nigra, his celebrated Portfolio Speech, as it is called. It lasted several hours, and was an elaborate exposition of his entire political and economical system; embodying in particular such a masterly financial programme that Signor Nigra was on the point, but for certain personal considerations, of resigning on the spot in favour of his talented rival. As it was, the first department vacated—which was that of Commerce and Agriculture—was offered him, and accepted; two months afterwards the Marine was added; and by the spring the coveted Portfolio of Finance as well. *Tria juncta in uno*—he is so fond of work, my Lord Normanby!

During the eight years following down to the Peace of Villafranca Count Cavour has never been out of office, save during the nominal rather than real interregnum of five months between the dissolution of D'Azeglio's first government, and the formation of his own, Nov. 4th, 1852, and during another of about a month between his resignation, in consequence of the fierce episcopal opposition to his measure for the dissolution of a number of the lesser convents in April, 1855, and his recall. We cannot afford room for anything like an outline of his activity during these fruitful years, but it was truly astonishing, and the results are before the world. From his first entrance into the D'Azeglio administration, he became its ruling genius, and it soon began to be called by his name. He stirred up all his colleagues to some purpose, and really *did* just what Carlisle describes, in his "Latter Day Pamphlets," as the work of the modern Hercules, who is some day to make a New Downing Street for *us*. Running water was let into those old government offices at Turin, in plentiful streams. Such swashing and swilling was never known, but the owl-droppings of centuries were at last got rid of, and the real pavement brought to light. Administrative reform was followed by Law reform, and this by an adjustment very much wanted indeed beween the police and executive departments and the *Constitution*, that indispensable wall of fire which keeps off Austrian beasts of prey, and may perhaps, singe them a little in due season. That must be kept up, at, all costs, as our *decus et tutamen*.

Next came the commercial treaties already mentioned, paving the way for important political relations with foreign states, besides being good things in themselves. Of course, too, Free Trade must crown the edifice, though good, well-meaning Count Revel convulses the country, and well nigh shakes the solid majority to pieces, with his Protectionist sound and fury. A pretty fair spell of work this, for about a year and a half; a batch of measures which has justly made the D'Azeglio Administration famous throughout the world. All this effected, too, in spite of many perils to the State on the right hand and on the left, at home and abroad. For in the midst of all came the *coup d' état* at Paris, which, in order to steer clear of France, made it necessary to sail very close to the wind. "Hitherto," was the shrewd observation of the premier, "Sardinia has made herself talked of a good deal; we must now take pains to let ourselves be forgotten." But the blatant democratic press of Turin would not listen to this wise counsel, and it was important to prevent their doing irreparable mischief by their unmeasured attacks upon the chief of a great neighbouring State. Never did Cavour show himself more truly great than in the management of this ticklish affair, under one of a like nature to which Lord Palmerston, with a majority of a hundred, so completely broke down. Nor can any better illustration be given of the Sardinian minister's original style of politics, or of its telling effect, not only on his more immediate purpose, but also on his whole parliamentary position. We know that he has got an odd knack of changing sides, according as the boat—for such seems to be his theory of this most unconstitutional practice—is liable to capsize to larboard or starboard, as the case may be. He rather seems to glory in being a turncoat; but on this occasion he blew hot and cold in the same debate. He improved on his favourite Sir Robert Peel's achievement; for he not only caught the Whigs bathing and stole their clothes, but he stole the Whigs themselves. Think of a minister suddenly changing his tone in the midst of a parliamentary pitched battle, and by a single well-timed sentence carrying off bodily all that are worth having of a solid Opposition, and that not for the nonce only, but for better or worse till death them do part. This marvellous feat Count Cavour actually accomplished when in the course of the five or six days' heated debate on the proposed regulations for restraining the attacks of the press against foreign powers, he solemnized what is nicknamed the "Connubio," or *wedding* between the Right and Left Centres, and thus fused into one powerful, unassailable majority—against which the Jesuitical and anarchical fractions have ever since been gnashing their teeth in vain—all the best liberal elements in the Chamber. This, besides carrying the Bill, was the precious permanent result which he bore off in triumph from a conflict which shook the D'Azeglio ministry to its foundations. Oddly enough he did the ministry this service in spite of the more timid amongst his own colleagues, and even of the Premier himself, who dreaded lest the formation of *too* strong a Liberal party should aggravate the danger Piedmont was in from her two despotic neighbours. This fear,

expressed in the Cabinet itself, only confirmed the independent Cavour in the resolution he had taken. He had seen with unfeigned alarm how, as the exciting discussion progressed, the centre of gravity of the danger had shifted. At the outset he had delivered a telling speech in favour of the Bill, clearing it of the suspicion of its being an inspiration either from the Tuileries or Schönbrunn, and appealing felicitously in its favour to the strong common sense of the Liberals against their own too touchy susceptibilities, as in the following characteristic bit of humour:—"Let us suppose, gentlemen, that we are obliged to pass by a sleeping lion, and that one of our number, in spite of our leader's warnings to tread softly and silently, were determined on shouting and raising his voice so as to make himself heard, should we not all agree to clap our hands upon his mouth, and to tell him, 'If you are bent on being swallowed alive, we at all events have no desire to be eaten.' But if, in spite of our taking all possible care to make no noise, the lion should wake up and want to spring upon us, then, gentlemen, we should all know how to defend ourselves, at least if we deserve the name of men." But besides thus disarming objections, and representing in the liveliest colours the international perils of a licentious journalism, he had opened a galling fire of Conservative argument against extreme democratic ideas in general. Encouraged by this demonstration, the Reactionaries began to speak of the inadequacy of the contemplated measure of restriction, and to hint at the necessity of a censorship, a limitation of the suffrage, abolition of the National Guard, a reduction of the army, and a remodelling of the constitutional system after the newest Parisian cut; and at last, as day by day the tide of party passion rose, Signor Menabrea, one of the leaders of the Right, went so far as to say that "the hour had now struck for taking a bold leap across the grave,"—*i.e.*, as he was well understood to mean, to make an end of the Constitution. Cavour at once saw the gravity of the situation, and although the sands of the debate were nearly run out, he proved equal to the emergency. After hastily conferring with his colleagues, he rose, and in their name, although still insisting on the Government measure, solemnly protested that they would not go a hair's breadth beyond it, and that, whether in or out of office, they would resist with all their powers any proposal of the kind, come from whatever quarter it might. Comprehending, moreover, at a glance, from the cynical declaration of apostasy made by the orators of the Right, that the hour had indeed struck, not for flinging overboard the palladium, but for a decided rally of all the true friends of liberty to its rescue, he turned towards Signor Ratazzi,* the talented leader of the Left Centre, and responding to some general expectations of independent support to the ministry held out by him in view of the gravity of the crisis, he said, "I can highly appreciate your offer, since, from the realization of your idea, we may promise ourselves that we shall see the way paved

* He is now the Sardinian Premier, as our readers will hardly need to be reminded.

for *a union of a more intimate kind of the leading Liberal sections amongst themselves and with the ministry*, supposing the esteemed speaker on the Left to employ in defending us a portion only of the great abilities with which he has heretofore opposed us." This opportune application of the *talis cum sis utinam noster omnino esses* produced a very profound impression both in the Chamber and out of doors. The "Connubio," of which Count Cavour thus published the banns, was soon afterwards more closely cemented by the Count's cordially supporting and carrying Ratazzi's candidature for the presidency of the Chamber. Of course he was often twitted by his exasperated antagonists with this quite irregular transaction, and of course too he declared that he had thereby deserved well of his country, by preserving to it the ark of its strength. When, three years afterwards, the leader of the Right, Count Revel, again taunted him with it, he entered into an elaborate defence of it, which affords so striking a confirmation from his own lips of the theory we have been all along expounding of his seemingly Protean political character, and which any further review of his career would only serve to illustrate more copiously indeed, but not, we think, more to our purpose, that we wish we could give it entire. But our space is inelastic, and we must lay the pen aside, simply repeating our conviction that, in the subject of this paper, we have before us not only a constitutional statesman of a very high order, but one also of a perfectly original type.

VIII.

THE BRITISH NAVY.

A FRENCH naval officer, recently on a mission to this country, remarked to a British officer, that, despite the immense number of our merchant seaman, they were not practically available for manning our ships of war. This the Englishman admitted, but qualified the concession by adding that, though the men might not be secured at the beginning of a war they could subsequently; and that it would of course be the policy of England to prevent any other power obtaining the command of the Channel. "Obtaining the command of the Channel!" was the reply; "France could do so at any time under our present arrangements; or, rather, *has* command of the Channel at this moment."

It will be a question of deep interest to determine whether this exclamation was an idle boast or a well substantiated fact; and we

are anxious to submit to our readers the data upon which he may be able to form a decision for himself.

The comparative history of the British and French navies may be considered to date from the beginning of the French revolutionary war. The two nations were possessed of unprecedented resources for the prosecution of the struggle on which they then entered: the one relying upon its vast military forces for repelling invasion, and securing the alliance of naval powers; the other enjoying a preponderance of ships, and being supported by an eminently maritime population. At that period England had 115 ships of the line and France 76; but the latter were of a superior class, carried more men, and mounted heavier metal; so that the superiority of the British fleet was by no means so great as would at first sight appear, and led Jean Bon Saint André to assert:—"Avant la prise de Toulon, la France était la puissance maritime la plus redoubtable de l'Europe."

The struggle began, and England had sometimes to fight against the fleets of the world; but practical seamanship, tactical skill, and dauntless daring, carried her triumphant through that long protracted conflict. At its close she stood before the world with far larger resources, both personal and material, than those with which she had entered it, having swept from the seas eighty French ships of the line and twice as many frigates and smaller vessels,—having snatched prestige from the brow of her enemy, and confidence from her heart, besides reducing almost to destruction the naval forces of the allies by which France had been aided. Britannia had become the mistress of the waves.

In 1812 the war was drawing to a close, and the relative strength of the two nations was as follows:—

1812.

	Line of Battle Ships.	Frigates.	Smaller Vessels.	Total.
England	245	272	314	831
France	113	72		

The war ceased, and years rolled on. In 1820 we find the fleets of the two nations thus:—

1820.

	Line of Battle Ships.	Frigates.	Smaller Vessels.	Total.
England	146	164	145	455
France	58	39	38	135

Ten years later the old material created in previous years of

war seems to have been partly consumed, and the numbers on both sides were diminished, though to the advantage of France:—

1830.

	Line of Battle Ships.	Frigates.	Smaller Vessels.	Total.
England	106 ...	144 ...	102 ...	352
France	53 ...	67 ...	83 ...	203

In 1835 the British naval estimates were little more than £4,000,000, and the number of seamen and marines voted 26,500. As time elapsed the vast fleets decayed at their anchorage in ordinary; but though the number of vessels on both sides was greatly diminished, the relative proportions were not seriously affected:—

1840.

	Line of Battle Ships.	Frigates.	Smaller Vessels.	Total.
England	89 ...	108 ...	87 ...	284
France	44 ...	56 ...	89 ...	189

The year 1850 was the beginning of a new era; not only in the internal economy of the British navy, but in its relation to that of France. Previous centuries had witnessed the gradual development of a system of naval construction and warfare, in which each age had improved on its predecessor; but when perfection seemed at length almost to have been attained, an entirely new element was discovered, by which the whole system of things was revolutionized. The successful application of steam to the commercial marine suggested its fitness for ships of war, and the era of paddle-wheel steamers arrived. But before many years had elapsed the screw-propeller was introduced, obviously possessing marked superiority over the paddle-wheel for war purposes. In 1847 there was not a single ship of the line fitted with the screw, and it was first applied only as an auxiliary power to some of the now despised block-ships; but from that period the re-construction of the navy, from a sailing to a steam fleet, rapidly proceeded. This was an opportunity for France not to be lost. The dynasty of Orleans had not ended when the French Government was inspired with the ambition to win a prouder dominion of the waves. The relative strength of the two fleets was then as follows:—

1850.

	Line of Battle Ships.	Frigates.	Smaller Vessels.	Total.
England	86 ...	104 ...	79 ...	269
France	45 ...	56 ...	87 ...	188

But the year that closed the era of sailing ships and introduced the new *régime*, saw France devote herself to a rivalry with this country which she has since prosecuted with unswerving resolution and activity. The result has been proportionate; and her navy, which in 1850 was, in all that constitutes the real defence of a nation—namely, liners and frigates—*scarcely more than half* of that of Great Britain, was in December last *equal to* our own. England had (omitting the block-ships) 33 sail of the line afloat and complete, and France 32; England had 26 frigates, and France 34; and it is estimated by the French Commission of Naval Officers that they will have by the year 1860 a steam-fleet consisting of 40 screw line-of-battle ships, 6 iron-plated frigates, 30 screw frigates, 19 paddle frigates, and 26 steam transports.

It thus appears that since the year 1852 France has augmented her total number of steam liners from 2 to 40, and England from 17 to 50; that France has increased the number of her steam frigates from 21 to 46, and England from 21 to 34, besides her block-ships of sixty guns from 4 to 9. It must also be observed, that while the total numbers of ships in the French fleet are 264, and in the English they are 464 vessels, the preponderance is to be found in the smaller class of ships, which, however useful for certain special services, take no place in that line of battle in which the real strength of the navy and the defence of a country rests.

But if the navy of France has thus risen to so unprecedented a position, both absolutely and relatively, to this country, it has not been because no advance has been made, and no money spent upon our own fleets, as the following table will show:—

In 1852, the Navy Estimates were	£5,707,988
1853-4, (war anticipated)	6,132,543
1855-6, (Russian war)	11,857,506
1857-8, ...	8,010,526
1858-9, ...	8,440,871
1859-60, (including Supplementary Estimates) about...	12,000,000*

If the fact were to be broadly stated, that fifty years ago we had 245 ships of the line and 272 frigates, and that now we have only 49 liners and 43 block-ships and frigates, it would be strictly cor-

* Nearly £24 per minute throughout the year. Out of the 167 years intervening between 1688 and 1855, 67 have been devoted to war. During that entire period, excepting only in the late Russian war, France was our enemy. "The aggregate cost of those 67 years of struggles with our various foes, on land and at sea, was just £1,500,000,000, or, on an average, rather more than £22,000,000 a year—that is, about £85 per minute."

rect; but a very natural though gross misconception might arise. In every department far greater efficiency has been secured. The improved size, armament, and crews of all classes of ships, the construction of a steam fleet, and the proportionate enlargement of docks and slips, has made the navy comparatively stronger than it was, and has necessarily involved proportionate increase of expenditure. Thus the *Ariadne* 26, recently launched, is only a corvette, but is no less than 300 tons larger than the *Victory* 101, a three-decker, and instead of mounting 32-pounders carries 68's and 84's. In 1852 it required 970 men for the *Britannia* 120, and her annual cost was £26,693; but Sir John Pakington stated to the House of Commons that 1100 men are necessary to man the *Marlborough*, a first-rate of the present day, and the annual cost is £35,248. The *Arethusa*, a 50-gun frigate, of 1852-3, required 500 men, and cost annually £14,585, while the *Shannon* in 1858-9 requires 560 men, and costs £19,341. The expense of building the hull of the *Indefatigable*, a 50-gun frigate, in 1852-3, was £51,836; but the *Shannon*, also a 50-gun frigate, cost £71,112; and the *Orlando*, a new steam frigate, launched last summer, cost £99,075. The construction of the *Britannia*, 120 guns, required 4150 loads of rough timber, and 218 shipwrights; while the *Marlborough* had 6068 loads, and 334 shipwrights. The *Rodney* 92, required 3610 loads of timber, and 219 shipwrights; while on the *Renown* 91, a vessel of the same class, but lately built, there were consumed 4680 loads, and there were employed 277 shipwrights.

In "the good old times" it was estimated that a ship of war cost £1000 a gun; but so much heavier is the armament now borne, and the scantling of the ships necessary to carry it, and the additional cost of steam, that the price per gun is not less than £2500 for a line-of-battle ship, £3000 for a first-class frigate, and £3500 for a corvette, while a ship like the *Niagara*, belonging to the United States, with her few guns of unprecedented calibre, would involve an outlay of as much as £10,000 or £12,000 per gun. The ordinary prime cost of a first-rate line-of-battle ship may be inferred from the actual outlay on the *Duke of Wellington* 131:—

For hull—labour	£30,652
„ materials	75,639
	106,291
For masts, rigging, sails, stores	19,224
„ engines and gear	46,220
	£171,735

The spread of canvas for such a ship considerably exceeds an acre and a half; her mainmast, without topmast, yards, or rigging, costs about £500, the foremast some £380, the mizenmast £100, and the bowsprits and jibboom £220. Her anchors and cables weigh upwards of 100 tons, and her provisions and stores for six months exceed 300 tons. In explanation of the expenditure thus incurred in ship-building it may be mentioned that not more forty oak trees can grow on an acre of land, so as to yield each two loads of full-grown timber. In order, therefore, to build a ship like the *Duke of Wellington* the produce of seventy-six acres of oak forest, of the growth of a hundred years, would be necessary; and to supply the demands of the British navy would absorb annually the produce of some 14,000 acres of forest.

The annual expense of maintaining these costly structures is proportionate. Thus, irrespective of the pay of the crew, &c., the yearly outlay on the *Duke of Wellington* amounts to rather more than eight per cent. on the original expenditure:—

Hull	£6,377
Masts, sails, rigging	3,748
Engines, &c.	4,200
	£14,325

Thus the article of fuel has become an important item in the expenditure of a fleet, as the consumption of many of the larger vessels not unfrequently exceeds 100 tons a day, which costs the British Admiralty from 11s. to 18s. a ton at the home ports. Thus a squadron of ten vessels, each of 900 horse-power, going at half speed under steam—the most economical rate*—"would burn about 900 tons between Toulon and Algiers, and rather more than 5000 tons between Toulon and Brest. An idea may hence be formed of the enormous expense of a large fleet for this article alone, or even the cost of a few ordinary evolutions."† In this respect England enjoys great advantages over France, who, in the event of war between the two countries, would become for the most part dependent on Belgium for supplies of fuel.

The gradual and unavoidable decay of ships when built makes a constant demand upon the dockyards. At the end of fifteen years very extensive repairs are necessary, and a ship may be considered to be worn out at thirty. During the last ten years thirty-

* "In making way against a current, the most advantageous consumption of fuel is found to be that which gives the vessel a rate fifty per cent. stronger than that of the stream the vessel has to stem."

† Hans Busk.

five ships of the line and forty-six frigates have thus disappeared from the effective list, and an average of three liners a year is necessary to supply the deficiency arising from this source. So enormous, indeed, is the cost of everything connected with the service, that no less than £24,000,000 sterling have been expended between the years 1852 and 1858 in the building and re-building of ships. The result now accruing to the nation is as follows:—

	1852.	1858.
Number of Ships..	177 ...	464
Guns	3045 ...	8246
Tonnage	182,562 ...	457,881
Horse-power...	44,482 ...	99,512

The votes for new works have necessarily made a proportionate increase. Between 1852 and 1858 the augmentation in this respect has been from £265,140 to £585,862, or 120 per cent. As the ships increase in size, the slips and docks previously sufficient are found to be too small, and a great expense has to be undertaken of re-construction. Thus, when Sir J. Pakington spoke, there were in her Majesty's yards 42 building slips, but only 9 were large enough for the construction of first-rates; while out of 33 docks only 4 would hold the largest ships.

If the size and cost of ships has thus increased, the effective armament has been proportionately strengthened. When the French revolutionary war broke out, our frigates carried 9 and 12-pounders, and the heaviest guns in the service were 32-pounders. At the present time the *Doris* or *Diadem* may be taken to represent a first-class screw-frigate, and their armament consists of two 68-pounder pivot guns, and ten 68-pounders on their upper decks, and twenty 84-pounders on their main-deck, and their speed is more than twelve knots per hour, with engines of 800-horse power.

The reader will now be anxious to know what is the actual strength of the British navy, and what is being done to restore the fleet to the proper relative position from which it has been suffered so seriously to fall. In making our computation we must deduct nearly all the sailing ships now remaining on the list; for, with the exception of those in course of conversion to steamers, and the more recently built frigates, we are assured by the Surveyor of the Navy that there is scarcely one that is fit for use, and that most of them require such extensive repairs that it would be undesirable to incur the expense. The following is the return of the Surveyor of the Navy from the 1st January of the present year:—

STEAM NAVY, 1st JANUARY, 1859.

	Afloat.		Building or Converting.	Total.
	Screw.	Paddle.	Screw.	
Ships of the Line	33	—	16	49
Frigates	19	9	6	34
Block Ships	9	—	—	9
Mortar Ships	4	—	—	4
Corvettes or Sloops	38	35	9	82
Small Vessels	3	24	—	27
Gun Vessels	26	—	—	26
Gun Boats	161	—	1	162
Floating Batteries	8	—	—	8
Tenders, &c.	4	38	—	42
Sloops and Storeships ...	13	2	—	15
Yachts	1	4	—	5
Total	319	112	32	463

All the ships stated to be afloat are not, however, in commission. In July last there were 12 screw sail of the line at home and 14 in the Mediterranean, making a total of 26 in commission; of frigates, there were 13 on the home station, and 3 in the Mediterranean; of corvettes and sloops, 32 at home, and 19 in the Mediterranean: making a total of 106 steam-ships in commission, besides gun-boats, while in other stations in various parts of the world there are 200 sailing and steam-ships employed in protecting the commerce of our colonies. Besides these are the nine block-ships, which, if not strong enough to take their place in line of battle, would yet be competent for good service for coast defence, and also as nurseries and recruiting ships for the fleet. There are also 10 sail of the line ready for commission, there will be 3 more in the autumn, and 1 is under repair; giving a total of 40 screw-ships of the line now afloat; 10 more liners are building, and 6 in process of conversion:—making altogether 56 sail of the line, of which 50 are to be afloat by the end of the financial year, besides the block-ships, 37 frigates, and 140 corvettes, sloops, and gun-vessels.

It is also a matter of congratulation, that the inferiority which at one period marked the construction and equipment of the naval ships of this country no longer exists, and that instead of being imitations they have become the models of the world. The latest built have advantages over those which were designed for sailing ships and were afterwards converted into screws; and many of

them are unrivalled in their efficiency, whether as sea-boats or men-of-war. A competent witness affirms that, in dimensions, form, means of propulsion, and powers of attack and defence, the new ships are "the embodiments of all such sound and well-tested improvements as have been found compatible with the purposes for which ships of war are designed."*

There are also other resources of which the country may avail itself, in case of necessity, at any moment. The number of steamers belonging to the commercial marine of England is nearly 2000, of which 231 might be converted into ships of war, no fewer than 159 of them being more than 1000 tons burden. There are also 10,000 shipwrights in Great Britain, in addition to to those employed in the Royal Dockyard; who—according to the old shipwright maxim, that 1000 men can build eight ships of 1000 tons in twelve months—can turn out 80 corvettes of 1000 tons each, every year, or between six and seven every month. Should, therefore, the occasion arrive, the royal yards might employ themselves exclusively upon the larger ships, and leave the construction of and repair of the smaller crafts to private hands.

At the same time, it must not be forgotten that the present is an era of transition in the arts of war. The increased and now tremendous power of the new artillery has naturally suggested the necessity of some additional defences for ships, and the plan has been adopted of sheathing some of them with iron. These were built during the Russian war, and some trial was made of French plated ships, at Kinburn, with satisfactory results. In various experiments made at home, it has been found that a shell falls to pieces against a four and a half inch plate; that cast iron is equally powerless, but that a wrought iron 68-pounder will, under certain favourable conditions, pierce it. This amount of penetrability is of very little moment, since in the last war tons of shot were fired through the ships as they lay yard-arm to yard-arm, without producing decisive results; and perhaps an inch or an inch and a half slab of wrought iron may still be sufficient to repel shell from a ship's side. At the same time it is obvious, that if the offensive power of artillery should increase, if the Armstrong gun come into common use, if wrought iron embrasures should be employed in fortification, and if there be anything in Norton's fire, some new means of a defensive character must be employed against these incendiary missiles, which may involve serious charges in our system of naval construction. In the anticipation of this, the French Government are building twenty iron-

* Mr. Reed's Lecture at the Society of Arts.

plated ships, with the scantling of three-deckers, armed with 36 guns each, most of them rifled and 50-pounders, and throwing an 80lb. hollow percussion shot. So irresistible are the qualities of these vessels, that it is considered by many that they will eventually supersede all other classes of ships of war; but other and competent authorities entertain very different anticipations; while all must admit that England must hold her place in the van of advancement.

Meanwhile a great experiment is being made by the British Admiralty in the construction of a gigantic steam-ram, which it is expected will prove a most formidable engine of war. This vessel is of wrought iron, 380 feet long, 58 broad, 41 in depth, and of 6000 tons burden. She will be propelled by engines of 1250 horse-power, at a speed of sixteen knots an hour. The first quality intended to be secured for this sea-monster is impenetrability. For this purpose the keel is constructed of immense slabs of wrought iron, into which ribs of the same material are fitted, and these are covered with beams of teak, and—from a distance of five feet below water-line—with iron plates, fifteen feet long by three broad, and four inches and a half thick. The main and upper decks will be of iron, carried on beams of wrought iron, to which both ribs and decks are bolted; while extending from stem to stern are immensely massive wrought-iron beams at intervals of five feet, crossed by diagonal bands, which tie the whole together in a complete network. The iron plates, however, shield only the fighting part of the vessel, or about 220 feet of the broadside; and the bow and stern are coated with only wrought-iron plates, an inch and a half in thickness, over two feet of teak; but "both bow and stern are so crossed and re-crossed in every direction with water-tight compartments, that it is a matter of perfect indifference whether they are riddled or not; and each of these ends is shut off from the engine-room and fighting portion of the ship by continuous massive wrought-iron transverse bulk-heads; so that, supposing it possible that both stem and stern were shot away, the centre of the vessel would remain as impenetrable as ever;" still covered with two feet of teak, coated with four inches and a half of wrought iron. This tortoise ship will be armed with thirty-six of Armstrong's 100 pounders, having a range of five miles.

The aggressive power of this vessel will not, however, be confined to her projectiles; but she is to be employed as a steam-ram, to crush and sink ships by running at them, taking them, if possible, in the stern or quarter; and as she will weigh, when equipped and provisioned, some 9000 tons,* it is believed that she

* The weight of a ship's engines, boilers, &c., is about 14 cwt. per horse-power.

will sink a line-of-battle ship in three minutes. The bowsprit is telescopic, that it may be housed before striking the enemy; the bow is constructed strong enough to bear the shock; the crew will retire aft to avoid falling masts and spars; and the engineers will stand by to reverse the engines as soon as the blow has been delivered, in order to clear the ship from the sinking wreck of her antagonist. Whether this monster of the deep will realize all the expectations of her designers is a problem yet to be solved.

The manning of the navy is a subject not less important than any to which we have adverted. It is of little use that we have ships, however efficient, unless we have sailors to man them; and yet it is a fact, that though the merchant service of England is incomparably larger than that of France, it is far easier to man French ships of war than English. The reason is obvious—they have a maritime conscription, a system we cannot employ, and the days of the press-gang have departed. Hence, English ships have often to lie in harbour for weeks, or even months, before they can complete their complement; thus the *Renown* had to wait 172 days, and the *Marlborough* 129 days, though they are the finest ships of their several classes in the navy. Nor was it consistent with the dignity of the Queen's service, that when a bounty was recently offered, the announcement should have to be accompanied with the vulgar advertising arts of a cheap tailor's warehouse, or that the Secretary of the Navy should state in parliament that the seduction of a good "dinner of roast beef on Sundays" induced a good many of the friends of the crew to come on board the block-ships, and thus were persuaded to join the fleet. On the contrary, while the apparatus of bounty, and penny-boats, and placards, and fiddles and beef were employed to win the coy British tar to the defence of his country, the French Government silently called out an additional levy of 10,000 seamen, who joined their ships in a fortnight.

The contrast they presented has not escaped the observation of the French Government, and naturally suggested to her officers the consideration, that much might be done, should war arise, by striking a decisive blow immediately on its breaking out. On this point Captain de Montaigne spoke before a Naval Commission in 1851. "This makes me think," he said, "that if France had ships enough, at the first moment of war, to put to sea a strong fleet of twenty-seven or thirty sail of the line, for instance, she would have, with her good organization of the *personnel*, a considerable advantage over England; because I do not believe, and it is the opinion of her own officers, that she could have, for the outbreak of war, thirty sail of the line."

The power of the French conscription over some 90,000 seamen,

all of whom, it is believed, might be put on board their respective ships in four or six weeks, and any proportion of whom are equally available, gives to the French Emperor a strength and promptitude for action not possessed by any constitutional Government. Hence a reduction of the naval forces of the two powers are two very different things. A disarmament in France means only the formation of reserves, capable of being brought forward at any time; while every sailor paid off in England is amenable to no conscription laws, and is lost to the service. If England and France were each to put twenty line-of-battle ships out of commission, the French ships could be re-manned in a month; but the 20,000 British sailors would be scattered over the world, multitudes would have entered the American service, and probably not a tenth could be available for any immediate necessity.

The change, too, which has occurred through the introduction of steam, has affected the whole question of the manning of our ships of war,—a change, says a naval peer, from vessels "whose life and breath are the sailor, to yon great floating batteries moved by stokers, and which might be—nay, in Russia will often be—manned and fought by cavalry soldiers. For remember, that except for the work of the engine-room, it is for the *guns* the crew are required; and though we all know that sailors are preferable for all the varied incidents of the sea, they no longer supply the motive power, and their value in action with an enemy is now reduced to very small proportions. Now this opens up an entirely new view of naval affairs, and one which it would be most perilous to neglect; for although it is not to be supposed that any country will despatch a fleet to a distance without good crews of seamen, yet it is clear that the British Channel might be crossed, and a very good action fought by a fleet manned with artillery-men only —ay, and not a sailor on board!"

Various measures have been adopted of late years for the efficient manning of our ships of war. The internal condition of the navy has been greatly amended. The pay has been increased, till now the average of all ranks, which in 1852 was £39 14*s.* 8*d.*, has advanced to £43 2*s.* Instead of entering the men for a particular ship, and putting it out of commission at the end of three years, and scattering the crew to the four winds, there is now a plan of "continuous service" with increased pay and privileges, which has answered exceedingly well. There are also on shore, 3400 first-rate seamen beloging to the Coast-guard, and connected with them a body of 6000 enrolled volunteers, who on an emergency would be employed, and would be sufficient to man a dozen line-of-battle ships. But it is only very lately that adequate measures have been adopted to meet the necessities of the case.

Besides the regular army, we have, as our readers know, a militia force trained for a certain number of days every year, but not necessarily permanently embodied. The principle of a subsidiary or militia force is now to be employed in connection with the navy. A number of men, not exceeding 30,000, are to be enrolled for a period of five years, to be called out for 28 days' training every year, for which they will receive regular pay according to their rating, and also £5 each man per annum. At the expiration of five years these Royal Naval Volunteers will have the option of retiring or of re-enrolling themselves. In the event of war, they will be liable to serve for three years in any part of the world, and if they are enrolled for ten years will be entitled to a pension. In this way a large body of men will be brought into connexion and sympathy with the naval service, which it is hoped will tend to break down the wall of separation between the mercantile and naval marines, and will, at a small outlay in time of peace, retain a large body of men for the disposal of the Government in the event of war.

We cannot conclude this article without adverting to the rapid and enormous increase in the naval strength of France, which has naturally awakened so much anxiety in this country. England, unlike her continental neighbours, has no colossal armies of hundreds of thousands of men; she is not defended by tremendous mountain chains, and labryinths of lagunes, and fortress-mantled defiles. She has fifty colonies scattered over the world to divide her strength, and every ocean is laden with her richly-freighted merchantmen. Hence she must have a fleet adequate to protect her numerous and distant possessions, and also to defend her shores at home. To say that if all her navy were collected in the Channel it would equal the ships in the opposite ports, were as rational as to argue that if Gibraltar were at Portsmouth it would be well defended. While, therefore, we deprecate the captious spirit in which many sections of the English press have of late criticized the acts of the French Government,—though we do not believe with Lord Howden, that "every Frenchman living dreams both by day and night of humiliating this country;" and though we think that when the Earl of Hardwicke declared that the British Government should "insist that the boundaries of this country in that direction should be the low water mark on the French shore," he employed language both arrogant and offensive, —at the same time we have a right to demand why France, a neighbour and ally, has made such gigantic efforts to create a fleet for policy nearly equal to that we possess as a necessity? M. Thiers used to say that, when his Government decided on the strength of her army, she compared her forces with those of

Austria and Prussia; but when she considered what navy she needed, she looked only to the Channel fleet of England—to Portsmouth and Plymouth. Why has this principle been recently abandoned? Why has ship after ship been so hurriedly launched, and so silently armed with rifle cannon, and her arsenals worked with tireless assiduity? Why have immense works been carried on to augment the resources of every port, and Toulon been doubled and Cherbourg completed, so that now the extent of her dockyards and factories is equal to, if it does not exceed, that of our own country? Why is it that the programme laid down for future operations has been expanded, and it is now resolved that the French fleet shall include 55 or 60 ships of the line, 80 or 90 frigates, and 72 steam transports, each capable of carrying 1000 men and stores? Is all this labour undertaken, and this cost incurred, and the French national debt enormously increased, simply to control Russian fleets upon the seas, or to curb Austria, or to wring indemnities from Portugal, or to defend Paris from invasion by England? Excepting only Great Britain, the French navy could sweep the combined fleets of the world from the seas. The designs of the Emperor may be most peaceful towards this country, but the existence of his fleet is a menace, and its continued increase justifies and necessitates anxiety, remonstrance, and counter preparation of the most energetic character.

In a recent debate in Parliament, Mr. Bentinck stated that, during the Cherbourg *fêtes*, an Englishman of high position evoked from the Emperor an expression of his views upon the subject. His Majesty is said to have stated with a smile, that he was, perhaps, the best judge of what armaments were requisite for the well-being and honour of France; and added, that, in his opinion, it was necessary that France should have 50 sail of the best screw line-of-battle ships. "If," he continued, "I may venture in return to offer a suggestion, it is that the policy of England would be, to have at least 100 line-of-battle ships of the best description; and I believe that would afford the best chance of maintaining a long and lasting peace between the two countries." Whether this anecdote is genuine or not, the position at present occupied by these countries is not honourable. For the two Courts to sustain friendly and intimate relations, and for France to be pursuing a policy apparently so aggressive that England has to reply to it by anxious counsel and costly expenditure, is not honest. To be extending the hand of friendship and interchanging courtesies, while the one seems to be gathering itself up for attack, and the other is avowedly preparing for defence, may naturally suggest the inquiry whether the integrity of both nations is not being complimented away? For it

is worse than useless to pretend that the increased activity of our dockyards, and all our solicitude is in the view of any other power than France; and it cannot be denied that it has arisen from a policy pursued with ceaseless energy by the Government of France perilous to the honour of her ally. "On this head," said M. Collas, the secretary of the French Naval Commission, "on this head we have certain data. Our adversary is known,—*it can only be England.*"

"I say that France," recently declared the peace-loving Mr. Cobden, "ought not to have as large a navy as England. Nay, I go further, and say that if I saw a disposition on the part of France to have as large a navy as England, and especially if I saw a disposition not to yield to the offer of an explanation, I should suspect France of a sinister purpose in those armaments; and, if it came to a question of rivalry after that offer of explanation had been made, I would as cheerfully vote £100,000,000 sterling as I would vote £5,000,000 under the present system; and for this reason, that England has no frontier but the sea, and has 40 or 50 colonies which have no defence except her navy. England has five times the mercantile navy of France, and this gives her a right to have a larger navy than France; while France, as a military power, requires to have a larger army to guard her frontier against the other great military powers. It is impossible that France should not yield to such reasonable arguments as these. I very well remember that M. Thiers, M. Lamartine, and other great authorities, before the present dynasty, distinctly laid it down that France had no occasion to have as large a navy as England."

The duty of the British Government is therefore obvious. Respectful but energetic remonstrance should be made with their ally, that, if possible, a mutual and honourable understanding may be arrived at, for the future naval establishments of the respective countries, the proportions being founded upon those which have existed for the last fifty years, and which were not seriously altered till 1852. If diplomacy fail, the dockyards and arsenals must restore "the balance of power." Meanwhile, whatever additional means are requisite to create a fleet and competently to man it, must be promptly employed, and the highest attainable efficiency secured in every department of the service. Our vessels ought not to loiter month after month in the harbour, and when on the wing they may spare their coal and use their canvas, till they are able to go through every manœuvre of ship, squadron, and fleet with perfect precision. The nation that pays so much for ships and men will not grudge cordage nor sails, in order to make practised seamen, nor powder and shot that she may have not only

brave but accomplished marine artillerymen. We may then, by the wise appropriation of the means of national defence, practically adopt the advice of Sir Francis Bacon to Sir George Villiers:—"God is a God of peace,—it is one of His attributes; therefore, by Him alone we must pray and hope to continue it. There is the foundation, and the king must not neglect the just ways for it. Justice is the best protector of it at home, and providence for war is the best prevention of it from abroad." Or, as the poet said:—

"With common men
It needs too oft the show of war
To keep sweet peace."

Brief Notices.

ON THE AUTHORISED VERSION OF THE NEW TESTAMENT, IN CONNECTION WITH SOME RECENT PROPOSALS FOR ITS REVISION. By Richard Chenevix Trench, D.D., Dean of Westminster. (The Second Edition, revised and enlarged.) London: Parker. 1859.

A FEW years ago the question of the necessity for a new translation of the Bible appeared suddenly to be assuming a new phase, and to have gained for itself a more advanced position than it had formerly occupied. From the closets of divines and the narrow limits of theological and literary circles, it seemed to have sprung forward into the arena of popular discussion and agitation. It was evidently the persuasion of not a few that it had fairly passed through the preparatory stages of its history, and that the problem was now ripe for solution, if not pressing for a settlement. The prevalence of such a view was natural enough. Was it not undeniable that two centuries and a-half of learned research and general intellectual progress had passed over us since the authorised version saw the light? It was time that the precious results of all the learned toil which that period had seen should be brought to bear on the correction of all that was faulty, and the improvement of all that was defective in our national version of God's word. It was both unwise and unjust that the community at large should be deprived of the benefits which they were thus entitled to inherit. Surely every Christian must wish to see the great record of God's truth and grace, the only authentic compendium of man's faith and duty, presented to his countrymen in a form as free from blemish as the learning and fidelity of the best men of the age can give it. The very fact that our own language has undergone great changes since the time of James I., so that the style of our common version is now in many points antiquated—sometimes obscure and unintelligible—sometimes positively misleading, ought surely to be in itself a sufficient reason, if not for an entirely new translation, at least for a thorough revision of that which is now in use. All this, with much more to the same purpose, was extensively pleaded, and such arguments must be allowed to possess considerable validity and force. The grounds, also,

on which they rest all acquiring strength and momentum with each succeeding year. Yet there are countervailing pleas that must be heard, and which are far more serious and influential than a superficial or sanguine advocate of the other side is disposed to admit. When we have set aside all that is merely sentimental, and all that is palpably incorrect in those objections against the proposed revision, that were soon loudly heard on platforms and from the press; when we have made up our minds that there is nothing traitorous in such a suggestion, nor anything of really sinister aspect to our common Christianity in such an attempt, when wisely conducted; still we must come to this conclusion, that the time for it has not yet arrived. Our equipment is not yet sufficient for such an undertaking, nor are the minds our countrymen prepared to welcome it. A thorough process of training and preparation, which has only recently begun, must be gone through by our Biblical scholars, on the one hand, and by the popular mind, on the other, before the favourable crisis is reached, when the sacred and responsible task may be successfully approached. The period that has intervened since the early part of the 17th century, has by no means been one of sure and steady progress in Biblical learning and scientific exegesis. A large portion of it, perhaps the whole of the last century, might be rather described as retrograde in that respect; and it is only within the last thirty years that these studies have in this country begun to make some satisfactory steps towards a just development. Much work, then, has yet to be done in securing the foundations on which we must build, if we would desire to rear a noble and lasting structure. And while there is enough in this way to occupy the energies of our scholars for years to come, there are many prejudices and not a little ignorance from which the minds of Christians generally must be cleared, to enable them to appreciate such changes in the current version of the Scriptures as may hereafter be judged admissible.

The present epoch, then, is one of transition and preparation. This character is forced upon it, supposing nothing else were in the way, by the present position of religious sects in this country. A national revision of our common heritage, our present English Bible, must be in some way a *national* undertaking. No section, though ecclesiastically dominant, can any longer obtain acceptance for such a work emanating exclusively from its own bosom. Ecclesiastical pride and exclusiveness must greatly abate their pretensions among us before there can be the slightest prospect of a just combination of Christian scholars in the performance of this great service. The obstacles arising from this cause are indeed the greatest we have to encounter in the way of any present endeavours towards the proposed end. Compared with them, all other difficulties dwindle into insignificance. Few evils, however, are without their compensating benefits; and the hindrance thus interposed is like the friendly barrier of frost and snow, which prevents the tender buds and germs of vegetable life from bursting forth too early in the spring. By the time that the warm breath of a genial charity shall have thawed that barrier, the promise already presented of comprehensive and accurate Biblical learning will have ripened, we trust, into a fruitful maturity.

Meanwhile, as the husbandman in winter has no need to be idle, we have work enough to do.

Frigidus agricolam si quando continet imber,
Multa, forent quæ mox cælo proponda sereno,
Maturare datur.

No part of that work is more important than what relates to forming a just and discriminating estimate of our present version. We hailed the first appearance of Dean Trench's work as a most valuable contribution

to that end; as, in fact, giving that comprehensive survey of the whole question, so far as relates to the New Testament, which ought to indicate the track which future improvements should pursue. It was, in fact, just such a work—judicious, discriminating, and scholarly—as might have been expected from the author of *Notes on the Parables and Miracles*, *New Testament Synonyms*, and *English, Past and Present*; uniting fine exegetical tact in the treatment of the original, with a thorough appreciation of the treasures and felicities of our older English speech. We rejoice to see that the work has reached a second edition, and would hail this as a sign that the public mind is really advancing in its intelligent and thoughtful consideration of the subject.

Those chapters of the work which treat of the defects and mistakes of the authorised version, illustrating these by individual instances, are of great interest, and possess an independent value as a series of trustworthy exegetical annotations on the passages in question. They form a sample of what we mght hope to receive from such an association of scholars and divines as Dean Trench thinks should be invited to undertake the task of drawing up a list of proposed emendations, which should in the first instance be simply laid before the public mind for its mature consideration. The scheme is one that meets with our hearty approval, as one of the most important steps in that process of education which is needful in this matter. It is far preferable to the publication of the whole, or of separate sections, of the Scripture in an amended translation. The attempts that have recently been put forth by "Five Clergymen," in the form of revised versions of separate books of the New Testament, may be deserving, so far as their execution goes, of all the commendation Dean Trench bestows upon them; but anything of that kind will never lead to a practical solution of the difficulties of the case, for certain obvious reasons. These volumes are at once too insignificant and too expensive to win general attention. The emendations introduced cost too much trouble to find them out in a continuous body of text, so that they do not arrest attention sufficiently, and awaken thought and inquiry. Since no emendations are desirable but such as are absolutely necessary—and these are by no means very numerous—the best plan of procedure undoubtedly is to set them forth by themselves, with their accompanying reasons, and thus leave them "gradually to commend themselves to all students of God's Holy Word." Our author, however, is certainly right in supposing that if any steps are taken towards constituting such a board of revision, they must proceed on truly liberal Christian principles and show a willingness to secure the co-operation of all competent scholars, irrespective of mere denominational distinctions. If this condition be not complied with, general confidence and interest cannot be awakened. And, as we have already remarked, we are as yet far from the prospect of seeing this essential condition realized. Again, therefore, we must fall back on the poet's lesson—

"Learn to labour and *to wait*."

Before closing, we must just point out two departments in which our labour has yet much to achieve. The one is that of the interpretation of the poetical and the prophetical portions of the Old Testament. These are, in regard of exegetical accuracy, decidedly the most defective parts of our present version, and cry most loudly for such correction as shall render them intelligible and trustworthy. It was beyond our author's province to touch on this head, and our space will not permit us to do more than mention it. Another question which did fall within his province, and which he has briefly noticed, is that of the settlement of the original text of the New Testament according to the best authorities. Here, again, we have more to

learn than many are aware. It is true that critical research has been most laudably active, and is increasingly so, in bringing to light the diplomatic information that is needful. But for our own part we must confess to a growing distrust of some of the principles by which Tischendorf, Oslitman, Alfors, and Tregelles are guided in their selection of readings. Too much is yielded to mere external authority, and that, too, when the preponderance is slight; too little weight allowed to internal considerations. We must obtain a more enlarged acquaintance with the peculiarities of the different MSS., both uncial and cursive, before we can feel safe in pronouncing a decision on many of the passages which the above-named critics have no hesitation in altering. We know not, indeed, what diplomatic treasures have yet to be brought to light, which may modify or confirm our views. The discovery recently made by Tischendorf gives us a hint of what may be in reserve to reward the patient inquiry of future explorers. We may, therefore, well be content to suspend our decision for a time on many troublesome questions in the department of textual criticism; while there are a few cases that may be regarded as exclusively settled. It were most desirable that some of these received more general recognition than has yet been obtained for them. There are still many intelligent Christians who have no just idea of the utter unworthiness of the passage of the "three heavenly witnesses" to form any part of the inspired text, and who would be sorely perplexed were they to encounter *the Lord's Prayer* without the crowning clause of the ecclesiastical *doxology*. A cautious and temperate handling of such points by the religious instructors of our congregations, in such a way as neither to offend prejudice nor to precipitate unreasonable doubts, is much to be desired, and is surely not too much to hope for.

OLD TRUTHS AND MODERN SPECULATIONS. By James Robertson, D.D. Edinburgh: William Oliphant and Co. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co. 1859.

IN the table of contents we find the following:—The Folly of Atheism—The Incredibility of Pantheism—The True God—The Unreasonableness of Unbelief—The Evil Nature of Sin—The Worth of the Soul—The Office of the Church—The Atonement—The Work of the Spirit—Moral Influence of Christianity—The Functions of Faith—The Two Representatives—The Second Advent—The Heavenly State—Conclusion—Appendix.

Here is a good array of topics! Dr. Robertson, of Thainrock Street Church, Glasgow, is a well-furnished theologian, and is competent to use his materials with facility and vigour. Absolute novelty is not to be expected in the treatment of the subjects included in this volume. But we meet here with more of freshness and independence than are usually encountered in the majority of efforts contemplating the same object. The author is well read in the heresies of the present hour, and must surely have kept pen in hand up to the time of going to press. We strongly recommend to young men these essays. Whether they have been addresses, or are reprinted articles, or now issued as original dissertations, we do not know. Their style is often oratorical, and betoken the habits of one given to periodical preparation for the pulpit, but are nevertheless chaste and energetic in style, clear in thought and clenching in argument, and fully abreast of the principal difficulties into which our latest literature has unnecessarily perplexed our Scriptural orthodoxy.

LEADERS OF THE REFORMATION. By John Tulloch, D.D., Principal of St. Mary's College, St. Andrews. Wm. Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London. 1859.

THE substance of this volume was delivered in a series of lectures at the

Edinburgh Philosophical Institution last spring. The four names which rise most prominently to the mind in thinking of the Reformation as it dawned on successive days over Germany, France, Switzerland, England, and Scotland, are Luther, Calvin, Latimer, and John Knox; and these are the four leaders of the Reformation, whom, by a happy conception, Principal Tulloch has grouped together in one company in this volume. The method he has adopted to give the correct expression in his portraiture of these illustrious men is simple and true. He first with rapid touch depicts the external events of their life, and the surrounding scene of circumstances in which they took their places. In this biographic survey he discovers the nature, disposition, and original ground of character of each of these great reformers, and then exhibits its development both in the system of truth and the style of exposition which distinguishes them, and also in the moulding and ultimate results of their life. In the lives of these men we are taken back to the very sources of those mighty tides of quickening thought which have overrun and pervaded our modern civilisation; and it wonderful to observe how the waters run still the same as from those fountains three centuries ago. The soul of Luther still lives in Germany; of Calvin in the Reformed Church; of Knox in the north, and of Latimer in the south of our own island. It is true that with the friction and fusion of sentiment in our day these four currents seem occasionally to commingle; yet in this union they are separable, only the margins blend, the centres are incommunicably the same. The reason of this lasting identity cannot be that the individualism of the Reformers was so strong, so omnipotent, as to imprint of itself in a remote century a clear and ineffaceable superscription of their minds; but because each of them gathered in himself the deep and permanent peculiarities of national character, which, concentrated in intensest energy in their nature as in a burning focus, *shone out* on their own age, giving then immediate supremacy, and shining still on ours with unquenched lustre. These grand differences, featuring the character of the Reformers, and still marking the types of Protestant life in four countries, are brought out into vivid relief by the very proximity in which Principal Tulloch has placed them. This gives the special value and a great charm to his volume. The grand, impetuous, surging spirit of Luther, which heaved with the agony and frenzied strength of his new convictions like the roused ocean, laughed at the petty barriers by which they would curb his zeal; but yet in calmer *moods* could play in joyous hilarity with his children or banter his friends with merry mocking humour, and never could shape his thoughts into system, or fix his feelings in a strained monotone—how contrasted he is with the yet stronger Calvin, whose magnitude and firmness of purpose, whose systematic mind and vast but definite outlines of thought, and unvaried yet deep emotion, resemble a rooted and towering mountain. The grand restless sea is Luther—the grand motionless rock is Calvin.

Equally contrasted is the burly, homely, direct, practical Latimer, who embodies in himself the elements of the English Reformation, and John Knox, the ardent, resistless leader of the Scottish—each the noblest, the mightiest of men, whose spirits yet rule the energies and operations they evoked.

Dr. Tulloch's style might profitably take on more colour and polish. The sentences are sometimes rugged, and want to be rocked into a more flowing shape, upon the undulations of a finer rhythm. There is force but not sweetness in his style, and what flowers may bloom "do lean their cheek on thick-ribbed ice." This, however, is a slight blemish. For historical insight into the age of the Reformation, for clear painting of its stirring events,

and for a graphic and truthful delineation of the four Reformers, who stand in the central group of his picture, this book is most welcome and valuable. It condenses with brief compass the most important facts of the greatest age of the Christian era, so that it will be perused for the information it gives. It presents the four ruling spirits of that age, who are the four greatest men of their time and of all time; so that it will be perused for the heroic examples it presents, and the noble sympathies it awakens.

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Every book which will lead our young men and women to direct communion with nature—that will give them interest in the beautiful works of God scattered profusely at their feet—that will send them out on foraging excursions, where lungs and limbs can get free healthful exercise, we consider to be a boon to society, checking its most pernicious tendencies, by liberating our youth from the imprisoned confinement of our large towns, and from the worse restraints of a vicious conventionalism, and training them to the pure and noble freedom of nature. A game at cricket is good for a young man; but better, because his mind and soul will be called into more elevated play, if he enjoy the same muscular exercise in a twenty-mile hunt for wild flowers and butterflies, dashing knee-deep through fern and heather, and drinking in the glorious sunlight and keen wind that float around him.

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eing endogenous, it grows from the others.

THE ECLECTIC.

NOVEMBER, 1859.

I.

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The impression immediately conveyed, however, by Professor Powell's works is, that while his mind is remarkably clear within a certain range, and serviceable from this clearness in exposing fallacies and destroying the idols of a past philosophy, he is yet possessed of little penetration or power beyond this range. He is everywhere negative and sceptical apart from the facts and generalizations of physical science. He sees acutely the objections which lie against special interpretations of higher phenomena, but he has no power of reaching to a higher view of these phenomena. His distaste for metaphysical speculation arises in a great degree from his characteristic incapacity for it. When he leaves the ground of induction and of criticism, and ventures into the region of moral argument, the reader feels at once that he treads with an insecure footing amid shadows. Possessing a strongly naturalistic turn, he is only at home in the region of nature, and of inductive inquiry. He has no gift of moral sight, and no comprehensive grasp of the principles of a higher science than

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THE ECLECTIC.

thing ambiguous, it grows from the others.

else so much thorough knowledge of details set forth in so fair, succinct, and impartial a light. From the physical philosophy of the ancients on through the epochs of Copernicus, Newton, and Laplace to the present time, he reviews the current of physical ideas as it has been mixed up with that of religious belief, and the extent to which it has, through the recent progress and universal acceptance of physical discoveries, become disengaged and purified from this intermixture. The aim of the whole is to show the increasing tendency to a complete independence of the lines of physical and religious inquiry. The special value of the essay, in a philosophical point of view, consists in the clearness with which it holds forth to recognition the great principle of *order* in nature, which the author had specially discussed in his first volume, on the "Unity of Worlds." In the light of this principle, urged with great simplicity and comprehensiveness, although not, as it appears to us, interpreted in its full meaning, he disposes of various fallacies which still linger in discussions on natural theology. From all traditionary notions—involving, for the most part, merely verbal confusions — Professor Powell's mind, it may be imagined, is singularly free; and he has done great service by the manner in which he has exposed them, both in these essays and in his review of the "Burnett Prizes" in the Oxford Essays. He does justice in this work, as well as in his review specially devoted to this subject, to the advance which these and other recent works on natural theology have made in this direction.

Among the most significant passages in this preliminary essay is the one in which the author treats of Positivism. After setting forth the principles and conclusions of this system in M. Comte's own language, he shows, with great point and force, how totally inapplicable they are beyond the region of scientific induction—how completely, in short, the system fails in its pretence to be an exhaustive system of knowledge, while appropriately expressive of the range of physical phenomena. "The material defect of M. Comte's view, and that which has justly exposed it to the most serious objection, is," as Professor Powell remarks, "that he does not merely place theology *apart from science*, but rejects and disowns theology altogether. Now, with the strictest acknowledgment of the positive principle in philosophy, it does not at all follow that other orders of conceptions do not exist *beyond the region of science*—beyond the analysis and deductions of reason, or the dominion of the positive system; in fact, such are the whole range of moral and æsthetic sentiments—all matters of taste, and feeling, and imagination; and such must be all those higher ideas of spiritual and invisible things which are the proper objects, not of knowledge, but of faith, and which from their nature can never enter into the range of philosophical (scientific) investigation, and can, consequently, be in no hostility to the strictest positivism in *science*. This defect is sufficiently glaring; but it becomes immensely more so, when we proceed to the more constructive part of M. Comte's system. The broad fundamental principle of positivism in *philosophy* appears

that which springs from induction. Consequently, his recent writings, treating as they do of topics of profound and spiritual import, are not only marked by a very bold spirit of inquiry, by great impartiality and freedom from prejudice,—qualities which we gladly welcome—but moreover by a very unsettling character, a certain running vein of scepticism, a cold and weak appreciation of the spiritual mysteries which everywhere underlie the universe, and constitute the foundation of all religion. While other books of our day of some reputation afford but little help to the earnest student, from the sharpness of their positive dogmatism, and the clever antitheses of their logic—glossing over the real heart of difficulties, rather than opening up any broad principles of conciliation—Professor Powell's books are unhelpful, if not injurious, from the opposite qualities of a hard and frequently shallow negativism, and the ingenious light of exposure and weakness in which he sets all systems and existing constructions of revealed phenomena.

The present volume on the "Order of Nature" is an appropriate sequel to his previous volumes on the "Unity of Worlds" and on "Christianity without Judaism." The same principles of argument are pursued; the same clear and comprehensive application of scientific laws—the same rationalistic tendencies, and the same uncertainties of inference as to scriptural facts—are manifested. It is impossible to conceive any subject in itself more important, or in its bearings and consequences more serious, than that to which Professor Powell has devoted this volume. "In the present work," he says, "in the same spirit of free inquiry as in former instances, I have endeavoured to supply what, as far as I am aware, has been hitherto wanting to our theological and philosophical literature—a perfectly *impartial*, candid, unpolemical discussion of the subject of miracles, imperatively demanded at the present day, in immediate connection with the vast progress of physical knowledge; and this in not less intimate relation to the grand result of that progress—the firm establishment of the great principle of immutable order, and thence of universal mind in nature. We are thus involved in the larger consideration of the whole relations of *physical* to revealed or spiritual truth; and it is to the conclusion of their independence, as relates to the *essential* nature of the Christian revelation, that the whole discussion tends: while the true influence of that revelation is secured as based on the recognition of the important distinction, at once Baconian and Pauline, between the provinces and objects of reason and faith."

With a view to the elucidation of this subject, he discusses first of all, in a lengthened essay, the historical *progress of physical science as bearing on religious belief*. This essay forms a perspicuous summary of the great relations of science and religion. It is somewhat fragmentary here and there, leaving upon the mind rather the impression of a cleverly excerpted *précis* with a slight running thread of criticism, than of a broad and well-grasped unfolding of the great outlines of the subject. Still we do not know that there is to be found anywhere

else so much thorough knowledge of details set forth in so fair, succinct, and impartial a light. From the physical philosophy of the ancients on through the epochs of Copernicus, Newton, and Laplace to the present time, he reviews the current of physical ideas as it has been mixed up with that of religious belief, and the extent to which it has, through the recent progress and universal acceptance of physical discoveries, become disengaged and purified from this intermixture. The aim of the whole is to show the increasing tendency to a complete independence of the lines of physical and religious inquiry. The special value of the essay, in a philosophical point of view, consists in the clearness with which it holds forth to recognition the great principle of *order* in nature, which the author had specially discussed in his first volume, on the "Unity of Worlds." In the light of this principle, urged with great simplicity and comprehensiveness, although not, as it appears to us, interpreted in its full meaning, he disposes of various fallacies which still linger in discussions on natural theology. From all traditionary notions—involving, for the most part, merely verbal confusions — Professor Powell's mind, it may be imagined, is singularly free; and he has done great service by the manner in which he has exposed them, both in these essays and in his review of the "Burnett Prizes" in the Oxford Essays. He does justice in this work, as well as in his review specially devoted to this subject, to the advance which these and other recent works on natural theology have made in this direction.

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to be no more than the just and legitimate development of the true inductive idea, analyzed rigidly up to its first principle, and excellent when applied within the proper province of science to the various branches of real physical inquiry. But as M. Comte's system is thus far *just* in principle, his method lamentably fails when applied to the more mixed subjects which include any reference to human nature, its relations and affections, moral and social; more especially to subjects involving æsthetic considerations, and, above all, those appealing to any higher contemplations. It is in this point of view that the more applied parts of the system display a strange inconsistency with all legitimate and enlarged philosophy, and have no real connection with the physical portions of his own speculations. His views here exhibit a contraction of ideas and a degradation of science in miserable retrogradation towards the old notion of making our subordinate little planet the virtual centre of the universe, and the grovelling utilitarianism which ignores all higher inquiries as useless, in a strain worthy of the narrowest bigotry of the dark ages."

The second essay is headed, "Nature and Revelation;" and is, perhaps, the most important of those in the present volume, as unfolding most plainly the principles of the author's philosophy and reasoning. Recurring in the outset of this essay to the great idea of *order in nature*, he endeavours to explain at length the *theistic* meaning of this idea, and the scientific consequences that follow from it. It is somewhat difficult to catch, either here or in his previous essays, the precise force of the theistic inference which he allows may be drawn from the universal fact of Order in Nature. He repudiates strongly any idea of efficient power as a mere remnant of the "old mysticism" (p. 228), and yet he dwells upon the "grand argument of universal and perpetual harmony of physical causes," as leading to the recognition of a *moral cause*. In the same vein he speaks of "the imaginative and mysticizing tendency of the human mind, which is ever seeking some conception of efficient power, instead of a *necessary connection in reason and generalization only*." Perhaps the clearest statement of his theistic position may be gathered from the following passage:—

"If we read a book which it requires much thought and exercise of reason to understand, but which we find discloses more and more truth and reason as we proceed in the study, and contains clearly more than we can comprehend, then undeniably we properly say that thought and reason *exist in that book* irrespectively of our minds, and equally so of any question as to its author and origin. Such a book confessedly exists, and is ever open to us in the natural world. Or, to put the case under a slightly different form: when the astronomer, the physicist, the geologist, or the naturalist, notes down a series of observed facts or measured data, he is not an *author* expressing his own ideas—he is a mere *amanuensis*, taking down the dictations of nature; his observation-book is the record of the thoughts of *another mind;* he has but set down literally what he himself does not under-

stand, or only very imperfectly. On further examination, and after deep and anxious study, he perhaps begins to decipher the meaning by perceiving some law which gives a signification to the facts; and the further he pursues the investigation up to any more comprehensive theory, the more fully he perceives that there is a higher reason, of which his own is but the humble interpreter, and into whose depths he may penetrate continually further, to discover yet more profound and invariable order and system; always indicating still deeper and more hidden abysses yet unfathomed, but throughout which he is assured the same recondite and immutable arrangement ever prevails. That which it requires thought and reason to understand, must be itself thought and reason: that which mind alone can investigate or express, must be itself mind."

According to this argument, mind is shown in nature just as mind is shown in a book, because the facts are such—the coherence, plan, and meaning are such—as clearly imply mind in the one case as well as in the other. But unless the author goes further, and ascends to some higher principle of argument, it does not appear to us that this reasoning can hold good against the position of the modern positivist, following out those very principles of Hume, the validity of which he to some extent acknowledges. The positivist declines to recognize mind throughout nature very much on Hume's old ground, that mind is merely a single principle in nature, among many others; and that *our* experience of its productions gives us no warrant to transfer it to nature, as the *only explanation* of its varied order and phenomena. "Thought, design, intelligence, such as we discover in men and animals," the positivist virtually says with Hume, "is no more than one of the springs and principles of the universe, as well as heat and cold, attraction or repulsion, and a hundred others which fall under daily observation. It is an active cause, by which some particular parts of nature, we find, produce alterations on other parts. But can a conclusion, with any propriety, be transferred from parts to the whole?" —(*Dialogues on Natural Religion.*) Mind, in short, is merely an outcome of nature; its highest expression, perhaps, but by no means necessarily the only *solution* of its comprehensive meaning. To this Professor Powell says:—But law *is* mind . . . "invariable uniformity and recondite dependence *essentially manifest* reason and intelligence; that which mind alone can investigate and express, must be itself mind." This may mean, in the ordinary theistic sense, that the orderly arrangements of nature *proceed from an intelligent Author;* or it may mean merely that *mind is immanent in nature.* If the latter be all Professor Powell's meaning, which we suspect it is, then it is a mere question of words between him and the positivist, with all the advantage of argument on the side of the latter. For, in speaking merely of "law" and "order," the latter confines himself strictly to the province of science—the generalization of the facts before him; while, in calling this "law" and "order" *mind,* or a manifestation of mind, *not as a productive source,* but *as a mere immanent presence,*

Professor Powell gains nothing, while he travels out of the strictly scientific province, and introduces an element additional to the mere facts before him. For to say that mind is in nature *per se*, is a wholly gratuitous and untenable statement. *We* discover mind in nature; *we* read, in all its wonderful adjustments, the presence of a supreme and directing Intelligence; but this surely only in virtue of, only in the light of, our own intelligence. "We are the interpreters of the otherwise dumb oracle—the prophets of the otherwise silent symbol."

> "We receive but what we give,
> And in our life alone does nature live."

We will take Professor Powell's own illustration of the book:—When we read a book, our conclusion is not that thought and reason *exist in that book* irrespectively of our minds, or of any question as to its author and origin; but our conclusion is, that thought and reason exist in the *author of the book*. The book by itself is a mere arrangement of dead characters—a mere unintelligent medium of communication between one mind and another. The *only living facts are the mind of the author and the mind of the reader*—the former existing, no doubt, irrespectively of any particular reader's mind, *yet only cognizable in the presence of some such mind*. It is exactly so with nature. The geologist, or naturalist, finding in nature the record of the thoughts of *another Mind*, reads a meaning in that record which is not in the bare characters or facts themselves. The interpreting mind flashes this meaning into them by the light of its own rational constitution; but, apart from this, the characters of nature, no less than the characters of a book, present a mere blank. Nor do we conceive this *other mind* as in any sense inherent in the facts or laws of nature; but, as in the case of a book, we conceive it to be a separate mind merely revealing itself to us in this manner—not bound up inseparably in *this order* of revelation, but only manifesting itself thereby.

This appears to us to be the essential question between Professor Powell and the ordinary results of Christian thinking on the important subject before us. What is the genuine theistic meaning of nature? Is the Divine merely *immanent* in nature, or *above* nature? Is the Supreme Mind validly conceived of, on *grounds of reason*, as existing separately from the present *order* of nature? In other words, is the present order of nature immutable? *The affirmative of this latter question underlies all our author's general reasoning, as well as his special views on the subject of miracles.* He argues:—"At the utmost, a physico-theology can only teach a supreme mind evinced in the laws of the world of matter, and the relations of a Deity to physical things essentially as derived from physical law." But, truly speaking, there can be no such thing as a purely physico-theology. Physical phenomena by themselves are a mere blank, so far as theology is concerned. To start the very germinal thought of the Divine, we require to bring into view the fact of man's spiritual consciousness; and the all-important question is, whether the character of this *free*

consciousness is not validly the determining principle of the Divine, as it is primarily the source of it? whether we are not to correct the inductions of nature by it, rather than compress and eviscerate it by them?

In any case, our theology will take its colouring as it rests mainly on one or other of these data—the *unchanging laws without man*, or the *free reason in man*. Taking our stand on the former, it is difficult to see where any room can be found for the idea of miracle. If *law* and not *will*, *nature* and not the *moral consciousness*, be our starting point, there seems no mode of reaching the conclusion of a free *moral cause* above nature. For our author truly says, "The simple argument, from the invariable order of nature, is wholly incompetent to give us any conception whatever of the Divine Omnipotence, except as *maintaining or acting through that invariable universal system of physical order and law*. Any belief which may be entertained of a different kind must essentially belong to an order of things wholly beyond any conclusions derived from physical philosophy or cosmo-theology." Very true. But it by no means follows, because *nature* can yield us no other conclusion except *law* (and even this it only does in the light of reason), that therefore we can have no other conclusion *on grounds of reason* apart from religious teaching, as Professor Powell insinuates in carrying out his statement in the same paragraph:—"*A theory of Omnipotence in any sense deviating from the order of nature* must be entirely derived from *other teaching*; in fact, it is commonly traceable to early religious impressions—not from any *real deductions of reason*, but from the language of the Bible." Religious impressions derived from the Bible are no doubt the common source of such theistic notions; but this does not determine the question as to whether *they do not validly ground themselves on reason*. The provinces of Nature and Reason are not commensurate, although this is everywhere insinuated in Professor Powell's argument. It is easy with Mr. Powell to limit the radius of our horizon, and then, on looking around, to maintain that there is only a limited sphere of knowledge within our observation—that all beyond is a *terra incognita*, requiring a special light of revelation; but the truth is, that the only genuine starting point, in a comprehensive natural theology, is the *free moral reason* in man—the only direct image of the Divine on earth; and apart from the central light of which God will be found nowhere, however diligently we may search.

Setting out from the grand inductive principle of the immutable uniformity of nature, and the presumed fact that the Divine *is* only expressed to reason in nature, it is not difficult to see what a puzzling and hopeless subject *Miracle* must be to Professor Powell. While not directly declaring miracles to be impossible, the whole drift of his reasoning yet tends to show that they are impossible under any usual acceptation. "Of old," he says, "the sceptic professed he could be convinced by seeing a miracle. At the present day, a visible miracle would but be the very subject of his scepticism. It is not the *attestation*, but the *nature* of the alleged marvel, which is now the point in question. It is not the

fallibility of human testimony, but the *infallibility* of natural order, which is now the ground of argument; and modern science cannot conceive religious truth confirmed by a violation of physical truth."

In the face of this serious consideration, he reviews at length the various theories of miracles which have been maintained both within and without the church. This review occupies nearly the whole of the rest of the volume; special essays being devoted to "the rationalistic and other theories," and to what he calls "theological views of miracles." Here, as throughout, whenever he is on the ground of criticism, and dealing with the views of others, there is, besides a rare spirit of impartiality and candour, an interesting and valuable comprehension of the subject in its different relations. We do not know any volume in which the English reader can find such a clear, and compact, and impartial account of the various views which have recently, both in Germany and in this country, been promulgated on the subject of miracles.

Adverting in the second Essay to the pressure of the difficulty expressed in the passage we have last quoted, he reviews the various attempts that have been made by theologians of this country to relieve the question of this difficulty, by having recourse to some wider principles in their views of miracles, than the old assumptions of suspensions of the laws of matter. It has seemed to some more philosophical, and more in accordance with the results of scientific discovery, to appeal to some higher system of law and order, and to suppose miracles to be manifestations of this higher system, rather than violation or contravention of the laws of nature. The germ of such a view may be traced to the philosophy of Leibnitz; it is certainly to be found unequivocally, although confusedly, expressed by Butler. According to the view thrown out in the fourth chapter of the Second Part of the "Analogy," the author seems to have regarded the providential government of God as consisting of two general schemes running parallel to each other, and only at definite points interfering. The higher scheme of law embraces the series of miraculous interpositions which have occurred in the history of revealed religion. "God's miraculous interpositions," he says, "may have been all along, in like manner, by *general* laws of wisdom. Thus, that miraculous powers should be exerted at such times upon such occasions, in such degrees and manners, and with regard to such persons rather than others; that the affairs of the world being permitted to go on in their natural course so far, should just at such a point have a new direction given them by miraculous interpositions; that these interpositions should be exactly in such degrees and respects only: all this may have been by general laws." This supposed distinction between the ordinary and extraordinary providence of God, Butler illustrates by the distinction between the ordinary operations of nature and the universal phenomena, such as comets, which sometimes make their appearance. "Miracles must not be compared to *common* natural events, or to events which, though uncommon, are similar to what we

daily experience; but to *the extraordinary phenomena of nature*. And then the comparison will be between the presumption against miracles and the presumption against such uncommon appearances—*suppose as comets*." This illustration, however, as Professor Powell points out, is an unfortunate one; for, in point of fact, the distinction in the latter case is a purely imaginary one—the relation between such apparently extraordinary phenomena as comets and the ordinary operations of nature being, in the present state of our knowledge, *absolutely one and the same* with the relation subsisting between these general operations.

In our own time, this line of speculation on the subject of miracles has been chiefly taken by Dr. Trench, in his Introduction to his volume on the "Miracles of Christ." Mr. Kingsley has followed in something of the same vein; and Dr. Vaughan, in his work on the "Age and Christianity," has also sought to modify the old phraseology on the subject; but it will be sufficient to advert to the views of Dr. Trench, which took the lead on this subject, so far as we know, in our recent theological literature, and which are characterized by great earnestness of conviction and a special eloquence of expression. The language which speaks of miracles as violations of natural law, he regards as highly objectionable. "Beyond and above nature," he says, "they are, but not contrary to it. They exceed the laws of *our* nature, but not of *all* nature. The miracle is not unnatural, nor can it be; since the unnatural—the contrary to order—is of itself the ungodly, and can in no way, therefore, be affirmed of a Divine work. The very idea of the world, as more than one name which it bears testifies, is that of order; that which comes in, then, to enable it to realize this idea which it has lost, will scarcely itself be disorder. So far from this," he adds, "the true miracle is a higher and purer nature, coming down out of the world of untroubled harmonies into this world of ours, which so many discords have jarred and disturbed, and bringing this back again, though it be but for one prophetic moment, into harmony with that higher." And he illustrates this introduction of a higher system of laws, in correction and rectification of a lower, by the manner in which we continually see in this world "lower laws held in restraint by higher, mechanic by dynamic, chemical by vital, physical by moral"—cases which never occur to us as violations of law, but only as exemplifications of "the law of a greater freedom swallowing up the law of a lesser." It will scarcely be denied that there is something very ingenious and striking in this view, and Professor Powell, in his criticism, has scarcely done justice to it. He has not presented it on its most interesting side, but on the side on which it is most open to criticism; its want of definiteness in the application of the expressions "nature" and "law"—*our* nature and *all* nature. Whether or not it be proper to apply to a miracle the expression *unnatural*, it must undoubtedly be held by the very supposition to be something contrary to the existing order of nature. The existing play of physical sequences, whose intricate and varying harmonies it is the constant aim of science

to explore and generalize, is what we rightly denominate Nature. Now, a miracle is certainly, as such, something intervening in this system of sequences—something which cannot be explained, as taking its rise within the system. If we can in any way bring it within the order of general phenomena, and suppose it to have its rise merely in deeper and more hidden relations hitherto undiscovered, then it is not in a true sense a miracle, however extraordinary and *marvellous* it may be. Dr. Trench is mistaken, therefore, in trying, through any mere vague expansion of this meaning, to attach such expressions as "nature" or "natural" to miracles, as having an appropriate relation to them. A truly miraculous phenomenon must certainly be at variance with "nature" in the only intelligible sense in which we have nature. *Our* nature, and *all* nature, is a distinction, therefore, without a scientific difference; although it by no means follows that in passing beyond *nature* we pass beyond *order*.

It is indeed of the greatest importance to vindicate the distinction between *nature* and *order*. We can conceive no expression of the Divine that is not *orderly;* but, save on a basis of Pantheism or Materialism, we can surely conceive the Divine reason operating in other modes than those with which we are now familiar in nature. It is the reasonableness of such a conception that must philosophically determine the question. All philosophical scepticism on the subject of miracles will be found to have its root here—the supposed *identification* of the natural with the Divine; so that the operation of the one is limited by the province of the other. All the various rationalistic theories have, more or less, their origin in this preconception.

Professor Powell reviews these theories with a candour which to many will seem surprising in a divine of the Church of England. There is truth, however, in what he says as to the spirit in which such speculations should be met. "Many very good men," he observes, "alarmed for the security of established opinions, are led to look with indefinite suspicion on all critical inquiry, and to denounce all free investigation as unwarrantable and dangerous. But though some speculations of the kind have been pushed to a faulty and offensive extreme, and evince a perversion and misuse of rational argument, it is surely rather on this very ground that they ought to be met. They *claim*, at least, to be founded on principles identified with those of reason and sound criticism. It is then on similar principles, and with similar arguments, that the polemic must be prepared to encounter them. It is utterly idle, at the present time, for the advocate of Christianity to indulge in mere empty declamation against Rationalism; or to content himself with censuring and anathematizing such speculations as presumptuous and sinful. It is not by any such sweeping condemnation that they can be really or effectually opposed. They profess to be built on considerations of an exact and philosophical kind; by such philosophical, learned, and candid discussion, therefore, they ought to be encountered."

The naturalistic theory of the old German Rationalists—Semler,

Paulus, and others—is first examined, and various specimens given of their criticism of the sacred miracles. It is needless to resuscitate the miserable ghost of this theory. The shadowy explanations are more marvellous in their forced coincidences and imaginary combinations of circumstances than the plain miracle in its unexplained marvel. The general principle of the system was to reduce all the events of the Gospel to the *level of nature*, at whatever cost to the accuracy and integrity of the narrative, or to the character and enlightenment of the actors. Under pretence of rendering the Gospel narratives credible, it in fact destroyed all dependence on the intelligence and sense of the narrators, and the faithfulness of their story as a record of facts. The miraculous element is too intimately bound up with the Gospels to admit of its being subtracted without peril to their entire fabric; and the mass of hypotheses superinduced by the naturalism of Paulus, our author confesses to have been far from satisfactory.

The mythic theory of Strauss claims more consideration, from its bolder and more consistent character. While, according to the older Rationalists, the evangelical narrative was to be regarded as historical, but explained in its miraculous events by material causes, according to the audacious conception of Strauss, the whole narrative is regarded as intrinsically and designedly fictitious, and as a mythic invention for exalting the Messianic character of Jesus. In Strauss' view, we behold in the Gospels not a collection of facts, but a collection of Messianic sentiments, merely clothed in a narrative or concrete form, by the force of the religious imagination. In certain stages of culture, history and fiction insensibly pass into one another under the influence of powerful feeling and an enthusiastic faith. The myth, which is just the religious idea in the form of an *image* or *picture*, is the natural expression of this stage of religious development.

The philosophical groundwork of this extraordinary theory is the assumption of the "impossibility" of miracles involved in a pantheistic theory of the universe, and the weapon by which he tries to carry it out is a criticism which cuts its way through all difficulties, by simple assertion and conjecture. Thus, in the very face of all our historical knowledge, he considers the Jewish expectations of the Messiah as sufficient to explain the entire myth of the Nativity and its attendant events. In the same manner, the alleged myths of the Resurrection and the Ascension are supposed simply to spring out of the revulsion of feeling excited in the disciples by the Crucifixion of Jesus, pointing their hopes away from an earthly to a spiritual Messiah. This new idea—attaching itself to a spiritualized meaning of many passages of the Old Testament and to many sayings of Jesus, of which they had hitherto failed to perceive the meaning, and further strengthened, perhaps, by spectral impressions—attained its height at the great excitement on the Feast of Pentecost, and burst forth in this form, clothing itself in an imagined resurrection and ascension of their Lord to heaven! The Scriptures favoured the idea that Christ must die and rise again, and so they believed that Jesus *had* died and risen again!

Criticism of this sort can readily make anything out of anything, and, resting on bare conjecture, it scarcely deserves a serious reply.

In every point of view, however, the theory of Strauss may be said to have been carefully sifted and exposed. The stage of culture which he supposes, and which is a primary condition of his hypothesis, does not really exist in the case of the Gospels, as Dr. Arnold long ago significantly pointed out. The age between Livy and Tacitus—an age which, so far as the Jews were concerned, was one of decaying belief and over-curious culture, rather than of childlike and vague enthusiasm —was almost as unlike a mythical age as we can conceive. The structure of the evangelical narratives, moreover, is, save in one or two instances, entirely unmythical, or rather contra-mythical, as Neander has elaborately shown in his "Leben Jesu." It is only at the expense of all the ordinary *criteria* by which historical criticism determines its data, that we can rest in any mythical solution of the plain matter-of-fact narrations bearing every impress of the most minute verisimilitude, which the Evangelists have transmitted to us. The mythical theory has also, to deal with the unquestionable difficulty that, both by friends and *opponents*, the miracles of the Gospel were accepted as facts. The Jews ascribed them to evil spirits. Celsus and Julian, and other heathen opponents, set them down to magic, imposture, or superior skill in natural means; but never for a moment attacked the account of them as *purely fictitious*, which would have been an obvious reply, at once destructive to their pretensions.

The author next passes in review what he calls the "Subjective Theory of Feuerbach," and the "Psychological Theory of Ewald." It is somewhat difficult, as he himself confesses, to catch the distinct meaning of these, especially of the latter. So far as we can make it out, the theory of Feuerbach seems only a modification of that of Strauss: the former ascribing to a true, but merely internal or subjective impression, what the latter attributes to the imaginative power of the religious affections. The miracle is to both a mere imaginary expression of human credence, springing, in the one case from some corresponding inward cause, and in the other, merely from the inventive activity of the religious fancy. The view of Ewald is of a higher and more elevated character, so far as it can be intelligibly grasped from his cloudy and high-wrought exposition. It seems to recur here and there to a purely supernatural explanation, and to imply throughout a spiritual capacity in Christ of an exalted and almost Divine character. This is not apprehended, however, as an independent and objective power, so much as a mere latent strength and grandeur, called forth by great occasions, and demonstrating itself to a congenial and excited enthusiasm. "In Christ," he says, "the common labours of every day were an unbroken series of mighty works: what therefore must those actions of his be, which, in certain rare moments, as if out of the concentration of spiritual forces, already roused into the highest activity, spring forth above the ordinary level of his life. . . . . But then this mighty effort and agitation of the inmost powers of the purest

and loftiest spirit as it wrought in Christ, moving the world by his deeds, was so powerfully met, on the other hand, by the highly raised expectations and willing faith of his disciples, that in those rare moments of which we have spoken, they saw all the infinite greatness realized, which they dreamed of and hoped for in him. It was only out of the concurrence of these two spiritual movements that there arose into visible form the conception and description of those rarer displays of the highest results and mightiest signs, in which, as in some mysterious foreboding or rapt vision, a deep-rooted faith can alone express its true sense of the actual manifestations of the highest in Jesus." We detect in such language a higher spirit of appreciation of the character of Christ—a more reverent and religious tone; but there seems no intelligible grounds on which such a view can be made consistent with the simple texture and historical veracity of the sacred narratives, any more than the theory of Strauss.

Professor Powell concludes his review of the various theories which have been maintained regarding miracles, with what he calls the "doctrinal theory of Neander." In its comparative completeness and clear recognition of the *supernatural*, it scarcely deserves to be classed along with these others. Neander's fundamental principle through all his writings is, that *Christianity is a new and supernatural manifestation* of the Divine, for the moral renewal of humanity; and that miracles are the proper and necessary accompaniment of this manifestation: the appropriate signs, so to speak, of a new Divine appearance upon the earth. "Miracles," he says, "present themselves to us as links in that great chain of manifestations whose object is to restore man to his lost communion with God, and to impart to him a life not derived from any created causality, but immediately from God. . . . . By displaying phenomena out of the ordinary connection of cause and effect, they *manifest the interference of a higher* power, and point at a higher connection, in which even the chain of ordinary and visible events must be taken up. . . . . Christianity can only be explained as a supernatural principle, destined to impart to history a new tendency and direction; and in this connexion, the individual miracles preceding, accompanying, and following the manifestation of Christ, appear entirely in accordance with nature." This view of Neander's is based on a clear doctrine of Theism, and if distinguishable from the common view, cannot be said less unequivocally and strongly to recognize the Divine and supernatural element. In this respect it is entirely separated from all naturalistic or pantheistic theories. He is careful indeed to indicate the contrast between his ground and that of Deism, on the one hand, and Pantheism on the other: the former, as he says, "incorrectly separating the idea of God from that of the world; the latter as incorrectly blending the two together."

What is chiefly remarkable in Neander's view, as Professor Powell remarks, is the manner in which he dwells upon the necessity of a *religious susceptibility*, or principle of *faith*, to the recognition of miracles. Upon this he strongly and repeatedly insists. "Within the

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What is chiefly remarkable in Neander's view, as Professor Powell remarks, is the manner in which he dwells upon the necessity of a *religious susceptibility*, or principle of *faith*, to the recognition of miracles. Upon this he strongly and repeatedly insists. "Within the

sphere of religion alone," he says, "is the conception of a miracle a *reality*." "The revelation of Christ by his works, no more than by his words, could produce a Divine impression without an inward susceptibility of Divine influences. . . The worldly spirit makes anything which touches it worldly too. Encompassed by Divine powers, it remains closed against them in its earthly inclinations, thoughts, and feelings. . . So he who totally rejects the *supernatural*, has already decided upon all separate cases, and a miracle wrought before his eyes could not be recognized as such." Resting upon such expressions as these, Professor Powell has sought to identify the views of Neander in some degree with his own. He seems to think that because the German theologian dwells so prominently upon the necessity of this inward susceptibility for the recognition of the Divine in miracles, that he therefore disparages the value of their *external evidence;* the appeal to which seems to our author disowned and set aside. "Conviction appears to be *avowedly* removed from the basis of testimony and sensible facts, and placed on that of spiritual impressions and high religious feeling." Undoubtedly conviction in any practical and living sense has always been placed on this spiritual foundation, and not on any mere *assent of the understanding to evidence.* It is no more possible to convince a man of the Divine character of Christianity by the mere exhibition of the evidence of the Divine intervention in the sacred miracles, than it was possible to make the Pharisees Christians by the actual exhibition of the Divine in these miracles. But the validity of an argument is not affected by the blindness and incapacity of those to whom it may be addressed. The Divine Power is not the less displayed in the miracle, although not recognized; and Neander nowhere makes the *fact* of the Divine, but only the *recognition* of it, depend upon the presence of certain spiritual susceptibilities.

This appears to us to be the vital and very important distinction between the views of Neander and what seem to be the views of our author. We say *what seem* to be these views; because it is by no means easy to determine the definite opinions of Professor Powell on the subject. Plainly, as we have seen all along, he does not recognize any possible interference with the existing order of Nature. This order is not only existing, but immutable. "Whatever view may be taken," he says, "the philosophic thinker will perceive that the grand inductive principle of the *immutable uniformity* of natural causes must ever remain unassailed." Firmly grasping this broad principle, on the one hand, and the essential spirituality of Christianity, on the other, he falls back, after his extended discussion, on a "primary distinction in nature and function between *reason* and *faith*—intellect and religious sense—*and the admission that what is a legitimate object of the one may not even be recognizable by the other.*" This admission furnishes to him the most satisfactory solution of the difficulties of the present question. He arrives at the conclusion, that the belief in miracles, whether in ancient or modern times, has always been a point *not* of *evidence* adduced to the *intellect*, but of *religious*

faith impressed upon the *spirit*. *The mere fact was nothing;* however well attested, it might be set aside; however fabulous, it might be accepted,—according to the predisposing religious persuasion of the parties. "If a more philosophical survey tend to ignore suspensions of nature as inconceivable to reason, the spirit of faith gives a different interpretation, and transfers miracles to the more congenial region of spiritual contemplation and divine mystery."

The only intelligible meaning of this language is, that *miracles* in the ordinary sense—as well the miracles of Scripture as any other—have not, and cannot have, any *objective* reality. As *facts* they are nothing, and never had any existence. They are only true to the religious sense—valid expressions of a special Divine agency to the spirit of faith; but apart from the spiritual imagination and contemplation, *nothing*. This, of course, is to remove miracles altogether from the sphere of history, and to destroy all dependence upon them as definite and actual revelations of the Divine. Miracles cannot *be*, but they may be believed; and our religious faith will feed on its proper nutriment of *falsehood*.

It is useless to discuss at length such a view; *first*, because it scarcely shapes itself into a definite theory in the satements of our author; and, secondly, in so far as it does so, it seems scarcely to differ from the views of Feuerbach and Ewald, already discussed. It is certainly no less irreconcilable than theirs with the genuine historical character of the text. If we are to regard such incidents as the raising of Lazarus and the resurrection of our Lord Himself as not facts in and by themselves, but only true in the region of spiritual contemplation, it does not seem possible to vindicate any historical character to the Gospels. If these were not facts, what can we regard as facts? And, if not facts, what were they? Let us call in as we may the aid of the religious sense and the congenial spirit of faith—if not *facts*, they must have been *fictions*. And in such a view, we may surely say—as Professor Powell says of Feuerbach's theory,—"The necessity for any explanation is done away." If we are not to accept the historical accuracy of the evangelical narratives, then we need not trouble ourselves with their miraculous incidents.

The truth is, that here and everywhere it is philosophical prepossession that decides the question of miracles; and it is on this higher ground that the question must be always finally discussed. On such a theistic position as Professor Powell has through all his recent works sought to maintain, the *fact of miracles* can obtain no footing. If the laws of nature are not only an *expression of Divine reason*, but the *inseparable manifestation of it*,—in the language of Oersted, which receives our author's special approval, "the same as the thoughts within us"—Reason *existing in nature*, and *not above nature*—then there can be no conceivable interference with the present operations of nature. But if, as we believe according to the true doctrine of Theism, the laws of nature are rightly regarded as only the continually sustained manifestations of the Supreme Will—the *accidental modes* by

which the Divine Hand sustains the universe,—then we not only can conceive, but we may well believe, that these ordinary laws may be suspended by the same Hand which constantly sustains, or, rather, evermore creates them. The Almighty and Personal reason, everywhere present in nature, but nowhere controlled by it, may for its own Divine ends manifest itself by new and special modes,—by utterances at variance with the common order or inductive interpretation of nature,—but only because they are utterances in behalf of a loftier and primal order, which holds all sequences in its grasp, and turns them as it will.

II.

THE BALANCE OF NATURE.

It is our present design to point out, in some detail, one or two of the great fundamental laws and arrangements of the physical world, which, although from their familiarity we are too apt seldom to dwell upon their contemplation, are in truth radically connected with the stability of our world and the maintenance of that "balance of Nature," as a consequence of which the face of our globe is maintained in a state of enduring fruitfulness and beauty.

It is no paradox to say, that in the present state of things, life could not exist without death, and that the correlative processes of vitality and decay, production and corruption, formation and destruction, are so intimately connected and so mutually dependent, that their reciprocal and compensatory action alone maintains the equilibrium of our natural system and the essential conditions of its permanent well being.

We have used the word destruction in its ordinary acceptation; but before entering upon the main part of our subject, let us briefly pursue the train of thought which it suggests. It must not be forgotten that in truth we neither know, nor can in any degree conceive of, such a thing as destruction in our universe. In common parlance we speak, indeed, of the destruction of a city, if its buildings are despoiled by an invading army or engulfed in the convulsions of the earthquake, while in reality the materials, the atoms, so to speak, of which it was built up, are but scattered hither and thither to be re-arranged in other forms.

The marble column or the granite slab may be disintegrated and dispersed, till they become, perhaps, the sand of the seashore or the dust of the highway; yet no single particle ceases to exist, or is, in any proper sense, *destroyed*.

"Man decays and ages move," and in the course of years or centuries

the very fibres and tissues of his body, the sinews which have toiled, and the brain that has thought, may re-appear in the emerald leaf of the oak or the painted wing of the insect,—but no atom is lost, no single molecule destroyed; and the very signs and tokens of his dissolution, the corruption or decay of the frame once fair or strong, are, despite the innate sense of dread which they inspire, and which the upward look can alone control, but parts of a gigantic system, wherein death is the very condition of life, in itself most beautiful and wise.

Not only matter but even force appears to be indestructible, and when it ceases to be appreciable by the senses which usually take cognizance of it, is simply subdivided or resolved into different modes of action, from which the original and normal force may be in turn reproduced. The subject of the "correlation of the physical forces" has been ably treated by Mr. Grove, who has demonstrated that all the ordinary affections of matter, which form the chief objects of experimental physics—as motion, heat, electricity, light and chemical affinity—are mutually convertible and reconvertible, each being capable of generating all the rest, and that, although from the extreme delicacy of the practical researches necessary, and from the mystery which still hangs round many of the occult phenomena of the "imponderable agents," the subject must be regarded as yet in its infancy, science is steadily progressing towards the establishment of direct quantitative relations between them.

Taking as a starting-point the simplest affection of matter, motion, the apparent effect of impeded or arrested motion is the statistical condition of *rest*, while in some cases its real result is merely a subdivision of the force into channels so minute that they cease to be appreciable to the usual modes of observation; but wherever a *real* cessation of motion results, a new mode of action is generated, in the shape of heat—the intensity of which is proportional to the amount of motion merged, or, in other words, to the friction. This is the most familiar of all the cases in which one force generates or is converted into another. The savage who lights his fire by rubbing together two dry sticks, illustrates it; the heated axletree of a railway carriage is an equally simple instance.

Mr. Joule has reduced the correlation of heat and mechanical force to a numerical expression, obtained in experiments upon the boring of metal cylinders, such as cannon, under a known application of force. He arrives at the conclusion that a force equal to the fall of 770lbs. through a space of one foot generates sufficient heat to raise the temperature of 1lb. of water by one degree of our ordinary thermometrical scale.

If, instead of being homogeneous, the bodies between which friction takes place are of different kinds, not only heat, but, more or less, electricity is generated,—the principle upon which the common electrical machine is constructed, and the familiar experiment is based, in which a stick of sealing-wax, simply rubbed upon a cloth or the

coat sleeve, acquires the power of lifting or attracting small pieces of paper, or other light material.

Through electricity, heat likewise readily produces magnetism; this new force possessing the strange peculiarity that it is always developed in lines perpendicular to the direction of the electrical currents which cause it.

It is equally evident that motion may be made to produce light, whether indirectly, through the medium of electricity, or through that of heat, induced by prolonged friction:—indeed, heat and light appear to be so intimately connected, and so closely parallel in their phenomena one to the other, that they might, perhaps, be consistently regarded rather as modifications, or, possibly, degrees of the same force, than as distinct and separate forces.

Motion, further, as generating heat and electricity, which in turn produce chemical action, may be regarded as creating this last species of force; and, finally, motion itself may be directly *reproduced* by each of the forces which have themselves emanated from it.

If now we take *heat* as the starting point, it will be found capable of determining all the other forms of action. First of all, motion is an invariable effect of heat. Many experiments appear to prove that between *masses* heat exerts a power of mutual repulsion, involving motion: but it is in its action upon the molecules or ultimate particles of matter, that heat most palpably produces motion. All bodies, when heated, expand, whether solids, liquids, or gases; the two former classes of substances being respectively converted by a sufficient degree of heat into the superior forms of liquids and gases. It is true that many solids are not fused, while many others, which can be melted, are not volatilized by any known heat; but there can be little doubt that, could we command a heat of sufficient intensity, the most refractory solids would be forced to assume in turn the condition of liquids and gases.

Basalt fuses in the blast furnace, but we have no means of volatilizing it; yet the intense heat of the electric arc in vacuo converts iron into a vapour—into iron steam, in fact; and were the like method applicable to the former substance, corresponding results would possibly ensue.

The motion produced by expansion of liquids is sufficiently exhibited in the ordinary thermometer, where it is made the actual index of the heat which produces it; while the gigantic power of steam, and the conversion of its molecular motion into that of masses, need no comment.

Heat, then, produces motion, and through motion all the other forms of action; while electricity is also its immediate and direct result, and magnetism and chemical affinity, if not produced, are modified by it in a striking manner.

In a similar manner, Mr. Grove demonstrates that electricity, light, and chemical affinity may each become the source of all the other forms of physical force, and traces the principle through those won-

derful phases of action, to which the mutual influences of magnetism and electricity have given birth, as well as through the more familiar phenomena of photogenic and voltaic action.

Space does not permit us to follow him into the details of these interesting subjects; and we shall only refer, as illustrative of the correlation of electricity and chemical affinity, to the brilliant discoveries of Davy, who, by means of these forces, decomposed the alkalies, and for the first time demonstrated their true composition as oxides of those metals; one of which, at least, in connection with the recent production of aluminium, has assumed a high degree of general, as well as purely scientific, interest.

An experiment devised by Mr. Grove exhibits in so beautiful a manner the production of all the other modes of force by light, that we are induced to quote his own concise description of it:—

"A prepared daguerreotype plate is enclosed in a box filled with water, having a glass front, with a shutter over it. Between this glass and the plate is a gridiron of silver wire. The plate is connected with one extremity of a galvanometer coil, and the gridiron of wire with one extremity of a Breguet's helix, an elegant instrument, formed by a coil of two metals, the unequal expansion of which indicates slight changes in temperature: the other extremities of the galvanometer and helix are connected by a wire, and the needles brought to zero. As soon as a beam of either daylight or the oxyhydrogen light is, by raising the shutter, permitted to impinge upon the plate, the needles are deflected. Thus, light being the initiating force, we get *chemical action* on the plate, *electricity* circulating through the wires, *magnetism* in the coil, *heat* in the helix, and *motion* in the needles."

Photography, that new and beautiful art, whose many triumphs already achieved are but the harbingers of more varied and extensive applications, affords striking examples of the intimate, and as yet mysterious, connection of light with chemical action, from which force all the others may be with facility evolved; while the remarkable researches of Faraday upon the effect of heat, upon magnetic and diamagnetic substances, and of magnetism upon polarized light, and the more recent discoveries of Stokes and Becquerel in connexion with phosphorescent and fluorescent bodies, forcibly convince us of the littleness of our real knowledge upon these subjects, and remind us that the ground as yet brought within the domain of physical research is but an insignificant spot of the infinite field of unknown territory which still awaits the exploring eye of science.

"In all these phenomena," writes Mr. Grove, "the more closely they are investigated, the more are we convinced that, humanly speaking, neither matter nor force can be created or annihilated, and then an essential cause is unattainable. Causation is the will, creation the act of God."

These facts reveal the exquisite balance maintained in the actions of the imponderable agents of the universe, each passing readily into the other, so that each necessary force is sustained in its universality and

efficiency. It is, however, to that vast series of phenomena which exhibit the intimate connection or "correlation" which subsists between the three great kingdoms of the mineral, vegetable, and animal world, that we wish particularly to refer; their mutual relations in that great cycle of changes, the interruption of which would reduce the face of our globe to a desert as uninhabitable, at least to the higher tribes of organic life, as when the trilobite and the lingula were the sole tenants of the seas which rolled around a primeval world. Consider, briefly, the chief functions of plants and animals, the sources of their food, and the character of their assimilations and excreta. Thrust any plant into the fire, and observe first the crackling and spitting which indicates the dissipation of the water which has filled its pores and sap vessels: notice then that it takes fire, and burns until nothing is left but a diminutive grey ash. Now this ash consists of the mineral substances which the plant has, during its growth, abstracted from the soil, and which, although minute as compared with the original bulk of the plant, constitute a large amount in the aggregate of a thick and serried crop.

Thus, a crop of potatoes withdraws from the soil full 200lbs of mineral matter per acre, while a crop of beetroot abstracts 500, and one of turnips 650lbs per acre. Now, this large amount of mineral material is wholly derived from the soil, of which it has become a constituent part by that long process of degradation, or wearing away, whereby the hardest rocks which formed the surface of our primeval world have been disintegrated and reduced to powder by the ceaseless action of rain, frosts, storms, and currents, during countless ages of past time.

The organic constituents of the plant, the parts burnt away in the fire, consist chiefly of carbon, hydrogen, and nitrogen; but it is with the carbon, as by far their largest component, that we have chiefly to do. Whence does the plant derive its supplies of these elements? A moment's consideration will suffice to show their origin. Our atmosphere consists essentially of a definite mixture of the two gases, oxygen and nitrogen. Air has been brought from a height of 21,000 feet above the sea level, from the summits of Chimborazo and Mont Blanc, from the banks of the Nile and the sandy plains of Sahara, from the most desolate wilds and the most densely peopled cities, from the recesses of the "forest primæval" and the swarming alleys of London and Paris; and analysis has proved it to contain, with very minute local exceptions, the same invariable proportions. In addition, there are present, as unfailing constituents, ammonia in minute quantity, and carbonic acid—that gas which gives their effervescence to sparkling wines, and when respired acts as a deadly poison to animal life, to the extent of 3 to 6 parts in 10,000. Minute as is the quantity of carbonic acid thus distributed through the air, it would, if collected into one layer upon the earth's surface, form a stratum full eight feet deep. Under the influence of the sun's rays. this gas is highly favourable to the growth of plants, and it is in fact

from this apparently small amount that the vast mass of vegetation derives nearly its entire supply of carbon.

The gigantic trees which adorn the forests of tropical regions, with their serried undergrowth of matted creepers, the dense pine woods of more northern zones, and the abundant though less conspicuous vegetation of temperate climes, all derive their stock of carbon from this small but essential constituent of the atmosphere. It is highly probable that a far larger proportion of this gas impregnated the air at that period when the profuse and remarkable flora of the Carboniferous epoch clothed the earth with its forms of luxuriant beauty. The animal remains of that epoch belong wholly to orders of beings whose existence was compatible with this state of things, while this same circumstance would strongly favour "the accumulation of vegetable *débris* in extensive beds," such as compose our present coal fields.

May we not reasonably add, that in the gigantic vegetation of existing tropical forests, we may perhaps trace a source which is to compensate in the lapse of ages for the exhaustion of the stock of fuel of other regions; and that the peat bogs of our own country may possibly be great repositories of matter which may, in the course of centuries, constitute the staple fuel-stores of England?

Although carbonic acid is one of the most stable substances known to the chemist, and decomposible in the laboratory by only the most potent agents, the leaves of plants are endowed with the wonderful power of effecting this decomposition with the utmost facility, assimilating the carbon with their own tissues, and *returning the oxygen to the air.*

Were the whole surface of the earth a continuous meadow, from each hectare (two and a half acres) of which 100 cwt. of hay was yearly reaped, these meadow plants would, in twenty-one to twenty-two years, exhaust the whole of the carbonic acid in the air, and the whole living creation would at the same time come to an end. The air would no longer support plants—that is, would no longer furnish them with an indispensable condition of life. But the functions of animals are precisely the converse of those of vegetables; for the animal takes oxygen from the air, and burning by its means the carbon of his food, exhales carbonic acid as a product of the combustion, by virtue of the functions of respiration, with which our readers are already familiar. The extent and importance of its results can scarcely be overrated, when a simple calculation, based upon the average amount of food consumed per diem by adults and children respectively, gives the vast sum total of nearly 2000 tons of carbonic acid expired daily from the lungs of the inhabitants of London; a quantity sufficient to bury the entire population six feet deep in its poisonous vapours in less than five years.

A vast addition to this amount is made by the respiration of domestic animals, beasts of burden, &c.; while a quantity, probably far larger than is contributed by the above sources, is evolved from the innumerable fires and furnaces of the metropolis, every one of which is carry-

ing on in itself the same process which, in a less intense form, is incessantly performed in the human lungs.

Now the whole of this gigantic system of "expiration" is but a restoration to the atmosphere of the carbon which has been first extracted from it by plants, whether by the pines and tree ferns of the Carboniferous epoch, and since stored up for man's use in the form of coal, or by the grass, corn, and other vegetable products which, directly or indirectly, become the food of all extant animals; again to be extracted from the air by fresh generations of plants, and through them to become the food of a like succession of animals. Thus is perpetuated that endless cycle of metamorphoses which Infinite Wisdom has ordained for the maintenance of perfect equilibrium between all parts of the natural world.

In a like manner the ultimate source of the nitrogen which plants consume is invariably the air; and with equal certainty does the decomposition of vegetables, and of the various animal products into which they are metamorphosed, finally restore this essential constituent to the atmosphere whence it has been originally abstracted.

Nor are the mineral substances which plants extract from the ground, returned with less precision to the soil, save in so far as the necessities or usages of society are brought into direct antagonism with the laws of nature. On which side victory must lie, and what is the certain issue of a struggle between the demands of a natural law and the indifference or the ignorance of man—impoverished lands, diseased crops, and periodic visitations of disease, sufficiently proclaim. "The perpetual round of changes which the Creator has traced out, may, to a limited extent, be influenced by man, but it goes on without him."

The case in which vegetation matures and decays upon the spot where it is grown, is self-explanatory; nor does it in any degree affect the questions of practical agriculture or social economy; and that in which the dead bodies of animals themselves become incorporated in the soil upon which they have lived, comes under the same category. It is in the excreta of the living animals, those portions of the food which they neither assimilate nor expire as carbonic acid, that we are to seek the great source of compensation for the mineral substances abstracted from the soil by all tribes of vegetation.

The subject may be one which ignorance has too often dismissed with indifference or aversion, but it constitutes, nevertheless, a problem of momentous national and social importance.

"Even now, Great Britain consumes nearly nine-tenths of all the guano brought to Europe. In the actual position of English agriculture, America, by her guano beds, rules the prices of all the corn markets in Europe, and more especially of England; and should circumstances ever arise to prevent the importation of guano into England, a state of things would ensue of which the consequences might be incalculable. Bloody wars have sometimes sprung from causes of much less importance."—*Liebig, "Modern Agriculture."*

Putting out of the question that part of the problem which relates

to domestic animals and farm stock, the rejected mineral consituents of whose food generally go directly to fertilize the spot upon which they are fed, consider for a moment that portion which affects more directly the great masses of food-consumers collected in our towns and cities.

The bread, meat, and other food, which forms the daily nutriment of London, are collected by a huge and complex system of supply from a vast acreage of ground in the adjacent counties, and represent a prodigious amount of mineral matter removed from their arable and pasture lands.

The annual fluid and solid excreta of a million inhabitants of large cities, contain at least 10,300,000 lbs. of mineral substances, mostly the ash-constituents of bread and meat.

"This enormous drain of these matters from the land to towns, has been going on for centuries, and is still going on, year after year, without any part of the mineral elements thus removed ever being restored to it."

The presence of these substances being necessary to the growth of successive crops, their abstraction, if not compensated by other means, induces a gradual impoverishment of the whole area of cultivation, which is slowly, but with inevitable certainty, leading to a time when the fields shall refuse to yield to the cultivator any profitable return at all. This compensation the more intelligent and richer farmer effects at great cost by the purchase of guano and other fertilizing matters, the supply of which is precarious and transient, while his ignorant or poorer neighbour leaves things to take their chance as best they may.

"The law of compensation which makes the recurrence or permanency of effects dependent upon the recurrence or permanency of the conditions which produce them, is the most universal of the laws of nature. It governs all natural phenomena in their various phases, all organic processes, all the productions of man's industry. . . . Rational agriculture, in contradiction to the spoliation system of farming, is based upon the principle of restitution."

The natural mode of maintaining the land in a state of enduring fertility would be, however, to restore yearly to its surface the vast quantities of valuable materials which we now cast into our rivers, not only to be lost, but to become the sources of miasma and disease.

The state of that gigantic hotbed of death which now festers in the midst of our metropolis, has irresistibly roused the attention of the nation of one aspect of the question; that to which we have briefly adverted is no less important, and demands the most earnest study of scientific men, as a question at once of profound difficulty and of the gravest national moment, for "the laws revealed by the study of the natural sciences will determine the future intellectual and material progress of countries and nations;—every individual is personally interested in the questions connected with their application."

But to revert for a moment to the subject of "expiration." It will be asked how the vast streams of carbonic acid incessantly generated in the dense habitations of man can ever be dispersed so as to reach

that vegetation which they are destined to feed and stimulate; and further if, as chemists tell us, this gas is half as heavy again as air, while an admixture of three or four per cent. with our atmosphere is fatal to human life, why does it not fall as a heavy pall upon the localities where it is generated, converting them into so many scenes of desolation and death?

There is an innate property of all gaseous bodies, termed their diffusion, which obviates completely this otherwise inevitable result, and in which we recognize one of the most striking and beneficent provisions for the maintenance of the equilibrium of nature.

The property of diffusion consists of an irresistible tendency in all gases to intermingle, until the uniform and homogeneous mixture of the whole is effected, in spite of their relative specific gravities, even carbonic acid being able, in this way, to ascend into an atmosphere of hydrogen, full twenty times lighter than itself, while, conversely, the hydrogen descends, until a perfect mingling of the two gases is accomplished, from which they exhibit no tendency to separate. "Gases diffuse into one another in velocities inversely proportional to the square root of their densities."

It is impossible to overrate the vast importance of this law in the economy of nature. Its first and most palpable result is the exact uniformity of the composition of the atmosphere, a condition evidently essential, within small limits, to the well-being of all forms of life, while an equally direct effect of its operation is the removal of the vast supplies of carbonic acid generated by the various forms of combustion, and of the enormous volumes of watery vapour which perpetually rise from the surface of all seas, lakes, streams, and moist lands, and which, if not speedily dispersed in this manner, would form a noisome layer of fog upon the earth, rank with the seeds of decay and destruction, instead of the balmy vapours which nourish and refresh vegetation.

Having thus described the chief relations which obtain between the two great kingdoms of animal and vegetable life, and the manner in which their organisms derive a large portion of their substance from the soil, we shall, in conclusion, briefly refer to the vast cycle of changes through which the crust of the earth itself is, and for countless ages has been, passing; one consequence of which has been the production of that very soil upon which the present denizens of the globe subsist.

There was doubtless an era when there was *no* soil, and when rocks far older than the Plutonic masses, which now thrust their heads through superincumbent deposits of limestone, sandstone, and other strata, stood in the naked grandeur of their primitive forms on the first crust of the globe. Then water was created, and these first rock-forms were gradually furrowed by streams and ground down by ocean tides, and the *detritus* spread out in the hollows of the land to form the first approach to soil. "The amount of such denudation is to be exactly measured by the quantity of the mechanically-formed aqueous rocks,

and, as our present lands show us, vast sheets of sandstones and clays, thousands and thousands of feet in thickness, hundreds and thousands of square miles in superficial extent; and as every particle of these enormous masses of rock is the result of the erosion of previously existing rock, it follows that the amount of denudation which has affected the older or lower rocks is something inconceivably great."—*Beete Jukes.*

But there are other processes, beside the merely mechanical one of erosion, to which we owe some of the most extensive geological formations. The great strata known as the Coral Rag attain the extraordinary thickness of several thousand feet, and are wholly composed of the remains of ancient coral reefs, while it is more than probable that a yet more extensive series of limestone beds is entirely compacted from the *débris* of minute infusorial animalcules.

Now, the depths of the ocean are crowded with living organisms, destined, it would seem, in no slight degree, to exercise functions compensatory of that vast process of degradation by which the higher portions of our earth are ever being worn down and sifted out over the surface of the land and the bed of the sea. The countless myriads of the shell-fish infusoriæ and coral polypes, are incessantly abstracting from the waters which they tenant, the various mineral constituents held in solution therein, and again building them up into masses which rival in magnitude the most enormous deposits of past eras. Witness, for instance, the series of coral reefs, which stretch in an unbroken line across the Pacific for more than 3000 miles, rising from an ocean of unfathomable depth, yet whose entire bulk is the work of innumerable minute and microscopic animals.

May not these at some future period of our earth's history, occupy one of the great "areas of elevation," and so be upraised from their ocean beds, to form dry and habitable land, which, in its turn, will again be disintegrated and dissolved, only again to undergo the same transformations—while these wondrous revolutions occupy cycles of time perhaps as gigantic as those by which astronomers have taught us to count the periods of the heavenly bodies, if we can indeed apply the word to numbers, of which the human mind can, in reality, form no definite conception whatever?

We might fortify the position we have asserted, by an almost indefinite multiplication of illustrations, each revealing fresh wonders in the mutual relation of all parts of the natural world; but space forbids: and, did it permit us to pursue the subject into its minutest ramifications, the accumulated weight of instances could scarcely add strength to the conviction, that Infinite Wisdom and equal Beneficence rule supreme in all the kingdoms of the natural as well as of the moral world.

III.

SUN PICTURES.—III.

BY MARY HOWITT.

Entering the uncarpeted parlour where apparently none of the cushions of dust of the former evening had been removed, again the preparations for our meal surprise us by their unobtrusive style and sufficiency; and until the eggs, toast, and ham make their appearance, we amuse ourselves by studying the picture gallery on the walls, pictures of a remarkable kind, hunting scenes, in which violently red, white, and black horses mounted by intensely scarlet riders, leap ditches and fences,—the whole work of art being constructed of that metallic foil or tinsel which figures so largely in coarse papier-mâché embellishments; it was gaudy, and effective according to the taste of persons in the "public line," and as a relief from its glare we turn to an exhibition of photographic liknesses hung over the chimney piece. The landlord, in his greasy cap, which no doubt was a portion of his head, was unmistakable. So also was the landlady, though now figuring in black satin, gold chain and brooch, and a magnificent cap. There too was the buxom daughter, clad in silk attire, lace collar, gold chain and brooch; a very comely maiden, to whom we will hope Cousin Sam, of Windy Head, may prove a worthy lover. But who is this? Can this be Cousin Sam? A stalwart young man, sitting under a Grecian column, and leaning one elbow on a table covered with an embroidered cloth. He is well dressed, with gold studs in his shirt, and a blue neck-tie. "That's my brother," said our host's daughter, coming in with the ham and eggs. "He's the butcher. He is there, as you see him, in his Sunday dress. But that picture is not half so good as this," said she, pointing to another photograph which hung on the opposite wall. "Here he is in his butcher's dress. It is beautiful! there's blood on his apron, and a drop of blood on his cheek!" We had moved at her recommendation to the other wall, and examined this second representation of the son of the house—and to her surprise, somewhat revolting from the sanguinary accuracy, preferred the young man in his Sunday clothes. There he sat, in his sister's favourite photograph, very complacently beside the chopping-block, with his knife in his hand and his steel by his side, and the traces of his trade photographed from the life; but we could not admire the portrait, though she again assured us that it was the very image of him. "Is it your brother then who plays the accordion?" we asked, remembering the performance of the last evening. "Yes; it was he; he played very well, did we not think so?" We had thought him a nuisance; but of course having no wish to destroy her pleasurable impressions, did not differ from her; and sitting down to breakfast,

admired the merciful ordination of Providence, which not only fits the back to the burden, but creates liking and pleasure out of the most revolting circumstances of life.

Our bill, which was satisfactorily moderate, paid, we again set forth, the one carrying the two umbrellas, the other the small travelling bag. The good wishes of the house apparently go with us, as the landlady still with her clothes awry, the buxom daughter in her flounced grey barège, and the new servant, a pale, tall, and delicate girl, with a lily-like aspect, who for some sin or sorrow's sake, it seemed to us, had preferred service at "the public," stood at the door to wish us "good speed;" and, accompanied by the landlord in his short coat and greasy cap, we set out on the shortest road to the Foxholes. Our talk by the way is again of the well-to-do small proprietors who make up the population of Waystones; of the clergyman who will not live amongst them; of the discomfort of their homes, and of the evenings spent at the ale-house; but of course our friend could see no harm in that; they must meet for a little talk and good fellowship: and this remark led us to Mr. Brassy of the night before, whose revels had prevented our sleeping. "There's no harm in that Mester Brassy," again our landlord assured us; "he had his drinking-bouts now and then, but that probably they should not now see him for two or three months." Our landlord, in consideration of us, his guests, he said, had forcibly taken him home the night before, and so cut his jollity short; as it was, it was all he could do to get him home. "But it was better, you see," he remarked, "than having him dead drunk." We thought so certainly, and very simply asked if it were not a grief to his family, that he should indulge in such orgies. We were ignorant women, and the landlord had patience with our folly; merely smiling, therefore, as in pity of our simplicity, he assured us that it was no trouble to Mr. Brassy's family; that Mr. Brassy was a very good sort of man, and treated everybody that came near him with liquor when he was in one of his drinking-bouts! After this we had nothing more to say, and our landlord having led us into a field-path through narrow openings in the stone walls, bade us still follow this path till we reached the ridge of the high land before us, when we should emerge upon a regular road, where at the first house we must again inquire our way.

We are now upon what unquestionably was moorland half a century ago, large fields enclosed with stone walls; the land is poor and covered with rushes. Marsh plants grow everywhere, marsh ranunculus and cotton-rush; and every hollow is trodden into holes by the feet of cattle; and stepping-stones are laid across for human accommodation, showing that it is still a region of bleak, fenny, unreclaimed moorland, dreary and desolate in the winter season, though now not without a certain poetical charm, like the spirit of an old northern ballad. The sky was grey and calm, for the wind of the preceding evening had in great measure subsided. All around us lay the melancholy moorland, out of which continually cropped grey stone, whilst here and there the

surface was broken up into high ridges, around and upon which were massed, in fantastic confusion, piles of grey rock, broken into blocks, standing on end, as in some ancient druidical temple. Scattered brambles, bilberries and birch-trees, marked all such stony wildernesses, and with this exception there was no growth whatever to be seen but short grass, rushes, and marsh-plants. Here and there in the remoter distance, young fir plantations showed where some larger landed proprietor owned the soil, and had thus introduced more earnest cultivation into the dreary waste. There was scarcely the note of a bird to be heard, only now and then a cuckoo shouting into the silence, whilst, ever as we advanced, peewits rose up from the ground, and wheeling heavily round and round above our heads, filled the air with their wailing, petulant cry.

We have now reached the high ridge to which our landlord had pointed, and, as he promised, we are upon an apparently old road, very uneven in its surface from the native rock upon which it has been formed, and which is not yet worn smooth. Before us lies an extent of country similar to that we have left, terminating in another ridge at the distance of five or six miles, varied, however, by being diversified by deep valleys, scattered grey stone farm-houses, around which are always more or less wood, planted, no doubt, when the houses were built, as a screen against the cold winds. Flocks of sheep and young cattle, as on our road to Waystones, are everywhere to be seen, but human beings there are none. However, a grey-stone house with its small windows, and still smaller casements, as is always found in these primitive regions, stood on the ridge of the hill by the road side, amongst its ash-trees; and thither we went to ask our road forward to Foxholes. All was profoundly still about the house, and the door shut. We knocked, and then ventured to lift the latch, and a child of almost angelic countenance, and about seven years old, timidly came forward, evidently to answer our knock. We were astonished at his beauty, which, though of an angelic character, was still quaint. His thick hair of a dull golden hue was cut square across his forehead, and hung upon his shoulders; his features were refined, and his mouth had that tender expression which reminded us of an etherialized Sir Joshua or Gainsborough in style, but in character of one of Perugino or Fra Angelico's young angels. His complexion was almost colourless, with a delicate brown hue under the clear skin, and his eyes brown; but the wonderful charm and pathos lay in the lower part of the face, in the tender angelic mouth, and softly rounded chin. He was a child to take into the heart at once, and the sentiment which he excited was earnest prayer to the Father of all lovely, and pure, and tender spirits, to guard His own, and to keep and mature this child into the fulness of His own beauty and love. Perhaps the little human angel was startled by the love which he called forth, for he shrank back into the dusk of the kitchen, where stood the apparatus for cheese-making, the large tub, strainer, bowl, mould, and the rest, and forth came a somewhat comely, healthy,

smiling, and otherwise remarkable woman, of about forty, and hiding by her large person the interior of the house as she stood in the doorway. Having heard our question as to the road to the Foxholes, and cheerfully promised full information, she marshalled us from her door, past her pigsties, through her flocks of chickens and geese, across the road, and stationing herself in the wind under the stone wall, revealed herself to us. She was brown and red with wind and weather. She looked full of health and strength; good-humour and kindliness beamed in her eyes, and dimpled her hardy cheek. She had a very old bonnet on her head, originally quilted, but the silk was torn off in tatters, and the wadding hung out like loose wool; a thick covering of short cow-hair in front showed that it was worn during the operation of milking; an old black-lace cap, very loose and tattered in the border, protruded from the bonnet, and waved also in the wind. Her dress of blue cotton, patched with every imaginable kind of blue print, with very slight attempt, if any, at matching the original pattern, also hung in tatters. Old gown and new patches, all were alike moveable and pendant, so that, standing there on the bleak moorland edge, in the wind, which here was strong, she bore no distant resemblance to a gallant man-of-war displaying all her colours, together with the colours of other nations, on some naval festival.

Nor, apparently, had her employments been less heterogeneous than her attire, for one of her arms bore evidence of having been up to the elbow in the flour-bin, the other equally high or low in the pig-tub. But she was too hearty and cheerful to stand upon trifles, and having very readily pointed out our way, she then told us, that their home was called St. Mary's Edge, that the wild mass of splintered crags just by, was the High Stone Edge; that her husband was a hard-working, saving man, who had bought this place himself, and was hoping to lay more land to it yet; that she had five children living, and one dead—"a dear one," she said,—"a very dear one!" and her cheery face was overcast with emotion. "He died," she said, "when he was five; it was four years since now, but she had not yet got over it." We told her that our dear Lord had taken him as a pledge from her; that she must think of him as such; that he was provided for now, far better than if he had all St. Mary's Edge as his own; that no doubt our Lord had taken her lamb to himself, that He might better win her too; that through the power of the Holy Spirit, He would turn her from sin and lead her in a new way, to the home where her child had gone; perhaps, through the power of the Holy Spirit, to turn her from sin; to suggest holy thoughts, to prepare her for re-union with him hereafter. She listened to all we said with earnest, tearful eyes, ejaculating continually, "Dun yo think so?" It was her one expression, and as she uttered it, it implied a great deal. "Dun yo think so?" she said, when we spoke of the angelic beauty of the child within doors. "Dun yo think so?" when we said that death was the birth into a life, of which this, our present life, was but the shadow—"Dun yo think so?" New ideas, more cheerful,

more consolatory, more ennobling, were flowing into her soul as we left her standing on the high edge of St. Mary, in the wind, with all her little flags fluttering upon her, as if indeed to celebrate a festival, the advent of a new religious idea, of a higher faith in God.

On we went again, leaving the old stony road, and turning by short cuts into the fields, among the flocks of sheep, the herds of young cattle, and the screaming, whining peewits, till at length we found ourselves at the edge of a deep, wild valley, broken up into little round hills, splintered with crags, and shaggy with brambles, bilberries, and birch-trees; here and there lay trunks of large birch-trees, which had been felled years before, but which still lay grey and venerable as the rock itself, and among and above which had sprung up thickets of briers, the growth of years. It was a wild and melancholy place, in the very heart of which, perched upon one of the most prominent swells, stood a small, dreary-looking house, under the shadow of a very old, weird birch tree. A little doubtful whether the indistinct footpath which we were following through this wild region led beyond this dismal dwelling, we knocked, for information, at the door, which here again was closed. Three children, squalid and dirty, and a half-starved dog, of wolf-like form, but spotted like a hyena, made their appearance. Within the twilight of the house we again saw preparations for cheese-making, but no motherly woman this time presented herself; only the three wretched children, and their villanous-looking attendant.

They gave us the information which we needed. The footpath would lead us to Foxholes; this place was Murner's Hole (hole designates many localities in this neighbourhood), and with this information we pursued our way, the gaunt, wolf-like dog rushing barking after us, set on probably by the unhappy children.

A shallow stream running slowly over a rocky bed, tracks its way along the narrow bottom of this chaotic valley, and ascending the other and much less rugged side, we soon find ourselves in the cheerful pasture fields of a large old stone farm-house, standing, with its substantial out-buildings and barns, amongst old elm and oak trees. In the immediate neighbourhood, almost close to the farm-yard, stand two other farm-houses, but of more modern date, with their out-buildings and barns also amongst their screen of large trees. Are all these the Foxholes? Or is there one, the Foxholes proper, the home of our ancestors? We will inquire: and knocking at the door of the first and largest, we learn that this is the Foxholes proper, as we imagined. The other houses—strange enough, as it seemed—are called, the one "Badger-holes," the other, "Foumart-holes." We are now at the *ultima Thule* of our rambles, and our business is not very definite. But, on the plea of weariness, we request permission to rest for a few minutes, from the well-dressed, business-like, farmerly woman, with a clean, white-satin-ribboned cap, who opens the door; and we are cheerfully invited to walk in. It is a large house-place into which we enter, with its bare brick floor, large cupboard or press, handsome clock,

holes about eighty years ago. I've heard those tell it that knew the parties. There lived then at the Foumart-holes two brothers, named Horseley. Neither of them was married, and they were both of them in middle life. They did the work of the farm together, slaving and toiling from morning till night, for they were both of a getting and saving turn. The elder, however, wanted to have it all to himself, and determined to make away with his brother. So one day when the oven—one of those big ovens which they always used in those days—was heated for a big baking, and his brother was sweeping it out ready for the bread, he thrust him in, shut the oven door, and the unhappy man was burnt to death! It's true, as I live," said Mrs. Beever: "but then when he had got rid of his living brother, the spirit of the murdered man came back, and never let him have an hour's rest! They were then building a large stone barn. I'll show it you," said she; and taking us back through their own yard, she led us across a little field towards the Foumart-holes, the farthest of the three houses; and pointing out a large, well-built stone barn, of probably eighty or a hundred years old, continued: "they were about that very barn; but the spirit would not let them go on with it; what they did in the day, he undid at night. At last, however, they were told to build a half moon into it; and there it is you see!" said she, directing our attention to a large arch of redder stone, forming, as we should have imagined, the arch of a large doorway in the end of the barn. "So they built that half moon into it," continued she, "at the time of the half-moon; and either seven or nine clergymen—I don't know which, but either one number or the other, for it must be an odd number for such a job—laid the spirit in Horseley Hole, about a mile below; and after that they were never more troubled with him."

We still wanted to know various particulars: whether Horseley was tried for the murder; whether the clergymen were willing to lay the spirit of the injured brother without bringing the murderer to justice; how it was known indeed that he *was* the murderer, and who gave the half-moon formula regarding the barn-end? But of this she could tell us nothing definite, though she said that it was "the carcase," after the life had been burnt out of it, that told the story of the murder; but more she could not say, only that "we might depend upon its truth."

"Can we learn any further particulars at the house itself?" we inquired. She feared not; but she thought we might, at all events, try. Encouraged by this hope, we passed through a narrow opening in the stone wall, and walking along the back of the house, came round to the door at the end, which opened into a dismal-looking kitchen, where again we saw cheese-making, and churning also, in progress. A young woman was churning, an old woman making cheese. She was a strange-looking old woman, in a linen skull-cap, small featured, but of a hard and sordid expression, with a pinched nose and screwed-up mouth, such as might have indicated kindred to the old murderer. She was very deaf, and every word had to be screamed into her ear; and even to the most casual or courteous remark, nothing but a snap-

questionably they had lived—a life, too, more wearisome and barren, perhaps, than that of which the good Methodist complained; for then intelligence of any kind was much rarer: even Methodist tea-drinkings did not then take place. The church was far off, and no school existed. Our ancestors, men and women, as we well knew from certain yellow parchments contained in a mouldering old canvas bag, locked up in a closet at home, had been unable, for many generations, to sign their names; yet their homestead and their acres were by no means inconsiderable.

When good Mrs. Beever had finished smoothing her stockings, she apologized for the necessity of leaving us, as her cheese had to be made; and so saying, she moved towards another room—the large, light, and cheerful working kitchen of the house. We asked permission to accompany her, which was readily granted, and the young man was left to sleep undisturbed upon the "squab." In this kitchen proper, cheese-making was in preparation on a large scale. A large fire was burning; everything seemed plentiful, and a tall, rather handsome young woman, the daughter, was assiduously washing up an innumerable quantity of basins, pans, and crockery. The daughter was shy, and blushed when we spoke to her of the pleasant party of the preceding night. Perhaps there might be some tender reason for her conscious blushes. Perhaps the Rev. Josiah Jones, or some zealous "brother," had caused the opportunity to become more than an ordinary tea-drinking to her. Here all was cheerfulness and bustle. The father, a quiet farmerly man in a grey suit, who was overlooking the operation of pigsty building, on which a bricklayer and another son of the house, less overcome by the late tea-drinking than the one in the house-place, were employed came in and out. But he looked at us with quiet, questioning glances, somewhat as the landlord of the "Black Bull" at Waystones had done, and assured us that nothing was known there of our ancestors. His manner was short and repellant; and the wife, as if to make up for her husband's coolness, offered us refreshment, pressing us most cordially to accept it. We, however, only accepted a draught of whey from her large cheese-tub; and then, after vainly endeavouring to elicit some of those dreary old histories of crime and sorrow from the past, which we knew had existed at Foxholes, we rose to depart; for whether it were the good Methodism of the house under its present *régime*, or its good sense, I cannot say; but the evil old past appeared to have taken no hold upon their memories. "No," they replied, "they never had heard of such things. No doubt what we said was true; but it was before their time, and it was better to let those old tales die out." We rose to depart, and again were hospitably pressed to eat and drink. But again we refused; and the mother, leaving her cheese-making, accompanied us into the yard on the way to the field, to point out our course onward. Here no sooner was the purpose completed for which she had left her work, than, leaning forward, she said confidentially, "You asked about old stories; now I can tell you something that is quite true, and happened just here at the Foumart-

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But now for the last two miles we have left the old coach-road, and every step takes us into a greener, sunnier, more silent seclusion. Somewhere in the bosom of these round green hills lies a village, and to that village we are bound. The highest point of these round hills we will call Wyver Low, and the village of Wyver lies beneath it. We cannot be far from Wyver; but as yet neither village, nor village church, is in sight. A tall countryman, in a drab-coloured smock-frock, and wearing a drab-coloured cap, approaches us, coming on with a long slouching gait; from him we ask our way to Wyver. He answers us in a long drawl that we are right, and we notice whilst he speaks, his cap, which is someway unique. The colour is a yellowish-drab, and the texture singularly transparent. We discover that the material is bladder! And why not? Bladder is light, and water-proof; surely, therefore, as good as gutta-percha cloth. A very grand cap is this bladder-cap of yellowish-drab, with bows of ribbon at the ears, and the outline of the head within visible from without! We begin to question whether Solomon was quite correct in saying that there was "nothing new under the sun." In a bladder-cap, did we not behold a novelty?

We are now in Wyver—a slumbrous village of grey stone, basking in the hot sunshine, in the bosom of the green hills. All is as silent as though the valley were enchanted. A white cat, sleeping in the sun, starts up at our approach, and rushes noiselessly into a garden full of yellow trolius, broad green Solomon's-seal, and dark-blue columbine. A queer, sun-burnt, yellow-haired boy, and a little child, stand at a neighbouring garden-gate, quietly feeding a number of little yellowish-green ducklings, with a stiffish paste made of oatmeal and water, which the boy drops leisurely with an old spoon out of a broken brown and yellow dish, and for which the brood eagerly scramble round his feet. The boy is so shy that he turns red to the very roots of his hair as we stop and speak to him, and he dares not lift up his face. We have no idea what kind of eyes he has. He says that his name is Zachery, and of the ducklings he informs us "that ther shud bey nointeyn on 'em."

We are bound to the last house in the village—to that neat, grey-stone house standing just at the foot of the green slopes of the hill; a garden lies on three sides, and the little window that looks on the road is full of flowering plants, conspicuous amongst which are a scarlet cactus and a white geranium. The window is of a simple Gothic style. It is a pleasant house. We are cordially welcomed by the first person we meet—a fair-complexioned, bright-eyed young woman, the daughter of the house; and are led up a low flight of steps into the room where are the scarlet cactus and the white geranium. It is the sitting-room

pish answer was returned. At length, we ventured upon an inquiry respecting the old tradition; whereat she scowled on us, crushed her cheese-curd more vehemently than ever, and vouchsafed us only the most angry replies. It was evident that she knew the story, but she would not acknowledge it. "If we had been told of a ghost, we might go," she said, "to those who sent us;" and then she dug again into her cheese-curd. At length, after a sullen silence, she said, that "The mester would soon be at home for his dinner, and he had better not find us there!" What this intimation might mean, we could not say; but seeing the young girl look scared and anxious, we thought it best to retire, even under the guise of a discomfiture, feeling that the gloomy tradition of the house was, in spirit and even in form, very worthily represented by that hard, pitiless, old woman.

Returning again through the farmyard of the Foxholes, we had reached the field; when, turning round to look back at these singular places, we saw good smiling Mrs. Beever in her white-satin-ribboned cap, running after us with a besom-like nosegay of peonies, lilacs, white-Nancies, old-man, lemon-thyme, crown-imperials, and all the flowers of her garden, which she had tied up into a parting gift for us. It was very graciously intended, and most kindly offered; and we, receiving it with equal goodwill, told her of our reception at the Foumart-holes, received her good wishes, and went on our way with the huge nosegay carried in one hand, as a balance to the two umbrellas in the other.

We are now in the solitude of green, round-topped hills, which lie basking in the afternoon sun. A long tortuous road, winding along the somewhat dreary extent of country which we had passed, and which, looking backward, we could trace in the hot sun, like a loosely-waving white ribbon, astonished us by the distance we had come since issuing out of the fields beyond the horizon line, and where we had asked our way at a solitary cottage, lying in a deep woody hollow. The sole occupants of this cottage were two children; the elder, about eight, left in charge of the baby, which, placed on the wooden "squab," was hedged in by an upturned saddle. Not a soul besides was to be heard or seen in or about the house. Wood pigeons were cooing dreamily in the wooded hollows; a cuckoo was shouting into the sunshine, and the little brook, which ran along under the trees, sent up a low murmur like an exaggerated hum of insects. Roses and deep blue columbines were in flower in the little garden; but there was neither dog, nor cat, nor man, nor woman to be seen,—only the little girl, sitting by the "squab," and the baby inclosed by the old upturned saddle.

And now we had come for miles along the white limestone road on which scarcely a passenger or vehicle was to be seen; had passed a large, desolate, way-side house, once an inn, for this was formerly one of the great coaching roads, every mile accurately marked by its cast-iron milestone; and these way-side inns, in those days, had been great posting-houses, where not only the mail and other coaches were horsed, but where "lords, and dukes, and noble princes," travelling post, required relays of horses, or, it might be, stayed the night. All

their bustle, all their life, all their importance had now disappeared; and they stood, like this house, solitary, silent, and desolate, combined farm and public-house, the inferior character of the latter sinking the respectability of the former; therefore, the broken window-panes were unmended, and the walls were defaced by damp and decay.

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of an invalid—an old man, who rests near the window in a large chair, and who wears a large long coat and picturesque wide-awake. He does not take off his hat to welcome us, for long invalid habit has accustomed him to in-door wearing of his hat. It has become a portion of himself, and is very becoming. Its broad brim casts a soft shade over his handsome old countenance, with its long well-chiselled features and patriarchal expression. He welcomes us cordially, and we sit down near the pleasant window, with its scarlet cactus and white geranium.

We had never been in this house before, and yet a strange feeling comes over our mind, as if, some time or other, in or out of the body, we *had* been there; had gone up that little flight of steps into that little room; had seen the patriarch sitting in his tall-backed chair, with his little table and books before him. How is it? Whence come these glimpses as of a past experience of that which is but even now occurring, and all of which is outwardly new to our senses? Whence do they come, and what do they indicate?

We talk with the old patriarch of times and people long since past and gone. A whole generation has vanished since we met. We stand as upon a rock, and look, as it were, over a wide sea. We speak of many a voyager across this ocean of time; of some gone into port successfully and peacefully: of others yet far out at sea, driven by storms and grievously tossed; and of others who have suffered total shipwreck. The sun of peace shines calmly on the old patriarch, and the billows of time break softly at his feet. His soul has a sure anchorage in the Saviour, and he fears for himself no storms. He knows that he cannot suffer shipwreck, and calmly and joyfully awaits the day when the Great Master will welcome him into the harbour of Eternal Rest.

The patriarch's daughter places a repast before us. She has a fair face and affectionate eyes, and we know that we are welcome. We could not be better entertained if we were two queens. The best that the house contains stands before us. And what could we have more, especially when that best is so excellent? The patriarch takes his afternoon rest, and we walk with his daughter, attired in her muslin dress and broad straw hat, to the church. It is a very simple and homely village church: all its embellishments are of the most humble character. The village is poor, and cannot afford church decorations. The patriarch's daughter wishes for a new altar-cloth: that which is there she herself has given, but she thinks it unseemly, and trusts that a better day may come when the altar may have a fitter covering. We sit in the patriarch's pew, and notice the gutta-percha tube which communicates from it with the pulpit, for the old man is somewhat "hard of hearing." Then we read the mural tablets.

We return through the village; see a very old man, nearly a hundred, with hair as white as snow, sitting in the sun, beside his cottage wall: he is old enough to be our patriarch's father. Shy little Zachery, with his nineteen ducklings, which we again see him feeding, is this aged man's great-grandson.

We again enter the patriarch's house. Tea is ready waiting us. The little parlour looks deliciously home-like. The evening sun shines in through the window where stand the scarlet cactus and the white geranium, and falls in pleasant gleams upon the old man's books: upon his Bible, with its large print—upon his books of daily prayer and pious exercise. The patriarch smiles, and says that he needs now no larger library; in fact, that he finds one single verse of Scripture will give him subject of meditation frequently for a whole day. How, then, should he want many books? As the evening light surrounds our old friend with its peaceful glory, he appears, in our eyes, even more calm and venerable. The hospitably-spread tea-table has been drawn up close to his arm-chair, and with its tea-equipage of delicate white and gold china, its old silver tea-pot and cream-jug, its glass dishes of delicate preserves, its delicate cake and slices of buttered plum-cake—a dainty common in this part of the country—presents a most tempting aspect.

After tea, we take leave of our aged friend,—never, in all human probability, to again see his calm face upon earth—and accompanied by his daughter and a young grand-daughter, whom we had not seen until this moment—a bright open-browed girl of twelve—we set out on our further pilgrimage, they accompanying us on our way, the daughter to the breezy top of the first hill, and the grand-daughter a mile or two farther, to the top of the yet higher hill beyond, whence our road would lie clear before us to Wolstone, where we proposed to pass the night. The grand-daughter bounds forward like a young roe on the mountains, full of energy and youth; and now she points out this wood, or that farm-house in the distance, of which something memorable was to be told. She was bright of countenance, with a clear, keen intelligence beaming from her eyes; her limbs were strong and agile, and her frame firmly knit. She looked at us, every now and then, with the kindliness and cordiality of both the old patriarch and his daughter combined. She was a pleasant companion. "And now," said she, pointing to a farm-house, shrouded in wood, and standing upon a distant hill, "that is Thornborough Hall: I was there last Wednesday." "So were we," we replied. "I know you were," she said; "I saw you there. Mr. Throwly, of Thornborough, is my uncle. I had gone over to see a school-fellow there, but she was gone over to Ashington, so I did not see her. It is a very long walk to Thornborough Hall." "Were you then," we asked, "the young girl who lay asleep on the 'squab,' and whom we disturbed?" "Yes," she said, "I was. I was very tired, and disappointed, too. I lay down to sleep, and you came." Now we remembered her well, though we had not at first recognized her. The silent girl who never spoke, but whose intelligent brown eyes and clear forehead we had noticed—it was she! Tired and disappointed, she had nothing to say to us, who came as a gay party, riding and walking with feathered hats and parasols, with ponies and a large dog, to break up the quiet of that large farm-house, slumbering amongst its woods. We had come like a hurricane, with

our large dog waking up the ire of the usually peaceful farm-dogs; with our trampling of ponies and pony-carriage; with our laughter, and many voices of ladies and gentlemen, making free in a strange place. Well might the child, weary and disappointed, have nothing to say to us, and only look on with quiet, wondering eyes.

But it had been, after all, a happy day to her, she said. The gay party of unexpected visitors were a pleasant astonishment to her. She had listened to their talk, and wondered at much of it. She could now relate what this and the other one had said, and told how the farmer afterwards talked over all that had been related by his guests; and how much amused he had been, and how heartily he had laughed at many things that he had heard. And when evening came, and with it the time for her to retrace her steps homeward, her good uncle had given her a golden sovereign, to make up to her for her disappointment of the morning.

Presently we are in the midst of the hills on very high ground, though not yet on the highest. A vast prospect lies around us, and from this point we obtain a glimpse as it were into the human life amongst the hills. Yonder to the west, and now seen clearly in the light of the setting sun, lie the great quarries; and rising up in the golden glow upon that ledge of the hills, with its tall peaked roof, and tower-like belfry, is the new school-house of which we have heard so much,—that excellent school, not many years established, but which already is working so great a change in the juvenile population, where they learn to sing so sweetly, and are humanized in many ways. Our youthful guide has much to tell us of this school, and of the excellent young clergyman who has been for several years too ill to undertake the care of a parish, but who spends his summers here, caring for the well-being of the poor in many ways, making them love goodness because they see it so beautiful in himself and in his mother, whose one ceaseless anxiety is the health of her son, and who, but for her care, would long since have passed away to the society of angels. Very sweet was it to hear this child, the grand-daughter of the patriarch, describe the lovely life and character of the mother and son. "They are so good, and their voices are so gentle," said she, "I never forget anything which they say to me—nor does any one—because every one loves them."

We are now passing what are called "the model cottages," also belonging to the quarries. Four double houses, or rather cottages facing east and west, so that now one cottage of each pair is in strong light, the other in deep shadow. We had already been told of the extraordinary comfort of the houses; of the pretty garden to each, and of the ample supply of water, which is a great boon amongst these hills, where water is scarce. And now we stand before them. Stalwart men, returned from their day's labour, are working in their gardens; children are playing about; at one cottage a young woman is sitting at her needle-work in the sunny porch; in another is a family group at tea. A pleasant mixture of healthy labour and home comfort is before us,

and we think that the spirit of the good clergyman and of his mother has left its divine influence here, leading upward to the Source of all love, to that sacred love which alone can give true beauty to life. But scarcely have we rejoiced in our imaginary picture of an earthly Eden, when we are called upon to witness a very different reality. All at once, out of one of the houses that lies in deep shadow, proceeds a shrill female voice, as hideous as the barking of angry dogs, and in concert with it the jangling clatter of fire-irons and fender, and the crash as of all the earthenware in the house, together with the screaming of children. It is frightful to hear, and our first thought is to rush in and save the children; but as the scolding voice scolds on, and other things very evidently yet remain to be demolished, we pause before entering the battle-field, and look round to see if the neighbourhood does not rise to help and save. But no; all goes on as peacefully in and about the other houses as before; the men work on in their gardens; the children do not pause in their play; the young woman does not leave off sewing. They are untroubled by the discord. They are used to it; they understand its cause better than we do; and moralizing upon the impossibility of finding model tempers to harmonize with model cottages, we go on, hearing as we proceed upon our way the shrill tongue of the termagant, and the crash and clatter of breaking and thrown down household gear.

And now, having parted with our young guide, and descended from the hills, we are in the deep wooded valley below, in a slumbrous region of silence and shadow. The sun has long set, and from the foot of the hill we traverse fields left for mowing-grass along a very indistinct footpath, to the small village of grey-stone houses where, at the sign of the "Holly Bush," we hope to pass the night. The village lies so close beneath the hills behind which the sun has sunk, that it already appears almost dark; and with some little anxiety to be housed for the night, we ask our way to the "Holly Bush." Across the broad flagstone which forms a bridge over the footpath in wet weather, through the two upright flagstones in the grey wall, and we are in front of a quaint public-house, the "Holly Bush," kept by Ephraim Pepper. It is a place to figure in an artist's sketch-book; a long, low, old house, standing in a large open yard, half public-house and half farm. We enter the open door and stand within the kitchen of a genuine country public-house. A large fire burns on the ample hearth, and large "squabs" or settles extend on either side, one terminating in large arms close to the light window. There are no guests regaling themselves. No one is to be seen, but a huge man, very much resembling Friar Tuck in person, with a rosy face and large white beard, and with a little cap stuck upon his head, lies full length upon the "squab," his head resting upon a leathern cushion reared up against the arm. He is reading the newspaper by the light from the window. He leans back his rosy visage as we enter, and looking at us with his eyes upside down, informs us that there is no landlady, and that we cannot be accommodated there for the night. Then slowly rising, and appear-

ing almost gigantic in so doing, he ushers us from the "Holly Bush" to seek our night's quarters elsewhere, advising us to go to a village a mile and half further off. Standing within the shadow of his doorway, his huge figure melting into the dusk, his crimson face and very white beard look, in fact, anything but like a rose and lily; still, laughingly, we speak of him to each other as the "rose and lily," and pursue our way.

(*To be continued.*)

IV.

AVALANCHES.

ACCORDING to Byron, an avalanche is a "thunderbolt of snow."

Travellers are frequently disappointed on witnessing the spectacle. Brought into cheating proximity by the purity of the air, and deluded by the colossal proportions of a mountain landscape, they have been known to treat the phenomenon as one of a very trumpery description. Even poetical minds find it difficult to believe that the white spirt and hin streak which suddenly appear on a distant rock are the true representatives of the deadliest missiles contained in the arsenal of Frost. "From some jutting knob, of the size of a cricket ball," says Talfourd, "a handful of snow is puffed into the air, and lower down, on the neighbouring slant, you observe veins of white substance creaming down the crevices—like the tinsel streams in the distance of a pretty scene in an Easter melodrama, quickened by a touch of magic wand—and then a little cloud of snow, as from pelting fairies, rises from the frostwork basin; and then a sound as of a thunder-clap!—all is still and silent—and this is an avalanche! If you can believe this—can realize the truth that snow and ice have just been dislodged, in power to crush a human village, you may believe in the distance at which you stand from the scene, and that your eye is master of icy precipices embracing ten miles perpendicular ascent; but it is a difficult lesson, and the disproportion between the awful sound and the pretty sight, renders it harder."* Occasionally, however, the spectacle is exhibited on a scale so splendid, that the cravings of the most anxious sight-seer are fully appeased. Crossing the Wengern Alp, directly in front of the Jungfrau, whose precipitous flanks are famous for their snow-falls, Dr. Cheever was privileged to behold two glorious specimens. "One cannot command any language (says he) to convey an adequate idea of

* Talfourd's "Vacation Rambles and Thoughts."

their magnificence. You are standing far below, gazing up to where the great disc of the glittering Alp cuts the heavens, and drinking in the influence of the silent scene around. Suddenly, an enormous mass of snow and ice, in itself a mountain, seems to move; it breaks from the toppling outmost mountain ridge of snow, where it is hundreds of feet in depth, and in its first fall of perhaps two thousand feet, is broken into millions of fragments. As you first see the flash of distant artillery by night, then hear the roar, so here you may see the white flashing mass majestically bowing, then hear the astounding din. A cloud of dusty, misty, dry snow, rises into the air from the concussion, forming a white volume of fleecy smoke, or misty light, from the bosom of which thunders forth the icy torrent in its second prodigious fall over the rocky battlements. The eye follows it delighted, as it ploughs through the path which preceding avalanches have worn, till it comes to the brink of a vast ridge of bare rock, perhaps more than two thousand feet perpendicular. Then flows the whole cataract over the gulf with a still louder roar of echoing thunder. Another fall of still greater depth ensues, over a second similar castellated ridge or reef in the face of the mountain, with an awful majestic slowness, and a tremendous crash in its concussion, awakening again the reverberating peals of thunder. Then the torrent roars on to another smaller fall, till at length it reaches a mighty groove of snow and ice, like the slide down the Pilatus, of which Playfair has given so powerfully graphic a description. Here its progress is slower, and last of all you listen to the roar of the falling fragments as they drop out of sight, with a dead weight, into the bottom of the gulf, to rest there for ever." *

Avalanches admit of a certain classification. First, there are those which consist of snow recently fallen, and therefore loosely compacted. Set in motion by the first competent wind which arises, the powdery mass is impelled down the mountain declivities, shrouded in its own white spray, until it finds a lodgment in some cleft or hollow of the rock. Comparatively harmless as these "drift avalanches" are, the mere rush of air they occassion has been known to whisk a vehicle containing thirteen persons over the brow of a precipice.

Class number two comprehends the rolling avalanches. These are literally great snow-balls formed of snow partially thawed, and therefore reduced to such a clammy state that the missile gradually increases in bulk as it advances. School-boys would be delighted to stand on the summit of a lofty hill, and mould a lump which would pick up fresh material at every step of its progress, until, issuing from the region of perpetual winter, it crashed through the forests and exploded like a monster shell before it could reach the floor of the valley. Travellers who slide down mountains like the Slidehorn, or who indulge up playful excursions on a Russian ice-hill, can form some idea of the tremendous impetus which these projectiles acquire.

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* Cheever's "Wanderings of a Pilgrim in the Shadow of Mont Blanc."

Should a poor châlet stop the way, the frail fabric dissolves in a shower of chips, and the occupants are destroyed ere they have time to mutter a prayer. It was by a fall of this description that eighty-four persons were killed in 1820, at Ober Gestelen, in the Canton Wallis, and now lie interred in the same grave.

Avalanche number three is produced by the thawing of snow in consequence of the sun's heat, or the warmth of the winds. The water which percolates through the bed renders the rock slippery, and destroys the adhesion of the mass. Resting upon an inclined plane, whole sheets are thus set in motion, and away they glide, heaping up the material before them in great waves, and then pouring over precipices in broad, majestic cascades—Niagaras of snow. This species of avalanche is termed the "sliding," to distinguish it from the last, or "rolling" avalanche.

There is another form of the phenomenon. When the summer sun is playing hotly upon a glacier, it must frequently loosen some of the tall overhanging blocks which give such a jagged but piquant look to these frozen streams. Shattered into atoms by the fall, the particles stream down the slope until their march is arrested by some obstacle, or their momentum is gradually exhausted. Passing along the far-famed Vale of Chamouni the other day, we had the good fortune to witness an admirable sample of number four. Suddenly the deep-toned snap which denotes that an avalanche is about to descend—the signal given by the mountains when they are preparing to launch their thunderbolts of snow—was heard from the foot of the Mer de Glace. Down toppled a crag of ice. It broke into millions of fragments. The course of the white stream was distinctly visible to the eye, whilst the ear listened eagerly for the grand rushing noise, which distance, however, subdued into a hail-like rustle. In a moment all was still again, except the hiss of the cascade and the clamour of the furious Arve "raving ceaselessly." But to judge of the terrors of an ice-fall, you must grapple with it on closer terms. "We had reached a position," says Professor Tyndall, in his account of an ascent of the Glacier du Géant, "where massive ice-cliffs protected us on one side, while in front of us was a space more open than any we had yet passed; the reason being that the ice-avalanches had chosen it for their principal path. We had just stepped upon this space, when a peal above us brought us to a stand. Crash! crash! crash! nearer and nearer, the sound becoming more continuous and confused as the descending masses broke into smaller blocks. Onward they came! boulders, half a ton and more in weight, leaping down with a kind of maniacal fury, as if their sole mission was to crush the seracs to powder. Some of them, on striking the ice, rebounded like elastic balls, described parabolas through the air, again madly smote the ice, and scattered its dust like clouds in the atmosphere. Some blocks were deflected by their collision with the glacier, and were carried past us within a few yards of the spot where we stood. I had never before witnessed an

exhibition of force at all comparable to this, and its proximity rendered that fearful which at a little distance would have been sublime."*

Now, abrupt and capricious as snow-falls may appear, they have their times and seasons, like many a sedater phenomenon. Those of the first class generally occur when winter commences; the last are limited to the months of summer. Numbers two and three usually reserve their strength for the spring, because then the fetters of frost begin to relax: and when avalanches are in season on any particular mountain, the hours of descent on its several sides may be ascertained with tolerable precision. From ten to twelve is your time, if you wish to witness an exhibition on the eastern slope; from twelve to two on the southern; from three to six on the western; and still later in the day, if you expect to enjoy a northern discharge. It need scarcely be said that this regularity of action is due to the influence of the sun. Some avalanches, too, have beaten tracks; so that, by attending to the rules which govern their launching, the peasants not only know when to look out for squalls, but can traverse their paths without danger. Nor is man wholly powerless against these rushing monsters, for in some cases he can control their fury, or even guide them harmlessly away. In certain localities which are much haunted by avalanches, stout posts have been driven into the ground, in the neighbourhood of their breeding-place, or embankments thrown up at perilous points, in order to divert their course, and induce them to travel in ruts of comparative safety. Some bold peasants have even ventured to build their houses, or store-huts, in the very teeth of the glacier, defending the edifices by high walls, which are furnished with jutting angles, in the hope that these will divide the snow-torrent like wedges, and compel it to flow innocuously past. Others have been known to surround their elevated sheds with sloping bulwarks, which they sprinkle with water; so that, when frozen smooth, the mountain missiles may glide over the building without injury. In some places the grass is left unmown, in order that the blades, when stiffened with frost, may serve as frail pegs to detain the winter snow; in others, the inhabitants are forbidden to cut trees within the protecting belt of forest. On many roads you pass through galleries hewn out of the solid rock, at points where the avalanche is known to stalk; and here and there, as at Leukerbad, which is provided with a rampart nearly seven hundred feet long and seventeen high, you find a village fortified against this subtle foe as carefully as ancient towns used to be against military engines and human depredators.

One peculiar feature in the proceedings of an avalanche is the blast by which it is accompanied. Driving the air before it with great velocity, a considerable commotion must necessarily be produced in the atmosphere. Probably the effects have been greatly overrated, but the

* "Peaks, Passes and Glaciers. A Series of Excursions by Members of the Alpine Club." Edited by John Ball.

mischief occasioned by these terrible visitors sometimes assumes a form which can only be explained on the principle of aërial concussion. Trees are frequently stripped or levelled on each side of their track, though standing far beyond the reach of the hurrying snow. "The current of air," says Friedrich Körner, "extends many hundred paces beyond the lawine, and overshoots it with a violence which the solid cliffs can scarcely resist. The strongest trees are torn to strips, men and animals are hurled into the abyss, or borne unhurt to some neighbouring ridge; houses are unroofed, and beams, lumps of ice, and fragments of stone are sent clattering through the air." * It is stated that the eastern spire of the convent of Dissentis was prostrated by the breath of an avalanche, which dashed past the place at the distance of a quarter of a mile. On the 27th of December, 1819, an enormous mass swept down into the valley of the Visp from the Biesgletscher, as if eager to devour the little hamlet of Randa, which lies on the opposite slope. Fortunately the vast missile took a direction to the north of the village, marking its path with a spray of icy fragments and lumps of stone, which desolated the neighbouring fields for the time. The curé of the parish was awakened by a shock which tossed up his bed as if a young earthquake were gambolling in his apartment. A terrible rush of wind succeeded, and this was supposed to be the recoil of the air from the rocks which fronted the avalanche. Chimneys were thrown down; roofs were peeled from the houses; the garnered hay was whirled up the mountain side, or strewn over the woods; a timber hovel, containing a couple of old women, was carried bodily to a distance of more than a hundred yards, without inflicting any injury upon its occupants; and upwards of a hundred buildings were damaged or destroyed. When Leukerbad—so famous for its steaming tanks, filled with a promiscuous throng of invalids, who present one of the uncouthest spectacles we have ever witnessed—was invaded by an avalanche in the year 1719, four of its inhabitants were whisked into the air, and transported by the blast to some distant meadows, where their corpses were subsequently discovered.

Frantic, however, as these great masses of snow may appear in their movements, there is at times something excessively quaint in their doings. A forest growing on one side of the Valley of Calanca, in the Canton of the Grisons, was torn up by an avalanche, and conveyed to the other, where it was left standing as if on its native site. Apparently by way of frolic, a fir-tree was hoisted to the top of the parsonage house, and planted there as a souvenir of the visit. In 1800, an avalanche dashed into the Valley of Vorder Rhein, near Trons, crossed it to the opposite slope, destroying many trees and châlets in its progress; then rebounded, mounting the declivity which it had just descended; and thus oscillated until at the fourth vibration it fell upon Trons, where it expended the residue of its wrath. The inhabitants of the hamlet of Rueras, in the Valley of Tawich, in

* "Die Wunder der Winter Welt." Von Friedrich Körner.

the same Canton, went to sleep as usual on a certain evening in the year 1749, but on awaking next morning they found themselves enveloped in darkness. Concluding that the sun had not yet risen, they waited for the coming of the day. The day, however, came not. Surprised at its postponement, some of them went to their doors, and discovered, to their great horror, that their houses were buried in snow. An avalanche had swept them away in the night, yet so gently that their rest had not been disturbed. Assistance being rendered, sixty persons were rescued, but forty had already perished.

Many a wonderful case of deliverance from the jaws of the avalanche might be related. The store-hut of a herdsman in the Canton Wallis was overwhelmed by a fall from the Diablere-Gletscher—himself being in the place at the time. The roof groaned and gradually bent beneath the load, whilst the poor trembling owner, cowering in one corner, awaited the moment of fracture. At last all was still, but it was the frightful stillness of a living grave. After a while, by dint of great exertion, the captive contrived to force an opening through the side of the hovel; but, on endeavouring to probe the snow with a pole, he found that its thickness precluded all reasonable expectation of escape. Dismayed, he shrank back into his hut, and prepared himself to die of hunger or of suffocation. Horrible were the hours he spent in solitude and despair. Recovering a little, however, he resolved to make a vigorous struggle for life. He seized his hatchet and began to excavate a path. The snow and ice were so compact, that excessive labour was required, and the great blocks of stone which the poor man encountered, compelled him to make frequent *détours*. Returning to the hut when exhausted, and supporting himself by means of some cheese which he had in store—the air contained in the crevices of the snow affording sufficient pabulum for the lungs—he persisted in his task until the edge of the axe was worn away. How time flitted in the world beyond, he could not conjecture; but reckoning by his meals, he concluded that six weeks had already elapsed, when at length the material about him became spongier in its texture, and from this circumstance he drew brighter auguries of release. Dig, dig—on he proceeded with his blunted weapon, until at the expiration of another fortnight he emerged from his prison-house, and stood, with torn clothes, swollen face, and lacerated limbs in presence of the setting sun! The joy of that moment was worth half a lifetime of woe. Rapidly he made his way into the valley, and soon reached the door of the cottage where his wife and family resided. By this time it was dark. He looked through the window, tapped gently, and murmured the words, "Open, Maria! thy husband yet lives: he is here." But nine weeks of absence had constrained the inmates to regard him as dead, and the sight of that excoriated countenance, with its two wild staring eyes peering through the casemate, extorted a cry of terror. Believing that they were troubled by an apparition, they ejaculated a prayer to the Virgin for protection, and fastened both window and door upon the glowering phantom. All attempts to obtain admittance being vain, the peasant proceeded to the house of the curé, who, on

hearing the marvellous tale, gave the poor wife his guarantee that the visitor was no goblin, but a genuine husband, composed like, other husbands, of veritable flesh and blood.

But if a soft substance like snow is thus appalling in its effects, what must be the case when the avalanche consists of huge masses of rock? Almost every Alpine valley is strewn with great boulders, which have been torn from the neighbouring cliffs, and hurled, amidst smoke and thunder, into the smiling pastures beneath. The sides of the hills are scored by stony streams, which look as if they cut their way through the fine forest zones, and then been arrested at a stroke. Occasionally an entire mountain-top may be said to give way. Let it rest in an inclined position upon a bed of soft slippery material, like clay, and if the water should wash out sufficient soil to affect its stability, down it will rush, with that awful impetus which sweeps away men as if they were motes, and mows down whole villages as if they were grass under the scythe. The Rossberg landslip is one of black memory in the history of Switzerland. From the summit of the Righi, the eye may observe the huge scar which was made in this ill-omened mountain upwards of fifty years ago; and though the spectator stands in the presence of an army of hills, such as the world cannot well match—though he sees the sun kindle each distant peak, with a light which seems unearthly in its beauty though, glancing downwards, he perceives the morning mists floating with snowy wings over each fair lake and stream, like guardian spirits hovering over their sleeping charges,—and who that has once hung over that magical map will forget its varied fascinations?—yet, if the gazer has learnt the story of the catastrophe of Arth, he will turn with a shudder to the terrible wound still gaping in the landscape, and sorrowfully track the course of the great furrow along which Death drove his ploughshare, in September, 1806. On the second of that month, about five o'clock in the afternoon, according to Dr. Zay,* who witnessed the scene, the upper part of the mountain seemed to be set in motion. A mass of earth and rock, three miles in length, a thousand feet in breadth, and a hundred in depth, swept madly into the vale beneath, crushing three villages wholly, and a fourth partially, beneath its stony billows. Part of the *débris* was hurled into the Lake of Lawertz, at a distance of five miles, where it filled up one extremity, and produced a wave upwards of sixty feet in height, which deluged the villages on its shores. Flights of stones, some of them of enormous dimensions, swept through the air like showers of cannon-balls. Torrents of mud accompanied the eruption. Few escaped who were entrapped. Seven travellers from Berne, entering Goldau just at the time of the slip, were buried in the ruins. Between three and four hundred buildings of various kinds were destroyed, and upwards of 450 human beings perished. A few minutes (not more than five) sufficed for this terrible transaction.

* "Goldau und seine Gegend." Von Dr. Karl Zay.

At one moment the landscape lay placid and beautiful in the lap of the treacherous mountain; at another its loveliness had vanished, and nothing remained but a number of shapeless hillocks, beneath which hundreds of men and women had been sadly and suddenly sepulchred.

There are avalanches of mud also. A heavy shower of rain—and showers are no dainty drizzles in mountain regions—brings down a torrent of clayey material mixed with stones, and the viscid stream rolls on until it reaches some low level, where it converts the landscape into a sort of Irish bog. Travellers entertain a strong objection to this dirty phenomenon. The repairers of roads feel themselves greatly aggrieved by its appearance, and regard it as a highly indictable demonstration. Not long ago, after passing through the grotesque old town of Altorf, where William Tell shot the famous apple from his son's head—and the site of this renowned piece of archery is still indicated by two fountains—we traversed a stream of mud which had recently arrested the progress of vehicles, and still required the services of numerous labourers to keep the highway practicable. The adjoining orchards and pastures had been inundated by the filthy tide, and châlets lay miserably imbedded in the stiffening compound. On the road from Grindelwald to Interlachen, however, we were compelled to make the acquaintance of a mud avalanche on more provoking terms. After proceeding a few miles beyond the former place, the voiture was brought to a sudden halt. Entertaining some doubts respecting the perfect sanity of our charioteer, whose frantic management of the drag, down hill would have made a good point iu any commission of lunacy, we were half-prepared for some nice little catastrophe. What should it be? Was the vehicle—apparently as infirm a production as the Shem-and-Ham buggy over which Sydney Smith made so merry—about to founder disgracefully in the high road? Were we to be hurled into the meadows below? And, in that case, should we be let off with a sprained ancle, or must a leg and a couple of ribs be inexorably broken? Or had some real live bandit rushed out of his den, and ordered our coachman—himself a bandit on the box—to surrender his fare at discretion? On looking out, however, it appeared that several carriages before us had been brought to a similar stand. The cause was soon ascertained to be a mud torrent, which lay across the road like a huge black snake. Well, why not try to drive through it? The voituriers declared it to be impossible. Then, why not procure implements, and attempt to clear a path? The voituriers looked at you compassionately, as if you were insane. Or, could we not be permitted to pass over the neighbouring fields? The voituriers seemed indignant. In short, these gentry were of opinion, one and all, that the whole file of carriages, with their passengers—French, English, Germans, Russians—must return to Grindelwald for the night; that is, in plain terms, every one must hand over a little more money to the hotel-keepers of the place, and next day pay a further fee to the cormorant coachmen themselves. Now, there is undoubtedly great pleasure in being cheated—that point

is settled upon good authority; but the joy of the operation consists in its being executed neatly, skilfully, handsomely, and with a subtle sort of audacity which floors whilst it fascinates. You must be tickled at the same time that you are plundered. Metaphorically speaking, a good practitioner in the art will throw you into a pleasing state of being, by drawing a feather to and fro under your chin with one hand, whilst he plunges the other deep into your pocket. But here the artifice was too transparent. The voituriers resigned themselves so meekly to the terrors of that mud torrent—which a few British "navvies" would have vanquished in a trice—that several of the travellers resolved to abandon their vehicles, though a storm was obviously impending, and prosecute their journey on foot. Fortunately, after an hour's walk, carriages were found at the village of Zweilütschinen; and with the rain hissing around us, and the lightning gleaming incessantly on the brawling river beside us, we arrived late in the evening at the beautiful little town of Interlachen.

Shall we say then that the avalanche is wholly a pestilent and malignant thing? At the first glance it might seem to have no other mission in nature but to scourge and destroy. Like some fierce dragon of fabled time, the white monster lies ambushed in its mountain lair till the moment comes when it can pounce upon its human prey, and strew the green valley beneath with ruin and death. Then, moved by a sound or a sunbeam, with a roar which rouses every echo, and a rush which vies in speed with the lightning's flight, shrouding its huge form in the foam which it scatters from its sides, as charging squadrons veil themselves in the dust and smoke of battle—it dashes headlong into the haunts of men, hurling their frail fabrics to the ground with the blast of its breath, and strangling whole communities in its stern icy embrace. But its path is not always deadly. Hundreds of avalanches fall harmlessly each day. Nature indeed has need of their services. They are her true retainers, and must be allowed to take rank amongst her liveried phenomena. For, were the vapour which is precipitated as snow above the frontier line of perpetual congelation permitted to accumulate, much valuable fluid would be withdrawn from the great system of aqueous circulation, and locked up in localities where there is neither man, nor beast, nor herb to profit by the store. But the avalanche is ever relieving the crags of their load, and transporting it from the peak to the plain. There, dissolved by the warm atmosphere of the valleys, the ground gladly drinks in the soft drops, and repays the blessing by the smiling swards of summer and the golden crops of autumn. Thus the slow-footed glacier, crawling down the mountain side with sure but imperceptible step, and the winged avalanche, whose swoop is swifter than eye can follow, are both engaged in the same important task; for the charge which has been given to them as sworn servitors, is that they should convey to the regions of human life and industry the surplus of those snowy deposits which would lie valueless if simply hoarded amongst the everlasting hills.

V.

TROLLOPE'S TUSCANY.

Tuscnay in 1849 *and* 1859. By T. Adolphus Trollope. London: Chapman and Hall.

FROM the style and language Mr. Trollope has thought fit to adopt, it seems to us that the most pleasant phrase we could apply to his book, at least to his ears, would be to say that "it is altogether a noticeable production." We use this phrase also for our own purposes; namely, in order to protest at once against the very objectionable system of murdering the Queen's English, which Mr. Trollope and a small knot of caricaturists of the Carlyle style have recently adopted. Mr. Carlyle himself possessed in former days a vigour and an earnestness of tone, which enabled those who were acquainted with the principles of our vernacular grammar and with the ordinary rules of composition, to overlook the affectations and the positive mistakes he sought to render current. But such affectations and mistakes at second hand become very repulsive, for the defects of an original genius easily degenerate into caricature in the hands of copyists; and Mr. Trollope in his Tuscany has laid himself open to this reproach in so many instances, that we cannot refrain from alluding to the subject, before we enter upon our notice of the book itself. We feel, too, an additional amount of vexation on account of the defects of form in Mr. Trollope's book, because we so heartily agree with the substance thereof, and with the spirit in which it is written; and therefore we hasten from this mere verbal criticism to the more important part of our duty. Nevertheless, we would urge Mr. Trollope and his friends in future to write plainly and intelligibly, to avoid long, involved phrases, to eschew the absurd trick of beginning sentences systematically with copulative conjunctions, to attend more rigorously than they now do to the concords of their antecedents and relatives; and, finally, to recollect that homeliness of illustration does not necessarily imply simplicity of style, whilst in most cases such homely illustrations are singularly misplaced in works which are intended to assume a serious and solemn character. It is the fashion of too many writers of the present day to affect to despise grammatical and æsthetical rules; but Mr. Trollope is evidently a man of high ability, and we would adjure him to correct his deficiencies of taste before they assume with him the force of habit. He must know that the rules we have referred to are founded upon the innermost philosophy of human language,

in so far as they enable men to express clearly their open or recondite thoughts and feelings; and as this is the case, he must also know that it is worse than affectation to offend wilfully against the canons of grammar and taste.

Mr. Trollope will, we hope, pardon these remarks, even if they should appear to him to be rather severe. At any rate, they prove that we have read his book,—a proceeding which has enabled us to judge of the author's style, although it is likely, as the French critic observed, to compromise our impartiality, by exposing us to the influence of the author's eloquence.

What a subject, however, is the one which Mr. Trollope has undertaken to elucidate! What a strange eventful history does the chapter of the great book of Italian regeneration, presented by the Tuscan revolutions of '49 and '59, bring before us! What subjects for reflection, and equally for speculation, crowd upon us, when we read of the recent deeds transacted in the country of Dante, Savonarola, Macciavelli, and Scipio di Ricci! Are we again to witness the marvellously endowed Italian race asserting its pre-eminence in the onward march of humanity, or at any rate assuming an equal rank with the other members of the European family, who have twice already received from it the sacred flame of civilization? Is the moral earthquake, of which these revolutions are but the outward and visible signs, likely to produce any permanent or any really beneficent change in the fortunes of the people they have roused to violent action during the period of transition from one political state to another? Mr. Trollope hardly alludes to these deep but all-important questions, and he dwells almost exclusively upon those minor ones connected with the men who are made to symbolize certain political organizations, just as the vulgar statesmen of the Normanby school can only see in the Tuscan revolution a change from the rule of an Austrian archduke to that of a Piedmontese commissary. It is, however, only upon the advance of a nation in true mental and moral dignity, that the success of a great political movement, commenced avowedly for the purpose of securing its happiness, must depend; and therefore it is that we feel somewhat disappointed that Mr. Trollope, who has evidently enjoyed rare opportunities for studying the people whose recent history he sketches, should not have given a deeper insight into the tendencies of Italian society than he has done. There are, indeed, at work in Italy many social laws which are equally influencing the public minds of other countries; and though it may well be that the present vexed question of the political organization of the Duchies may not be affected by the action, or by the ultimate consequences, of these laws, yet infallibly they must, sooner or later, produce an effect upon the national

character which will, in its turn, influence the political form of the national government. The great error of the parchment and sealing-wax diplomatists Mr. Trollope holds up to such merited ridicule, consisted, as he very properly remarks, in the blind obstinacy with which they shut their eyes to the movements of the popular mind. It behoves those who seek to guide the storm thus let loose, to study deeply the philosophy of those movements, and to turn them into sources of strength, rather than into sources of weakness, for the people amongst whom they are taking place. At present, we fear that few of the leaders of the purblind political world are able to appreciate the necessity of such a course of study; nor, entertaining profoundly this opinion, can it be a matter of surprise that we look upon the story of the last Tuscan revolutions with quite as much of anxiety for the future, as of satisfaction for the past, conduct of the leaders of the glorious Tuscan race.

The great mental defect, as far as we can appreciate these matters, of all the offshoots of the Latin race, and indeed of all the nations who have logically carried out the traditions of the Roman political organization, is to be found in the utter absence of self-reliance, and the universal suppression, so to speak, of individual character, by the uniformity resulting from the excessive interference of the State in all the details of life. It *was* emphatically on account of the destruction of the flowers of local self-government, that the Roman Empire fell, notwithstanding the perfection of its administration, and the singularly successful manner in which its centralization had been carried out. It *is* emphatically on account of the utter absence of the power of local self-government, or of individual energy and initiative (to use a French word) amongst the population of France, Spain, Prussia, Austria, and many other of the nations of modern Europe, that the countries those populations inhabit are so exposed to sudden and unaccountable political storms. In Italy, at the present day, it seems to us that this sad national defect is also at work; and we fear that, however the present national movement may influence the quarrels of the day, the ultimate destinies of the people will be substantially the same as those of their neighbours. M. de Tocqueville said, long since, that European society was rapidly advancing towards a state of equality, on the part of the subjects, before powerful centralized administrations. We cannot now see at work in Italy any principle which should oppose this tendency; nay, on the contrary, in the outcry for that fatal gift, the "Code Napoléon," we see much to induce us to believe that the worst tendencies of the school from which that fearful code arose, have dazzled and fascinated the particular nation which strives so en-

ergetically again to resume its place in Europe; and thus also we fear that even though the present movement of Northern Italy may lead to the expulsion of the "barbarian stranger," it will not lead to the creation of a permanent or vital nationality. For the purposes of offence, no doubt, the system of excessive administrative centralization—such as seems to be the object of ambition amongst the so-called teachers of social science, both at home and abroad—may at first be a more efficient instrument than the one which would develop the individual energies and the personal independence of all the citizens of a nation; but the latter system alone can render a nation, as it were, vital in its remotest parts, or enable it to struggle victoriously against long years of oppression or of foreign rule. Alas! we fear that Italy is destined still to suffer under these evils; and therefore it is that we regret to observe that they who are now able to give an impress to the national movement should—in their perhaps justifiable horror of the old municipal spirit, of the local follies and passions of former days—neglect to cultivate the feeling of personal mental and moral independence, of which those follies were the exaggeration, but which are so essential to ultimate success in the struggle for their country's restoration to her proper position in the European comity of nations.

> "Ahi, serva Italia! di dolore hostello;
> Nave senza nocchier in gran tempesta;
> Non donna di provincia, ma bordello!"

How fearfully and how vividly true, for the present time even, are the bitter verses the great Tuscan put into the mouth of the Lombard who was expiating his crimes in the Purgatory which mediæval superstition so loved to picture to itself! Poor Italy! "her fatal gift of beauty" still renders her the bone of contention for the foul birds of prey, with one or with two heads, which assume to battle for the ideas she is supposed to personify; and very small indeed seem to be the grounds for hoping that she herself possesses the energy to right the grievous wrongs under which she has so long suffered. Mr. Trollope dwells with justifiable complacency upon the vast strides the Tuscans must have made in political and moral progress, to have conducted their two recent revolutions in the very markedly different spirits to be observed in the movements of '49 and '59. But if there have really been on the last occasion an absence of many of the follies and crimes of the former one, and a more sensible, practical spirit have really prevailed amongst the leaders of the people, we regret to see that there still exist among the governing classes the same reliance upon external support, and the same indisposition to address themselves mainly to the development of the public spirit,

and the self-reliance of the populations most directly interested, which have so long retained Italy in bondage. Dante himself called for the intervention of the Germans of his day against the benumbing and fatal tyranny of the Popes; the Italian patriots of our times call as loudly for the intervention of the Emperor by whom the degrading tyranny of the Popes of our day has so long been supported. Either of these external aids must produce fatal results to Italian liberty; and though, as Mr. Trollope suggested, there may be wisdom and good taste in not crying on the house-tops that "l'Italia farà da se," she must be prepared to do and to suffer by and for herself alone, if she would reconquer her proud place on the world's stage. The recent conduct of the Italian leaders, even of Mazzini himself, seems to show that the political education of the country has indeed latterly made rapid strides, and that many of the faults and follies of other times will hereafter be avoided. But, unfortunately, the fate of a nation depends quite as much, if not more, upon the intelligence and the virtue of its lowest classes as it does upon those of the more prominent of its citizens; and it is precisely because we do suspect that the majority of the Italians are not ready "to do and to die" for the sake of their often invoked unity and nationality, that we still look with fear and great trembling upon the results of the present crisis in Central Italy.

"Nave senza nocchier" (ship without pilot) has indeed been the character of Italy for centuries; and the misery of this guideless state is the greater, from the mere fact that the people of the Peninsula are utterly unable to guide themselves, and that a pilot is to them an actual necessity. For the present it would appear that the "Steeple" patriotism of the Italian municipalities is likely for a time to be set aside, in order to secure the expulsion of the detested Tedeschi; and that the King of Sardinia is to be, for the nonce, elevated to the position of the representative and the champion of the Italian nationality. To our minds, there seems but little chance of the permanence of such an arrangement; and we can hardly believe that Florence, Milan, Venice, or even Leghorn or Bologna, would permanently submit to the "primato morale" of Turin. But even if this consummation were attained, we fear that the religious opinions of the bulk of the Italian people —the faith and superstitions of the mass of the inhabitants of the Peninsula—will always constitute a difficulty to the labourers in the cause of the desired nationality. For it is to be observed that permanent political revolutions, whether for good or for evil, do not take place unless they are accompanied by some great religious movement amongst the populations they affect. Now, in Italy, the religious sentiments of the population are at present arrayed against the political movements of the day; and we are convinced

that, notwithstanding the scenes recorded by Mr. Trollope, and notwithstanding the recorded results of the late appeals to universal suffrage, that the real sentiments of the majority of the Italians would lead them to desire the maintenance of much of the political, and especially of the politico-ecclesiastical system which would at once be upset by the preponderance of Sardinia. The pilot to whom the Italian of the country districts looks is emphatically his priest; and to whom should the priest, in his turn, look, but to his hierarchical superior, who is directly opposed to the great movement of the day? The present political revolution in Italy assumes the character of a species of moral revolt, to some extent—a casting-off the traditions and belief of the population; and it seems to us that, although the gross abuses and the flagrant iniquities of the Roman Catholic Church, *in power*, may have shaken the faith of far too many of its apparent followers, yet that no vital religious feeling has been substituted for this dead form amongst the self-styled reasoning class, whilst amongst the unreasoning class superstition is as rife and as powerful as ever. Indeed, it may be that the town populations are tolerably unanimous in their wish to secure the substitution of a civil for an ecclesiastical rule; and they may prefer the blunt, bull-headed, lion-hearted King of Sardinia, to the bigoted priest who now fills the chair of St. Peter, or to the small dukes who maintained the old systems of priestly rule. Nay, the events related by Mr. Trollope prove that such is the case, but they prove little for the real sentiments of the bulk of the country population; and though the dwellers in towns may shout lustily, and be very valiant against unpopular dynasties when foreign support is at hand to guarantee them from the consequences of their acts, we have yet to fear that in the course of a long national struggle the town populations are but little to be depended upon. In our opinion, then, "a crew" is quite as much wanted for the Italian ship as "a pilot;" and therefore we hold, that it is essential that every patriotic Italian should recollect that the struggle for national independence can only succeed when in truth "l'Italia farà da se."

It has indeed been the case, as Mr. Trollope has carefully shown, that during the recent transactions in Tuscany there has prevailed what may be called a marked discipline of the masses; and that, even in the midst of the most violent outbursts of popular indignation against the Austrian dukes, nothing has occurred of a nature to disgrace the reputation of the populations of Central Italy. But now the murder of Colonel Anviti comes inopportunely to remind us that the snake of popular vengeance "is scotched, not killed;" and it is to be feared that the people of Tuscany, who already have begun to erect statues and to order pictures

for the glorification of their own great deeds, is more likely to indulge its weaknesses than it is to exercise self-control, abnegation, or the other more arduous virtues of a people who will wrest and win freedom for themselves. Our own personal experience of the present race of the Italians, even of the Northern provinces, makes us the more anxious and the more fearful as to their possession of the requisite degree of sustained energy to carry to a successful issue the species of contest into which they have entered with France and Austria; for it would be worse than folly now to seek to establish a difference between the views of the two emperors. Tuscans, Lombards, Piedmontese, alike, are kind, generous, warm-hearted, and hospitable; they are highly excitable, both for good or for evil; passionate, enthusiastic, demonstrative, even though at times both reserved and obstinate. But with all their good and great qualities, they are exposed to violent caprices; and their best resolutions are often marred by their invincible idleness, and their want of fixedness of purpose. With much of the candour and amiability of overgrown children, they are as wavering and as irreflective; and the very scenes of the Tuscan revolution of '48 and '58, described by Mr. Trollope, could only have occurred amongst a nation possessing these qualities and these defects. There was a shouting against the foreigner, but little reasoned conviction that the governments against which they rose were radically bad; nay, so far were many of the Tuscans from objecting to the rule of their Grand Dukes, except in their more recent transactions with the Holy See, that we more than suspect that the proposed appeal to the universal suffrage of this district may result in the recall of the House of Lorraine; for the late revolutions have been, as usual, made by the active, noisy demagogues of the towns, and the country people, with whom the Lorraines have always been popular, have been, also as usual, overpowered by the superior energy of their urban fellow citizens. We are very, *very far* from regretting this predominance of civic influence; we only wish to record our belief that there is far from being as much unanimity of feeling amongst the Tuscans as is generally supposed; and we would urge those who may be called upon to adopt any decided course of policy in these matters, at least to weigh the probability of the existence of the peculiar state we thus suppose to prevail. Dwellers in cities ourselves, we know the superiority of intellectual power which is always to be met with amongst town populations, when compared with rural ones; and most unquestionably we should not consider that it was a reproach to the recent Italian movement, to say that it was mainly of municipal origin. But this consideration must not be lost sight of in the present complicated state of affairs, any more than it would be safe to treat lightly

the surviving influence of the priesthood upon the illiterate, excitable, and superstitious peasantry, who seem likely to be called upon to exercise an overwhelming power in the State.

Alas! the whole of this story of the "Risorgimento," this resurrection of Italy, is a very humiliating one to the dignity of the human intellect; and it looks, just now, as if Fortune were amusing herself by confounding the reasonings of the ablest politicians. Of late years, indeed, all European politics seem to have drifted into utter confusion, and to have assumed a personal and a capricious character, which defies anything like logical deductions from recognized principles, or from the ordinary tenor of events. A convicted murderer escapes from prison, lives in exile for a few years, returns to his own country during a period of "eleutheromaniacal" excitement, and is at once hailed as the saviour of society, and invested with absolute power over the most brilliant and the most dangerously organized nation of the world! In other countries of Europe, old faiths have been shaken, old forms of government violently changed, and visions of impossible felicity suggested by the blind leaders of the blind populations; for both leaders and populations alike have closed their eyes to the nature of the struggle they must endure, in order that they may enact their dreams into the reality of facts. The uneasiness thus created, the intense desire of change, justified by long years of misrule, which has prevailed especially in Italy since the commencement of this century, has made that portion of Europe a permanent source of disturbance to the peace of the world; and the bold, successful adventurer we have alluded to, has seen in the agitations of that country an opportunity for the display of the qualities which constitute the glory and the danger of himself and the people he rules. The sword of the modern Brennus has been thrown into the scale wherein the fortunes of Austria and Italy were about to be weighed; and the "Rivoluzione ideale" of Gioberti, and the true Italian patriots, has been abruptly converted into a physical revolution aided by a foreign army. The old fable of the man, the horse, and the stag, seems likely to be now acted over again for the thousandth time since the world began; and the poor deluded inhabitants of the Duchies, after having been encouraged to revolt against their old rulers, at a time when it was supposed that they would be likely to become passive instruments in the hands of their interested protector and liberator, are now likely to find themselves compelled again to receive those rulers from the hands of the very man who plotted their expulsion. What a fearful farce would the whole tale be, were it not that it *is* so fearful! How strange, that the destinies of countless millions should thus be at the mercy

of a single man, whom it would perhaps be hardly safe to characterize as he deserves! The ways of Providence are not as our ways; and we must bow our heads with resignation; for surely, in the fulness of time, the strange mysteries of human destiny will be cleared up, to the glory of the Great Disposer of events, and to the diffusal of "peace on earth and good will toward men." For the present, all is confusion upon the political stage. No one knows what the morrow may bring forth; and though mankind may be less disposed than it was of yore, to allow its rulers to barter or enslave it without question, and though there is a limit beyond which even Imperial caprice cannot go, it is to be feared that many very sad scenes, much profuse waste of blood and treasure, and great mental, moral, and physical suffering, must be endured before Europe can be roused to the effort necessary to shake off the incubus now resting upon it.

The problems connected with the future organization of the central Italian provinces, notoriously contain an element of disturbance additional to those arising from the ambition of the various claimants for the rule of those districts, in the anomalous position of the Pope, as at the same time a temporal and a spiritual Power. Mr. Trollope, and many authors of the present day, both French and Italian, speak of Pio Nono in terms of the most unmitigated contempt; and they represent Cardinal Antonelli, and the other ministers of the Pope, as being little better than official brigands. But it seems to us that there is exaggeration in these opinions of the Roman Court; and, in fact, the most serious difficulty in the projected creation of the civil Italian nationality, is the established power and the existing moral influence of the Papacy, which will always be opposed to the extension of the power of the laity at the expense of that of the priesthood. It must not be forgotten that the sympathies of the mass of the Italian people themselves are rather with, than against, the system they have been taught to consider as of Divine origin; and whatever abuses may exist under the Pontifical government are hardly of a nature to strike deeply the imagination of a race which cares for little beyond the "Panem et circenses" of the day. Possibly, in the decaying city of Rome, the educated middle class may be dissatisfied with the priestly rule, which keeps them in helpless obscurity; and in the Legations it certainly is the case, that the delegated Pontifical power has been exercised in such wise as to have thrown the whole urban population into the ranks of infidelity and of Radicalism. But in the rural districts of the States of the Church the priests are still fearfully powerful; and in other Catholic countries which are not under the temporal rule of the Holy See,

the moral influence of the Pope is far greater even than it is at home. Austria has at all times been the ally and the servant of the Papacy, from the days of Rudolph of Hapsburg to those of the last Concordat: Spain is notoriously its faithful adherent; whilst the clerical party of France, with a singular amount of political sagacity, clings passionately to the Pope, as constituting the only defence of the Church against the continual encroachments of the central administration upon its liberties. One of the most serious difficulties "the eldest son of the Church" has now to overcome lies precisely in the alliance between the Papacy and the clergy of his own country; and just as certainly as the discontent of the tax-payers of France compelled the Emperor to bring the apparently successful war of last summer to an abrupt and inglorious conclusion, so certainly will the discontent of the priestly party compel him to adopt a course of policy, with regard to the Legations at least, if not also with regard to the Duchies, which will disappoint the expectations of the Italians, and bury the seeds of future troubles. Mr. Trollope is quite right in saying that an attempt to restore the state of affairs which existed before 1859 would be attended with infinite suffering to the people interested; and that such a retrogression would infallibly repress a fire which will break out frantically in future revolutions. Emphatically this is true; and a return to the errors of past systems, the reimposition of men who were connected with the governments which late circumstances have overthrown, would simply give rise to a permanent state of revolt amongst the inhabitants of Central Italy. But we confess that we ourselves see little reason for hoping that the rulers of the political world will, in the present crisis, become wiser than they are wont to be; or that they should regard political questions from a truly philosophical point of view, even at this late period of the world's history. France and Austria will settle their quarrels as it best suits their own interests. Sardinia may be allowed to gain something by the recent disturbances; but as to the bulk of the inhabitants of Northern and Central Italy, we may be sure that whatever fate may be reserved for them, they themselves will never be honestly and generously consulted in the matter.

Gioberti, and Balbo, notwithstanding the sneers of the narrow-minded bigots of the modern Liberal school, (which sneers Mr. Trollope, by the way, seems to have complacently repeated,) were, after all, right in their attempt to combine the religious and the political enthusiasm of their countrymen in favour of the movement which they laboured to create. No permanent or really useful revolutions have yet been made, as we before said, unless the political aspirations of the nation had been

roused in connection and harmony with its religious sentiments: and though, in consequence of the peculiar character of Pio Nono, the movement in favour of an Italian nationality under the Pope, which took place in 1847-48, and '49, miserably failed; yet we believe that, merely on account of the religious element it contained, that movement contained elements of vitality which the movement of 1859 does not possess, notwithstanding the boasted recent advance of the central Italians in their political education. Amongst the so-called educated classes of Italy, the notorious infidelity of the last century has ripened into an intense hatred of the whole scheme of religion, whilst the members of the Church have systematically arrayed themselves against the political enfranchisement of their fellow-citizens; and so the Italians of the present day, we fear, may be divided into the believers in religion, who would maintain any existing form of government, and the self-styled friends of progress, who would at once sweep aside the whole of the social and religious organization of the country. Many of the former class were induced by the teachings of Gioberti, and the actions of Pio Nono in the first years of his reign, to join the ranks of those who strove for the emancipation of Italy, under the guidance of the theocratic element of the State. Now, these earnest, convinced men are either reduced to silence, or they have openly espoused the cause of Absolutism, from witnessing the decided opposition which exists between the school of modern Liberalism and the form of faith they themselves have adopted. The Liberals themselves have equally renounced the attempt to combine their aspirations with those of the Theocratic party, and they have felt so bitterly the disappointment of the hopes to which Pio Nono had given rise, that the cause of religion has, in their minds, suffered from the errors of its weak and mistaken representative. We are convinced that one consequence of this divergence of opinion amongst the thinking classes, will be to leave the mass of the Italians in a sad state of uncertainty as to their line of duty in the conflict which must soon come upon them. The only cry which can now be uttered is, "Fuori i barbari,"—"Out with the barbarians,"—and *that* was never able to excite a nation to a long and painful strife. Amongst the citizens of the Duchies, now supposed to be up in arms, there is little of the stern enthusiasm which feels the battle waged is "pro aris et pro focis." The altar and the hearth are divorced in this unhappy land. Oh! that some Savonarola, or Pietro Martire could rise to create a new spirit of reform amongst their countrymen! the present movement, without this higher faith, will be but a rattling of dead bones—a "fuoco di strale," as the Italians would themselves say. No

real, no permanent settlement of the infinite number of questions involved in the apparently simple one of the political organization of Central Italy can be attained until a real, vital, religious principle shall be introduced amongst the people concerned, instead of the mere dead forms or evil superstitions which now prevail. Alas! the so-called Liberals seem to have no faith but in the oft-vaunted superiority of their own race to the Tedeschi, and in the fatal Code Napoléon. The Puritans and the Covenanters did not so understand their cause. They knew that religion was the only true object worth fighting for; and as they *had* a deep religious conviction to sustain them, they could endure and struggle long, and ultimately with success. It seems to us, that the absence of any such analogous feeling in Italy at the present day, leaves the nation forcedly between French influence, on the one side, and the Ecclesiastical influence, represented by Austria, on the other. Even in France itself, the priestly influence makes itself heard and felt; partly, as we said before, because the Church and the nation cling to the only power which can control the action of its Central Government, and partly from religious conviction; and the French Emperor will find, in the spiritual enemies he has lately roused, antagonists of the most subtle and dangerous character. In Italy, where the priesthood has been so long dominant, its power is naturally greater than in France; and the leaders of the Liberal party may be sure that they must, even as a matter of policy, array on their side some form of religious enthusiasm, in order to counteract the traditional power of the Church, or to secure a principle of action with their fellow-countrymen, which may enable them really to establish their own political and spiritual independence.

We dwell upon this phase of the intellectual movement now going on in Italy, precisely because it seems to us that Mr. Trollope and the majority of the Liberal writers upon the subject before us have treated it with a very unphilosophical degree of indifference; and even such men as the Abbé Michon have failed to perceive the void which underlies, so to speak, the popular feeling in favour of a distinct Italian nationality. "*De partibus vitæ quisque deliberat, de summâ nemo;*" at least, since the days when Gioberti poured out his diffuse but beautiful effusions upon the united movement of the princes and people of Prince Metternich's "geographical expression," under the guidance of the head of the Roman Catholic Church. The error of Gioberti laid precisely in placing the movement under the patronage of the Romish Church; but his successors have made an equal mistake in not securing the co-operation of the religious sentiment of their countrymen by means of any new organization which should be free from the defects of that effete system. It may, perhaps, stave off for a time the political

inconveniences of the Central Italian question, to remove the Pope from Rome, and to transfer him to Jerusalem, as the Abbé Michon proposes; oddly enough, with the avowed countenance of some leading members of the Romish Hierarchy. But, firstly, Jerusalem has to be rescued from the Moslem; then the contentions between the Greek and the Romish Churches have to be settled; and even if these wondrous things were accomplished, there would remain the insuperable difficulty of reconciling the eternal quarrel between the claims of a so-styled Universal Church, and the rights of individual liberty. The future of Italy, indeed, seems to us quite as menacing as the present, particularly because all parties avoid the examination of the principles on which their conduct should be founded. We quite agree with Mr. Trollope, and those whose cause he so warmly espouses, that it would be a wicked folly, almost amounting to madness, to attempt to reimpose by force the expelled Princes of Tuscany, Parma, or Modena; but their presence or absence upon the scene appears to us to be a matter of such utter insignificance, in comparison with the proper direction of the public conscience, that we repeat, again and again, our regret to find that the leaders of the onward movement of the age should have so imperfect and so very mistaken a view of the nature and extent of their duties. It has often been a matter of surprise that the reform of the sixteenth century should have become, as it were, localized to the countries which, at its origin, received it gladly, and that its conquests should not have subsequently extended. It was, however, to the triumph of the fundamental principle of religious reform that England and Holland—the parents of political freedom in modern Europe—owed their liberties; and the Italians may depend upon it, that unless they consistently adopt that fundamental principle, which consists in the recognition of the right and duty of every man to exercise his personal and independent religious faith, they will not succeed in securing for themselves true liberty, even though they may for a time attain their present object of ambition—the creation of a strong Italian kingdom under an Italian dynasty.

It must also, we feel, be a subject of sincere regret to all well-wishers to the efforts of the Italian patriots, to observe that so many of them still cling with fond faith to the promises of the French Emperor, and that they are alternately elevated or depressed by the sayings and doings of the modern Sphynx. That inscrutable man may, to suit his own ends, or to gratify some of his misanthropic whims, indulge himself in the caprice of humbling the power of his young rival in despotism, the Emperor of Austria; but to suppose that there is any disinterested conviction in the man, is a folly so eggregious, that it is inexplicable even in an Italian,

who has been for so many years—nay, for all his life—excluded from the exercise of his political judgment. Alfieri understood the value of French intervention in Italian affairs far better than Mr. Trollope and the men he admires seem to have done; and we would urge the latter to read, and ponder well in their minds, the bitter words of the prose and verse of the "Misogallo." Present evils, of course, are those which are felt the most bitterly; and so the Tedeschi are hated with an actual and intense hatred; but as Alfieri very truly said, the worst enemies of Italy—"sono stati sempre, e sono, i Francesi, (ben altrimenti che i Tedeschi)" "have always been, and are, the French;" and he was equally right in saying that the word *Misogallo* ought to be equivalent to that of *Libero Italiano*. However this may be, and however much the present Ruler of France may think proper to aid the Italians in their attempt to form a new political power, which eventually must act as a check upon himself, (a degree of virtue hardly to be expected, be it observed in passing, from an absolute monarch who has attained power as this man has done,) the Italians must bear in mind that the task before them will be a long and an arduous one; for neither the priestly nor the Austrian factions will allow the quiet establishment of a power which eventually must destroy their influence. Yet still we have faith in humanity; and we believe firmly, that, sooner or later, the Italians will discover the path to the assertion of their rights and of their freedom, in spite of the active opposition of some, and of the indifference of others, amongst the political rulers of the world.

> "Yet, freedom! yet, thy banner, torn yet flying,
> Streams like the thunder-storm *against* the wind."

But this very waving of the banner argues a violent and a sustained effort against all external influences; and for this effort must the Italians be prepared, whether in the Duchies, or on a larger theatre, if they would again exercise their "primato morale," or if they would secure the noble happiness of an independent and real autonomy. They *must* succeed, if they be animated by such a resolution; and especially in the matter of the organization of Central Italy will they succeed in defeating all attempts to restore the contemptible governments whose fall has been so well recorded by Mr. Trollope, if their love of their own country and hatred of foreign oppression will give them power to strive and suffer for the principles of personal and national independence which they have adopted.

And amid the clouds that lour and drift in changing racks with portentous gloom over the torn yet beautiful lands of Central Italy, one bright star shines with a pure and steadfast ray: the spirit of

Garibaldi burns clearly as a beacon-light of Hope. Were he a statesman as he is a warrior; were his enthusiasm rooted more deeply in a religious faith; then he might inspire his countrymen with a sacred patriotism which would baulk all the capricious designs of foreign tyrants, and defy their threats; and he might form the destinies of Italy in accordance with the cherished and lofty dreams of his heart.

VI.

GARIBALDI AND THE ITALIAN CRISIS.

The Life of General Garibaldi, written by Himself. With Sketches of his Companions in Arms. Translated by THEODORE DWIGHT. New York: Barnes & Burr. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Co.

THE Seventy Days' War is over, and the Treaty of Zurich is signed at last. At least, what will commonly be deemed the most important of the three (some say four) instruments necessary to clinch the Peace of Villafranca—the convention, namely, between France and Austria—has received the signatures of the representatives of those Powers. As we write, the telegraphic wire flashes to us the tidings that Count Colloredo, the plenipotentiary of the Viennese Court, has been struck twice with apoplexy, and is too ill to be likely to survive to set his hand to the tripartite document which, with the separate treaty between France and Sardinia, is still anxiously looked for as the crowning colophon of this newest volume of the *Œuvres de Napoléon III.* The sudden visitation which thus still arrests the promised edifying embrace between the Hapsburg and Savoy is another impressive interposition of Providence in this thrilling series of events, like the lightnings which revealed the red hand of God fighting against the Sanfedist battalions on the gory hillocks of Solferino, and the Malmesbury message which baulked the fell swoop of the two-necked eagle upon Turin, at the very outset of the campaign. Magenta, too, was fought, if we remember rightly, on the very day on which a solemn State litany was being performed in the cathedral of Vienna, to implore the Virgin to accept the post of Generalissimo of the Austrian army! What this last rude interruption of the diplomatic conferences at the Hôtel Bauer, this mysterious blow from behind the arras may possibly

portend, we presume not to guess. Meanwhile, a tolerably detailed analysis of the compact already concluded has been made public, although we must still wait until the ratifications shall have been exchanged, before we can receive the text. According to this *précis*, it turns out that those were right who told us that the more formal instrument would be little else than a reproduction of the Villafranca stipulations. Indeed, the resemblance is so close, that one wonders why the world should have been kept on the tenter-hooks so long. The most noticeable variations are the reserve of the rights of the Duke of Parma, which was invidiously left out of the first draught, and the omission of any express mention of the Pope's "honorary" presidency over the projected Italian Confederation. The proportion of the Lombardo-Venetian debt to be taken by Piedmont is fixed at three-fifths of the whole, or ten millions sterling, and the line of conquest may be said in general to mark the frontier between the Sardinian section of Lombardy and the slice still to be retained by his Apostolical Imperial Majesty. Above all, Mantua and Peschiera are not ceded; so that, amidst all her disasters, after being beaten in every engagement throughout this sharp though short war, including two great pitched battles, "lucky Austria" has not as yet forfeited her title to her proverbially distinctive epithet. She is still mistress of the famous Quadrangle—that ace of diamonds which in every Italian rubber is always the trump card of the pack. If, for the moment, the profitable hegemony enjoyed by her for nearly half a century over the whole of Italy that was not Piedmontese—nay, at times over Sardinia as well—has slipped out of her hands, and with it not two or three, but twenty or five-and-twenty millions of virtual subjects—she is not without hopes of being one day able to repair her painful losses. With the well-known perseverance of the spider, she is sure to begin weaving her web again the moment the French broom is otherwise employed than in meddling with her proceedings; at least, she will not fail to stick to her dark policy with her wonted tenacity, unless, meanwhile, Italy shall have made up her mind to do the housemaid's work herself, instead of leaving it to others. Indeed, we are authoritatively told that "France has accomplished her mission." We will hope, as long as we can hold out in doing so, that this does not mean merely so far as that "mission" was negative only—*i.e.*, so far as and no farther than ousting a powerful and disagreeable rival was concerned. But should this hope prove fallacious, and should the suspicion, entertained pretty widely, that France envied rather than abhorred her Austrian sister's sin, be unhappily realized, then it is plain that the Zurich negociations will not have done much towards answering the Italian question. Leaving out of sight, however, the eventuality

of any existing or future compact (secret, of course,) between the two great Powers, for the sake of sharing the tempting spoil, it is already but too clear that Austria's potentiality for mischief is far from broken as yet; and the Midsummer Night's Dream of many a brave Italian warrior on the field of San Martino will probably need a good deal more fighting of the same sort to make it come true. The amputation undergone by Austria so close to the hip-joint was doubtless a severe operation, and she has made Europe ring again with her outcry about it; but perhaps after all she is as yet more frightened than hurt. The position in the Peninsula assigned to her at Zurich, as at Villafranca, is still, as a journalist has forcibly put it, that of "a sword-fish alongside a whale—the one all weapon and the other all prey."

How far the problem is from a solution we may gather from the significant fact, that by the settlement of the Italian question the diplomatists on the one hand, and the patriots on the other, understand totally different and even opposite things. The former mean that at all costs the fire is to be put out, which the latter want to see burning more fiercely, and licking with its tongues of flame a wider area than ever. The men of protocols and protests, and reserved rights, and secundo-genitures, are appalled at the boldness of the Villafranca stipulations, and will not budge a hair's breadth beyond the letter of the new treaty; whilst the last word of the national party of all shades is the immediate, prompt, irrevocable unification of Italy. On this sole condition, Mazzini himself is under a sacred pledge not to oppose its realization under the sceptre of the only really indigenous dynasty to be found from the Alps to Sicily. Nor can there be the shadow of a doubt, that were the Italians now to be left to themselves, as our English Cabinet, whose president is fortunately the most brilliant pupil of the illustrious and clear-sighted Canning, most righteously and properly demands, they would bring this about in a trice. The Venetians, no less than the citizens of the Duchies, Tuscany, and the Legations, regard Victor Emmanuel as their lawful king, and placard the very walls and guns of the Austrian fortresses with their declarations of allegiance, or, at the risk of their lives, emigrate into his dominions in shoals. In Rome itself, the demonstration on the departure of the Sardinian *chargé d'affaires* proves that there also he is lord of men's hearts, and that, but for General Goyon's French garrison, the inhabitants of the Eternal City would at once acknowledge the same master as their brethren of the Legations. The volcanic rumblings which, in spite of the most tender police solicitude for the nerves of the rest of Europe, are ever and anon reaching us from the lands of Etna and Vesuvius, show that the movement extends to them.

It was no hollow compliment, but the simple utterance of a fact solid as a cannon ball, (and, it may be added, quite as alarming too, to all who mean to stand in its way, let them thatch themselves as thickly as they choose with Vienna and Zurich parchments,) when the ladies of Genoa, in their recent address to their gallant king, declared that he "reigned in the hearts of twenty-five millions of devoted Italians." The "little Bomba," as the young king of the sulphur mines is already nicknamed by his subjects, knows that he has not the ghost of a chance should it come to an open conflict between his own claims to the affections of his happy lieges and those of the Piedmontese monarch. He knows, too, that it is in Central Italy that the shock will first be felt; and therefore, although Palermo and the other Sicilian cities are in a state of scarcely smothered revolt, and although his capital itself is restive, he spares 30,000 troops to line his northern frontier. For there he is threatened by the terrible GARIBALDI, the scourge of his father's shamefully beaten battalions at Palestrina and Velletri, during the ever memorable siege of Rome, in 1849. But even should the Neapolitan soldiers stand staunch to chains and slavery,—should the men of brimstone not catch the national enthusiasm, of which awkward contingency there is a far greater likelihood now that the Swiss guard is gone,—no matter. The poor fellows are sure to prove a sorry breakwater against the swollen flood now bearing down upon them from the Alps and the Apennines. The very name of the man who ten years ago scattered them like chaff, when they outnumbered him four to one, already sows the seeds of confusion in their ranks, and should he pounce suddenly into their midst, as is his wont, like a hawk upon a dovecote, from his eyrie in the Pineta of Ravenna, the panic would at once defy all control, and the kingdom of the Two Sicilies would soon melt into the general dissolving view.

The name of Garibaldi may well strike terror into the hearts of these myrmidons of the Neapolitan tyrant, and of many besides, high as well as low. All his astonishing antecedents point him out as the man for the solemn hour that has just struck for Italy. Whether the diplomatists or the patriots are to carry the day in the present crisis of her affairs, is more than the longest heads can predict. But this we may safely affirm, that if the bill now payable is not to be again renewed at heavier interest than ever,—if the thundering notice to quit lately served upon Austria is to be followed by a summary ejectment,—if Southern Italy is to follow in the wake of the North and Centre—*i.e.*, if a new great European Power, embracing 25,000,000 of souls, is to take the place of little Piedmont; and, once more, if Pius IX. is to settle down into an orderly subject of Victor Emmanuel at that king's new

metropolis of Rome, or of Napoleon III. at Avignon,—or, as some good Catholics have suggested, of the Grand Turk at Jerusalem,—then we shall soon see that Garibaldi is the bold man to fire the train so skilfully laid by others, which may possibly lead, more rapidly than most people dream, to all these startling results. The reader will probably rub his eyes; but we assure him that something of this kind is really behind this tangled Italian question, as all who have studied it profoundly are aware. Most truly, too, have we been often told that the Gordian knot of that ticklish question must be untied or *cut* at Rome. Should any unsophisticated Protestant doubt it, the present surging ferment throughout Latin Christendom should be enough to open his eyes. What if even the inevitable Romanic Reformation should be ultimately evolved by Providence out of the marvellous events which are taking place around us? After all, the temporal dominion of the Papacy is far more closely interwoven with its spiritual sway than most Protestants are wont to imagine; and it is quite certain that the former was never in such imminent peril as it is at this moment. It is surely a most ominous circumstance that General Garibaldi, who alone gave his voice against surrendering Rome to the French after the final horrible bombardment on the morrow of St. Peter's and St. Paul's day, in 1849, is now again in arms, against the Pope: this time, too, although not the nominal head, owing to childish scruples of military etiquette, he is yet the soul of a powerful confederated host of 50,000 men, backed by reserves of more than 100,000 excellent Sardinian and Lombard troops, flushed with recent victories. Moreover, since he has all along, from the first whisper of the Peace, seen through its utter rottenness, he has steadily contemplated the possible necessity of a rising of the population *en masse* in the event of certain contingencies; and to provide against this emergency, has just set on foot a subscription for the purchase of a million muskets. Napoleon III., we know, is not inaccessible to the promptings of prudent fear. He has never been the same man since the *attentat* of Orsini, and he lately avowed before Europe his wholesome dread of a German invasion across the Rhine. Francis Joseph, too, could be scared by the bugbear of an imaginary coalition of the neutral powers to wrest from him the whole of his Italian possessions, and was actually frightened into peace by a fancied danger, just as his candid brother emperor who played him this shabby trick was arrested in his victories by a real one. Now these are not the men to make a coward of Garibaldi, who is a stranger to the feeling, and in a just cause was never known to count odds. And what cause so sacred to this noble-spirited hero, as that of his long down-trodden

country? It is the cause for which he quitted Genoa as a proscript in 1834, for which he showed by a hundred brilliant deeds in Rio Grande, that men of his nation were not all so destitute of martial courage and prowess as the world believed.

During Garibaldi's five or six years of service under this petty South American State—"a poor republic," as he describes it in his Autobiography, "unable to pay anybody"—he illustrated its gallant struggle with the Empire of Brazil, by performing prodigies of valour, both by sea and land. His first siege, for instance, which was in a large warehouse at Charginada, at the mouth of the Camaçua, was a worthy prelude to his subsequent obstinate and heroic defences of Lages, Montevideo, Salto, and Rome. On this occasion he maintained for six hours, along with only thirteen companions, a desperate fight against a hundred and fifty assailants, eighty of them skilled German soldiers, and ultimately compelled them to disperse. It was during this part of his eventful career, that he met with that incomparable heroine, his wife. After suffering a shipwreck in which all his Italian comrades were drowned, his desolation was complete. "The world appeared to me," he says, "like a desert." It was like a second exile to him, and bitterer than the first. For it was an *independent* Italy which he lost in these free sons of the sea, like himself. From his intolerable isolation he sought relief in marriage, and in his Anita found a mate of whom he alone was worthy. In masculine courage this true Amazon surpassed the Maid of Saragossa; whilst for tenderness, modesty, and sensibility, never was a more genuine woman. In an action during which every officer on board her husband's vessel was shot dead except himself, she seized a musket and interchanged a continual fire with the enemy, at a distance of only fifty or a hundred paces. Another time, she was the seventy-fourth in her Garibaldi's little band against five hundred of the foe; and though strictly forbidden to fight, served out the ammunition to her party. The balls whizzed round her like hail, and one of them actually cut off her beautiful tresses, yet she would not spur her horse into retreat, as she might easily have done, but waited until it was shot under her, and she was taken prisoner. But she soon broke away, and her escape is so marvellous a story, and affords such a striking parallel to that of Mrs. Stowe's Eliza, that we must give it in her husband's own words:—

"She was no less great in adversity than in danger; and at the sight of her the general's staff stood in admiration. The officers, however, were so ill-bred as to be unable to suppress exultation at their victory; and she met with lofty dignity every injurious expression which they uttered against the defeated Republicans. She asked

and obtained permission to seek, among the dead, for the corpse of her husband, whom she believed to have been killed, that she might bury it. She long wandered over the scene of the battle among those plains, looking for what she dreaded to find; and searching among so many victims of war for some mark of resemblance to me; but in vain. I, with my bold companions, had left the field of battle, formed a close body, and withstood every attack of the enemy, until we reached the borders of a 'cappon,' or island of trees. The brave Captain Terceira, after doing all he could with our cavalry, joined us with an adjutant. From that moment, Anita thought of nothing but escape. Profiting by the intemperance of the victors, she made her way into a neighbouring hut, where a woman admitted her without knowing who she was. The remaining hours of that unfortunate day, though few, seemed liked years; and at nightfall Anita went into the woods and disappeared.

"Whoever has seen the immense forests which cover the summits of the Serra de Espinasso, and especially the pines which have stood there for centuries, the columns of that magnificent temple of nature, with the colossal tamaras (a kind of cane), may form some idea of the difficulties surmounted by that courageous American woman, on her journey from Caitabani and Lages, a distance of sixty miles. The few inhabitants of that region were hostile to the Republicans; and as they had news of our defeat, they were arming and forming ambuscades in the various principal points of the route which the fugitives were expected to take. In the Cabreaco some of our unfortunate comrades were murdered.

"Anita passed that dangerous way by night; and such was her boldness, that the assassins fled at the sight of her, declaring that they had been pursued by an extraordinary being. And indeed they spoke the truth; for that courageous woman, mounted on a fiery horse, which she had asked and obtained at a house on her way where it would have been difficult for a traveller to hire one, she galloped, in a tempestuous night, among broken, rocky ground, by the flashes of lightning. Four of the enemy's cavalry, who were posted on guard at the river Canvas, when they saw her approaching, were overwhelmed with fear, supposing it to be an apparition, and fled. When she reached the bank of that stream, which was swollen by the rains to a dangerous mountain torrent, she did not stop or attempt to cross it in a canoe, as she had done when passing it a few days before in my company, but dismounting, she seized fast hold of the tail of her horse, and, encouraging him with her voice, he dashed into the water and swam, struggling through the foaming waves, dragging her with him. The distance which she had thus to pass was not less than five hundred paces, but they reached the opposite shore in safety. A glass of coffee at Lages was the only nourishment taken by the lonely traveller in five days, at the end of which she joined the corps of Aranha, in Vaccaria."

This modern Andromache shared in all the daring and sometimes hair-brained exploits of her husband as General, at sea and by land, of the Republican forces; for, unlike her Homeric prototype, nothing but death could bring about a parting between her and her Hector. Often for weeks together she had no bed but the saddle, and she was with him during that terrible nine days in the Brazilian Antas, with her first-born infant three months old, tied gipsy-fashion to her back by a handkerchief round her neck. In that famine-stricken scramble through the eternal pine-forest she shed not a tear, much less murmured a complaint, although mothers and children, and even many a stalwart warrior, were dying around her. It was only when they at last reached the sunlight once more, and when she saw the babe she thought gone reviving in the hands of a soldier, who kindly wrapped it in his warm poncho, that the water came to her eyes, "and, from that moment," says her husband, "she was restored to her usual state of mind, for the life of the loving woman hung on that of her child." But it was not in South American pine-woods that this heroic woman was to perish, but in Italy's classic Pineta, hunted to death by Austrian blood-hounds, as she gave birth on the banks of a small stream not far from Chioggio, to her only European child. Her babe died with her. Her last anguish was the mildest she passed through during that preternaturally daring dash for the more friendly sea, in the face of so many armies, in which she had insisted on accompanying her husband after the surrender of Rome. Her remains rest beneath the altar of a little chapel about a mile from the scene of her death.

It is on the sacred soil which covers her murdered ashes, and beneath which lie also the bones of Dante, that he for whom she suffered all this, and who hates three sorts of men—French, Austrians, and priests—he who gave to his Anita all the burning love not demanded by his country, is now encamped at the head of his division of the Central Italian army. Sternest though kindest of disciplinarians, his soldierly self-control may safely be trusted for his biding his time. But it is no secret that he is eagerly listening for the trumpet-call of duty. The same chain of pine-forests which witnessed the bloody closing scene of the Third Act of Garibaldi's life—the First in Rio Grande, and the Second also in South America, nerved our hero for this as yet too daring Roman emprise—seems destined, when the curtain shall rise upon the opening scene of its Fifth and last—for which the North Italian Act just so successfully played out promises well—to be again reddened with more plentiful streams. A dreadful Nemesis haunts those gloomy woods, and the patriot hero must surely be more than human should he be slack to execute her mandates—

should he leave unavenged the voice that cries from the ground where perished that martyred mother in her holy function of maternity, and that slaughtered innocent born but to die. It was in the very room of the Marchese Guiccioli's *fattoria*, in which his Anita breathed out her expiring sigh in his manly bosom, that the latest speech of Garibaldi which has reached us was spoken a few weeks ago, and it leaves us in no doubt as to what are *his* present resolves. "I repeat to you," he said to those assembled around him, "that to the last moment of my existence I shall be devoted, body and soul, to my country. For fourteen years, without pay or reward, I have served the cause of liberty in foreign lands. What, then, will I not do for the land of my birth? Events are progressing favourably, but there is still much to be done. The day is come when Italy is to regain its complete independence. This time it must be accomplished, and *from the Alps to Sicily* she must be free. Providence has given us the man we needed to knit us together. It is round Victor Emmanuel that we must rally to repulse the stranger from our soil. We will no longer bear the yoke of the foreigner. Let him but retire, and leave us to enjoy our possessions in peace, and we will at once welcome him as a friend; but so long as he desires to subject us to his dominion, *he has nothing to expect from us but the fire of our artillery.* It is only by union and force that we shall obtain our freedom. When we can attain strength, believe me, no one will dare to attack us. *Before everything, it is imperative that we should all be soldiers; our entire nation must form one army;* and if domestic duties detain a few round the family hearth, let these remain there, like soldiers, musket or sword in hand. Fifteen days are enough to make a brave Italian a brave soldier. It is not an embroidered uniform that his merit will consist in. Look at the Zouaves. In their simple, easy dress, they are the first soldiers in the world. I remember once finding myself, during my American campaign, in the midst of a vast plain, where neither from the interior nor from the seaports, which the enemy had blockaded, any of our wants could be supplied. The herds of the plain were our only resource, their flesh was our only nourishment, and their skins were our protection from the heat of the noonday sun and our covering at night; and yet I assure you our soldiers, armed only with the musket, performed prodigies of valour. We were the terror of the Imperialists, and my few hundreds of brave men put to rout the enemy by thousands. But we, my friends, we want arms; and that this want may exist no longer, I have proposed that Italy should form a subscription to purchase a million of muskets. *Think only how many wrongs we have to be redressed.*" Ominous words these, spoken in such a place and by such a man. They

may well give the despots pause, and make them think twice ere they rouse the old lion too far.

We see from this extract what importance Garibaldi himself attaches to his South American training for the work of Italian liberation; and indeed it is only this portion of his career which is covered by his Autobiography, or rather by the notes for such a work left in Mr. Dwight's hands at New York in 1850, and which the latter, now that the General's name is "up" once more, has thriftily turned into dollars.* In that new world which Canning boasted he had called into existence to redress the balance of the old; Italy, in the person of her most loyal and free-hearted son, served apprenticeship to that dreadful, but, as things go in a Metternich-ridden generation, only too indispensable trade, in which she must still largely stake her sinews, her blood, and her gold, as well as her brains, if she is to win her independence. And here note, as the old commentators would say, how, amidst one's bewilderment as to any good ends to be answered by these interminable South American wars, we have stumbled upon one surely quite unforeseen use to which Providence has already put them on a pretty extensive scale—viz., in serving as a great military free-school for the oppressed nationalities of the opposite continent. Thus, in its very excesses, Romanic America bears out, in a sense little dreamt of by the writer of the "Needy Knife-Grinder," his famous foreign policy. On that side of the Atlantic we see formed admirable soldiers of liberty, to be thorns in the sides of the Holy Alliances, old and new, on this side the great water. It was with this distinct aim, as already hinted, that Garibaldi and his handful of brother Italians engaged in the revolt of Rio Grande against Brazil, and indeed he had little inducement else; for, after the most brilliant services rendered to the Republic, and the unheard-of privations he endured in his incessant campaigns, his only reward was the invaluable training thus acquired, and he quitted its ranks so poor, that he was obliged to turn cattle-hunter, broker, and mathematical grinder at Montevideo, to earn bread for himself and family. He was ashamed to beg even for his rights; and this noble trait of self-reliance is of itself a most cheering prophecy of a better future for his country, in so far if only we were entitled regard Garibaldi as a representative Italian. We are the more encouraged to view his character in this light, by the important circumstance that this feeling of independence was indigenous in him, and was not superinduced, but only further developed, by the ups and downs of his life as an exile, and by his contact with hardier

* A new Yankee reading of the Horatian maxim, *Nonum prematur in annum!*

races. In the man who, in 1850, rather than depend on charity, worked as a journeyman tallow-chandler on Staten Island, amidst the mean jeers of a mob of well-dressed snobs, headed by the homicide Sickles, around the Roman general's melting-tub, we recognize the sailor-boy of his native Nice, who, to seek his fortune, rowed out with another lad of his own age into the Mediterranean in a skiff, fully bent on a voyage to the Levant. At all events, the Italians want just such a man now to teach them, by precept and example, to put their own shoulders to the wheel, instead of bawling any longer to the French Jupiter for help. To serve his own ends, the potentate who affects to shake the spheres with his nod has already given them a lift, and he will merit their eternal gratitude if he will now only do nothing. The famous watchword of Carlo Alberto, "L'Italia farà de sè," well nigh ruined Italy for ever in 1848, but only because pronounced too soon. That watchword would have been equally madness at the outset of the war of 1859, with the Austrian incubus still resting on her; but it is now her only true policy, and accordingly even such cautious statesmen as D'Azeglio have not hesitated to send it through the nation, with no sign of dissent from the more reticent Cavour. Nor can there be any question that Garibaldi, who stipulated from the commencement that he and his Chasseurs of the Alps should not be under French orders, is the man for the changed situation. His is the strong will and the iron arm to execute what the statesmen of the nation now agree with him is the course alike of dignity and safety. That man is a coward who hits another when he is down—not he who, being down, asks the first bystander who is willing just to help him up, that he may meet his adversary in a fair stand-up fight.

This is the only service Napoleon III. has rendered Italy, and it is all she wanted of him. He has told her before the world, that France has accomplished her mission, and she cannot possibly do better than take him at his word. Should he choose to be offended at her doing so, and indulge his spleen by a cowardly alliance with her foe to crush her once more, the conflict may tax her energies up to and even beyond her strength; but there is no help for it, and she must now do or die. In another paper we have expressed our fears whether the whole Italian people are prepared for such an issue. But in such a struggle, if she enters upon it, she may count on at least one great soldier whose whole life bears out his proud boast, that despair is a feeling which he has never known. If *Nil desperandum* is to be inscribed on the Italian banner, Garibaldi is the man to bear it.

It was with a view to this day that this remarkable man accepted, in 1840, the new command offered him under the Oriental

Republic of Uruguay in its six years' gallant resistance to Rosas, the tyrant of Buenos Ayres. Uruguay is another of those asteroids flung off, ever and anon, by the unwieldy South American States in their deliriously rapid revolutions. This Second Act of the Garibaldian drama, as we have already styled it, is especially noteworthy for the light it sheds on his extraordinary capacity for the task he is now looking steadily in the face—viz., making his nation all soldiers. For now it was, and with a view to the memorable defence of Montevideo, so obstinately prolonged through years of the severest privations and sufferings, that he organized a corps whose exploits history will record in its brightest pages. The allusion is, of course, to his famous Italian Legion, which, led by him to so many splendid triumphs, effectually wiped out the blot that had so long soiled his countrymen's military fame. Garibaldi's Ironsides, the Legion may fairly be styled, seeing they were troops "which," as this other Cromwell says, with no less just a pride than the great Puritan Captain felt, when he bore testimony, in the very same words, to the valour of his own companions in arms, "were never beaten." In them we see the spirit of Italian independence and of Italian military prowess, by which alone Italy can be upheld, no longer incarnate in but a single exile, or animating a few at most, as in the Rio Grande war. No, it has now seized on a considerable body of his fellow-countrymen, six or seven hundred strong, ay, upon the very men who afterwards so astonished Europe by beating Oudinot and his army under the walls of Rome, on their very first collision with vainglorious, treacherous France. This was in the memorable Third Act. In the Fourth, we lately saw the nucleus thus formed in Uruguay swollen to more formidable dimensions in the four or five thousand Chasseurs of the Alps, who, though shamefully left, by the martinets of the Turin War Office, without guns and without cavalry, both of which the Minister Della Marmora had expressly promised, besides being mulcted of more than one-half the stipulated number of ten thousand men, covered themselves with more glory than any other corps of the liberating army. Garibaldi simply said, "Never mind, we must take cannon, and whatever else we want, from the enemy!" and his trophies in this way were accordingly out of all proportion to those won by the boastful French Emperor and his Marshals. His men, for the most part young fellows moustachioed and bearded, of from twenty to thirty years of age, flocked to his standard from every province of Italy, and included representatives of all ranks of life, thus realizing beforehand, on a small scale, the unity of the nation. There was even a sprinkling of foreigners, a Chinese having found his way amongst them; besides the Englishman Peard, the deadliest shot of them all. Fully

one-fourth of the whole belonged to the upper and middle classes; not a few being scions of the first Italian families, and others, engineers, advocates, students, merchants, artists, medical practitioners, &c. None of them were brigands or ruffians, as was asserted by Austrian slanderers. The commanders of Garibaldi's four regiments, and the other superior officers, were all tried soldiers, who had taken part in the Italian struggles of 1848-49, and other wars of liberty. Thus the first regiment was under Colonel Enrica Cosenz, who had received a professional training at the Military Academy of Naples, and had won his laurels, in the brave defence of Venice, ten years before. The fourth also was commanded by one of the Venetian heroes, Colonel Camillo Boldoni, a distinguished artillery officer. Lieutenant-Colonel Giacomo Medici, renowned for his defence of the Vascello during the siege of Rome, was at the head of the second regiment, and the third was under a veteran officer who had served with distinction in the Spanish civil wars, Colonel Nicola Ardoino. We mention these details, because an impression has gone abroad that the corps was a mere riff-raff of cut-throats, rowdies, desperadoes, and jail-birds. Nothing can be farther from the truth, except, perhaps, the "Astley"-an idea of the General himself. He is anything but a fierce, fire-eating, blood-thirsty, guerilla chieftain. He is one of Nature's gentlemen, with a rather unusual flow of the milk of human kindness, humane to a proverb in his treatment of his prisoners, although it is quite true he did summarily shoot two of them on one occasion during the late campaign. But it was because the brutal General Urban began the bloody game by fusillading one of his. This Field-Marshal Urban is the wretch whom Count Cavour gibbeted in the face of Europe, for his massacre of the Cignoli family—consisting of nine poor peasants, amongst them an old man of sixty and a boy of fourteen—because a small flask of shot for a fowling-piece was found in their cottage. On such a butcher, a resort to the *lex talionis* was the only means of making an impression prescribed by the stern code of war. Garibaldi, after thus avenging the cowardly execution of Urban's solitary prisoner, by decimating the twenty-one Austrians he had himself captured, next called the oldest of the survivors before him, and said: "I set you at liberty. Return to General Urban, and tell him that, since he has caused one of my soldiers to be shot, I have shot two of his; and let him be assured that, if I learn that a single prisoner is executed again, I swear to shoot every one who may fall into my hands, be he Marshal or Emperor of Austria. Let him not force me to show what the wrath of a father, whose child, scarcely aged thirteen, was assassinated by Austrian soldiers, may drive him to do!" We see it was with

the view of preventing the needless shedding of blood, that even in this altogether exceptional instance, Garibaldi answered the savage with whom he had to deal, in the only language he could understand. Otherwise, his treatment of the captives who fell into his power has ever been uniformly generous, and such as might be expected from a true hero, who has himself passed through so much bodily and mental anguish. His is one of the kindest of hearts as well as one of the bravest, and several times has he risked his life to save a fellow creature from drowning. He has never belied the promise afforded in his childhood by an incident which he himself relates, of his weeping for hours at having accidentally broken the leg of a grasshopper which he had caught. Such a man the gentle Cowper would not have scorned to number in his list of friends—one who would not "needlessly set foot upon a worm." We cannot wonder that children love him, and that the simple-hearted peasants of the Romagna almost worship him. See, too, how his old comrades in arms of the Italian Legion rallied round him both in 1848 and in the present year! Never did a military leader possess a more magnetic power over the affections of his troops. It is on this attachment that he relies for the maintenance of his Spartan discipline. His frown is more feared by his men than Austrian bayonets or cannon. These they will rush upon at a word from their adored commander, who wins their hearts by never leading them into perils which he is not himself the first to face. They love him and trust him, and hence expulsion from the corps is a punishment terrible enough to awe the most unruly. He has flashed his own soul into them, and fused them into a glowing mass of incandescent patriotism—the nucleus of the new Italian nationality which sweeps across the political heavens, and scares so many star-gazers as it approaches its perihelion. The wise dream of the poor exile at Montevideo, twenty years ago, has already in part come true.

"I conceived the idea," he says in his autobiography, "of performing an important service for my country, while devoting myself to that in which I was residing. I soon perceived the spirit and character of the Italians needed great efforts to raise them from the depressed state in which they existed in fact, as well as in the opinion of the world; and I was determined to elevate them, by such a practical training as alone could secure the end. By means of Napoleon's treachery to the cause of liberty, which he had pretended to espouse on entering Italy, that unhappy country had been led to a ruin more deep and complete than any of his other victims; for she had been, more than any other, reduced to *spiritual slavery* as well as temporal. The Allies (with Protestant England and Prussia among them) had restored the Papacy along with monarchy and aristocracy, and yet the Italians were vilified

as a degenerate race, and falsely accused of having brought their misfortunes upon themselves by their ignorance, fanaticism, and pusillanimity. There were many Italians in Montevideo whose condition and feelings I soon learned to appreciate. They were regarded with scorn by many of the other foreign residents, especially the French, who were in much greater numbers, and seemed to take pleasure in humiliating my poor and injured countrymen. This was not the first case in which the wronged and suffering party was made to bear the reproach of those very traits of character displayed by their strong and false-hearted conquerors. In exile and poverty, under the bitter and hourly personal experience of their national misfortunes, and reproached by the world with having brought them on themselves—the Italians in South America were depressed and disheartened by their gloomy recollections, their present sorrows, and their cloudy future. Many of them were occupying themselves with such labours and business as they could find or invent, to obtain the means of subsistence, and laying the foundations of the fortunes which they have since accumulated by industry and economy; but few formed any sanguine expectations of gaining that distinction for military prowess which the more numerous and vaunting Frenchmen around them arrogated to themselves. I, however, ere long, began to indulge in more daring anticipations, and the sequel will show the results. I resolved to find employment for some of them, and to raise the courage and hopes of all, and at the same time to prepare them for future service as soldiers in Italy."

This is the first thought of the Italian Legion—of the Cacciatori delle Alpi—and of the National Armament, for which Garibaldi now asks, and will not ask in vain, a million of muskets. For why should not the great captain whose glorious passage of the Ticino at Sesto Calende, on the 20th of May, first struck off the fetters of Lombardy, be trusted by his nation to finish the work he so auspiciously began?. His triumphant march of conquest to Varese, Como, Lecco, Sondrio, Bergamo, and Brescia, is fresh in the remembrance of us all; and leaves no doubt that, with adequate means at his disposal, the liberation of the entire Peninsula would be in his hands by no means a hopeless task. The Fantis, Mezzacapos, Cialdinis, and Della Marmoras, are all of them respectable commanders, and may be expected to do good service in the new Italian war now impending; but the man who, though vexed, thwarted, and robbed of his fair fame, by all sorts of mean devices, really turned the tide of the last campaign by boldly assuming the aggressive with his badly-armed handful of men, and who put an end to the unmistakable deadlock on the Po by forcing the back-door into Lombardy, and showing the bewildered French Emperor and his Marshals the way to Magenta and Solferino, is evidently *the* hero for the hour about to strike. With the emergency and perils of the hottest war, Garibaldi can bravely cope;

and the nation, fired by his generous example, may meet them, and overcome them, too. It is the farther future—the resettlement of Italy—when the character of her people must be the foundation of her enduring independence and political liberty, for which we fear. May the spirit of a Divine faith mingle with the lofty aims of Italian patriots! and that will be the seed of an eternal freedom.

VII.

THE HIGHLAND ROUTE.—No. II.

THE ISLE OF SKYE.

At the close of July the Highland season sets in with great severity at Oban. Yachts skim about in the little bay; steamers, deep sea and coasting, are continually waiting at the pier; vehicles rattle about in the one broad and the many narrow streets; and in the hotels, boots, waiter, and chamber-maid are distracted by the clangour of multitudinous bells. Out of doors, Oban is not a bad representation of Vanity Fair. Every variety of pleasure-seeker is to be found there, and every variety of costume. Reading parties from Oxford, *en route* to the far north, lounge about, smoke, stare into the small shop windows, and consult "Black's Guide." Beauty perambulates the principal streets, and Valour in mufti stalks amicably by her side. Sportsmen in Knickerbockers, stand about the hotel doors; Frenchmen chatter and shrug their shoulders; stolid Germans smoke silently; and various individuals, with not a drop of Highland blood in their bodies, flutter about in the garb of the Gael, "hundredweights of Cairngorms throwing a prismatic glory around their persons." All kinds of people and all kinds of sounds are there. From the next street the tone of the bagpipe comes on the ear; tipsy parties abuse each other in Gaelic. Round the corner comes thundering the mail from Fort William, with passengers clustered upon it like bees; from the pier the bell of the steamer chides dilatory passengers, and passengers, afflicted with mania on the subject of luggage, rush about, shout and gesticulate, and not unfrequently fall foul of one of the tipsy parties aforesaid. A more hurried, nervous, frenzied-looking place than Oban during the months of August and September, it is not easy to conceive. People seldom stay there above a night. The old familiar faces are the resident population. The tourist no more thinks of spending a week at Oban, than he would of lodging in a railway station. His first inquiry there is after a bed-room; his second, as to the hour at which the steamer is expected.

And the steamer, be it said, does not always come at a reasonable hour. She may be detained some time at Greenock; in dirty weather

she may be "on" the Mull of Cantire, buffeting all night with the big Atlantic there; so that he must be a bold man, or a man possessed with the second sight, who dares anything but a vague guess as to her hour of arrival at Oban. And the weather *is* dirty: the panes are blurred with raindrops, and, outside, one sees an uncomfortable sodden world, and a spongy sky above with plenty of water in it yet, and midway a gull sliding sideways through the murky atmosphere. The streets are as empty now as they will be some months hence. Beauty is in her own room crying over Adam Bede; and Valour is in the smoking saloon. The Oxford reading party—which, under the circumstances, has not the slightest interest in Plato—attempts, with no great success, to kill time by playing at pitch and toss. The gentlemen in the Highland dress remain indoors;—birds with fine feathers do not like to have them draggled—and the philibeg and an umbrella would be a combination quite too ridiculous. The tipsy porter is for the time silent; but from the next street the hideous bagpipe grows in volume and torture. How the sound of it pains the nervous ears of one driven half mad by a non-arriving steamer and a rainy day at Oban. Heavily the hours creep on, and at last the *Clansman* does steam in with her wet decks—thoroughly washed by the Atlantic brine last night—and her hundred and fifty passengers, two-thirds of whom are sea-sick.

And the worst of a rainy day is, not the soaking you endure, nor the probable catarrh, nor the destruction of your naturally sweet temper; but its complete blotting out and cancelling of fine scenery. A whole wild world of mountain and cataract is transformed by its evil influence to white clammy vapours, the contemplation of which is not in the slightest degree exhilarating. On the present occasion it is particularly distressing; for in fine weather the Sound of Mull is one of the noblest sights in the world;—*to-day*, a railway tunnel will be as pleasing to the æsthetic sense. What does it matter that our ears are ringing with the music of Scott's "Lord of the Isles," we cannot see the "Ladies' Rock," nor Ardtornish Castle, mouldering in its headland; nor the narrow entrance to the beautiful Loch Aline; nor any other of the wonders and sights of the "mighty Sound." As we sail on, a fold of mist is turned back, revealing some mountain shoulder of decidedly dingy hue and uncomfortable aspect, and closes again unregretted. How different from the sight years ago, when the soft autumn weather lay on the whole region, on folded hills purple with heather, or red with withered ferns; and when the steamer chased the charming dazzle of the sun, and far away flashed a trembling splendour as of frosted silver. The only pleasure one has at present is to recall that fine aspect of the Sound, and to look forward to Tobermory, at which place dinner in the *Skye* steamer is usually served.

The first appearance of Tobermory is prepossessing; but further acquaintance is, if possible, to be eschewed. As the *Clansman* steams through the somewhat intricate channel, the little town, with its half circle of white houses, white as foam, backed by the

rough mountain, and flanked by sombre pine plantations, take eye and heart charmingly at once. As you approach, however, your admiration is lessened, and, if you go on shore, quite obliterated. It has a "most ancient" and fish-like smell; foul things, and every variety of refuse float in the harbour. Old Ocean is a scavenger at Tobermory, and is "endued with that he works in." The houses, pretty and clean as shells, when seen from the deck of the steamer, deteriorate on a nearer view, become quite squalid, and several transform themselves into small inns, suggestive of the worst accommodation and the fiercest whisky. The place, which is very small, was built to encourage the fisheries, but does not seem to have been a successful speculation. The *Clansman* is generally detained at Tobermory for a couple of hours, and while at dinner you hear the noise of lading and unlading, a constant trampling goes on overhead, and loud and high rises at intervals the dissonance of Gaelic tongues. After leaving Tobermory, an hour takes the steamer out of the Sound of Mull, and her course then lies round the Point of Ardnamurchan, onwards towards Skye. Once free of the Sound, the scenery has entirely changed. Instead of a narrow channel you have once more the broad Atlantic rolling in heavily on the rocky coasts. The motion of the vessel is often more disagreeable here than off the dreaded Mull of Cantire itself. But if fine weather what a panorama! Behind is Mull, gathering its bays and stretching promontories into one compact mass in the distance. On the right are the cliffs of Ardnamurchan with its white lighthouse, on the left and far out to sea, a dim chain of islets, around the "sandy Coll," and the wild Tiree, while right in front rise Eig, Muck, and Rum, yet more remote and higher than either, the pallid ghost of Skye closes the scene. The steamer occasionally touches at Eig, which is decidedly worth looking at. Its principal attraction is a huge rock, like a curled wave frozen into granite at a wizard's touch, called the Scuir. It is also celebrated as being the theatre of one of those fierce Highland revenges so common in the Hebrides in remote times. It appears that a party of Macdonalds, on a marauding expedition, arrived in their boats on a Sabbath day on the territory of Macleod, in the northern part of Skye. These boats were at the full of tide firmly moored to certain arched rocks common on that coast, to remain there till their owners returned. The people were at church; this building these enemies surrounded, secured the doors, and set it on fire. With one exception, priest and people perished in the flames. This exception was a woman, who in her agony squeezed herself through the narrow window and escaped, carrying the dismal tidings of the foray with her. The Macleods rose, hurried man and woman to the combat, the men fighting, the women sharpening the arrows. The struggle was severe and bloody, and finally the invaders were defeated, and fled to their boats. The tide, however, had now ebbed, and the boats, firmly lashed to the arched rocks, were hanging helplessly in the air. Retreat being cut off, the battle was renewed, and on the red sea beach on the Sabbath

evening, the Macdonalds perished almost to a man. Some few who had got boats unmoored and afloat escaped. Of course, as Macdonald had invaded and burned Macleod, Macleod was in duty bound to invade and burn Macdonald; and this charitable purpose he immediately set about. Some short time after, certain of Macleod's galleys, full of armed men, arrived at the same island of Eig. From some rocky cliff or coigne of vantage, the hostile armament had been descried, and as resistance was vain, the entire population of the island took refuge in a large cave, the entrance to which was so narrow that only a single man could enter at a time. In this retreat the Macdonalds hoped to escape discovery. Their enemies landed, and ranged over the whole island without encountering a human being. In high dudgeon at being thus baulked of vengeance, the Macleods retired to their boats, meaning to depart next morning. During the night there was a heavy fall of snow. When morning came, one of the cave people, desirous to know whether their foes had gone, proceeded to reconnoitre; and that he might have a good view of the island and the surrounding sea, climbed up to the very top of this Scuir. The galleys had just left, when the unfortunate wretch was discovered against the sky-line. With grim joy in their hearts the Macleods returned, went to the top of the rock, and tracked the footsteps in the snow to the cave's mouth. They had run their game down at last. It was trapped for them, and ready for the slaying. In those days blood must have blood, and fire, fire. The Macleods procured timber, piled up heather at the entrance of the cavern, applied a torch, and miserably suffocated their enemies—man, woman, and child. A frightful story, and one that gives though painful additional interest on that rainy and desolate island, with its peculiar rock, a landmark from afar.

In bad weather, a heavy sea runs off Ardnamurchan Point; but when once in the shelter of the three islands, so singularly named Eig, Muck, and Rum, the sea-sick tourist begins to breathe freely. He is now in the Sound of Sleat. Skye lies quite close to the mainland here; and, to the lover of the picturesque, nothing can be finer than these *kyles*, or straits. The aspect of the island itself is peculiar. The wild fringe of the Coolin hills, which fretted the heavens so wonderfully when we first sighted Skye, shortly after rounding Ardnamurchan, is of course, when sailing close to shore, unseen now; nor is the coast itself in any way specially striking or picturesque; but the sloping hills wear quite a singular aspect. They are cultivated as well as the soil and the climate will admit; but the fields or patches of grain are singularly small, of every variety of colour and ripeness, and separated by black turfen dykes. Sailing along, you are constantly reminded of those coverlets which careful housewives manufacture by piecing patches of different patterns together. Skye is not in any sense an arable country; harvest is always late, and, people say, ripened by frost, not by sun; consequently, the farmers have for the most part relinquished the cultivation of cereals, save what may be required for

household and farm uses, and devoted themselves to the rearing of sheep. Some of these farmers are possessors of enormous flocks, and pride themselves not a little on their management. One of the most distinguished of these, the late Corrachoillie, was wont to say in his cups: "Ye talk of your Wellingtons and your Napoleons . . . . ! I should like to see either of them taking ten thousand sheep to the Falkirk Tryste."

Coasting along, the first place of importance we reach is Armadale Castle, the seat of Lord Macdonald, the head of the clan, and proprietor of the greater portion of the island. The house is extensive, the situation pretty, and the surrounding woods, had they existed a century ago, might have extorted admiration from Dr. Johnson himself. Gruff old Samuel's walking-stick would not be such a treasure in the Western Islands to-day; and he must have owned, had he seen them, that his lordship's woods were rather respectable "furze." A few miles onward is Isle Oransay, and our destination. It is a small place, and possesses a lighthouse. The bay is shallow, and the steamer cannot reach the pier; the cargo must therefore be landed in boats. When cattle are to be put ashore, a most primitive and direct method is adopted. Crummie is brought to the bulwarks, the door is removed, and she is quietly shoved out. She disappears with a considerable plunge, and comes to the surface shortly somewhat scant of breath, and with her mind evidently in a state of utter bewilderment. A boat is in readiness; a coil of rope is by a deft hand fastened around her horns; the rowers bend to their task, and Crummie is towed ashore in triumph, and, on reaching it, seems nothing the worse of her unexpected plunge-bath.

It is really a satisfaction to escape from the steamer, and to enjoy the free use of one's limbs once more; and in the wildernesses on which we are about to enter, we shall find ample use for them, too. The *Clansman* generally reaches Isle Oransay in the afternoon, and we must walk several miles before we reach our destination. It is a very beautiful road—most silent, most pastoral, hardly a traveller to be met the whole way—that leads through the hills from the little clachan on the shore. You travel slowly along its lazy windings, past heather-tufted crag, grey precipice, and dark hill swelling higher yet, with the sound of falling waters all the while in your ears. Some three miles on, you come to the highest point of your journey, and you cannot but pause a moment to drink in the beauty of the scene. On your right is a little lake with a white margin of water-lilies, a rocky eminence throwing a shadow upon it. Down below you is the farm of Knock, with the old castle mouldering in the hearing of the restless surge; and far beneath, and straight away before you, stretches the sleek blue Sound of Sleat, with not a sail to break its vast expanse, and a whole congregation of clouds piled up on the horizon, soon to wear their rosy evening colours. Sit down for awhile, and let the sight creep silently into your "study of imagination;" let memory master the wonderful sight, so that it can be recalled afterwards, and it will become "a

joy for ever"—more valuable than the costliest picture you can hang upon your walls. When you are satisfied, address yourself again to your journey, for a bridle-path strikes away up through the moor to the right, more wild, more desolate, more silent, than that along which you have already come. The very earth here is silent as the sky: were it not for the occasional rut of wheels in the boggy ground, one would almost suppose that a traveller had never passed that way. You almost feel as if you were wandering into some land of Forgetfulness, of Dream, of Fairy. On the top of this road, as on the top of the other, there is a lake; but no lily whitens it, no rock overshadows it—only the shy water-bird starts out from the rushes as you pass. After a little while the path dips downward, and you enter a glen, covered with birch-wood on one side, and famous for its verdure in Gaelic song. As you travel, you have a stream for your companion, and, winding as is the path, you are never beyond the reach of its voice. Here you get the great view of the Coolins. At a sudden turning, you see a great wild blue fringe of mountain invading the heavens, whose pinnacles are never trodden by sheep or shepherd: known only to the vapours, and the stars, and sudden summer storms. After awhile the glen opens out into hay meadows, and the stream that danced down the ravine singing—her foamy tresses flowing free as she leapt from rock to rock—has become sobered, has lost her voice, and glides in many curves sluggishly through the mossy ground. You are at last amid traces of cultivation. The hay on the other side of the stream is partly cut; horses and cattle browse about; and in a little there are turf-huts scattered along the mountain side, each with its thread of azure smoke; and beyond, a glimpse of the sea, flowing in, blue against the land. You open a small gate, pass through an avenue of thick coppice, and presently emerge upon a green plateau overlooking the Loch, with the House of Ord perched upon it like a white shell; and straight before you, across the water, with but some seven miles of clear air betwixt you and them, the Coolin Hills, with every splinter and jag beginning to gather in deep purple against the "daffodil sky" of evening.

Ord is a good starting-place if one wishes to visit the Skye lions. As the morning is favourable, we will take a boat, and visit the famous Spar Cave of Strathaird, right across the loch. We start from a rude pier of heaped stones, and are soon midway. On a fine morning there is no sheet of water in the world more beautiful than Loch Eishart. The wild Coolins frown over it, with golden mists rolling in great billows along their ragged edges, the shores are green behind, and away out towards the horizon the Island of Rum sleeps on the flat sea like a crimson film or shadow—a granite mass, we know, firm as the foundations of the world; but, as we now gaze, transformed by the alchemy of morning light to a glorious apparition so intangible in appearance that one might suppose a breath could blow it away. Between Rum, thirty miles out there, and the Ord shores behind, the sea is as smooth as satin and flushed with more varied hues than ever lived on the changing opal—dim azures, pearly

pinks, sleek emeralds. The hills are silent enough. The voice of man has not yet awoke on their heathery slopes. But the sea, literally clad with birds of every description, is vociferous. They make plenty of noise at their work, these fellows. The air is filled with a confused medley of melancholy notes. As we proceed, a troop sinks to re-appear far behind, or perhaps strips off the surface of the water, taking to wing with a shrill cry of complaint. Occasionally, too, a huge porpoise, or some "fish that hugest swims the ocean stream," heaves itself lazily out of the element, its wet sides flashing for a moment in the sunlight, and then heels lazily over and sinks with never a ripple. The Strathaird coast, which we are rapidly approaching, is bold and precipitous, and scooped into an infinite number of caverns, the most famous of which we are about to visit. On landing we step out on slippery shingle and green-gleeted stones, and with some difficulty reach the gloomy opening. But we had better tell what the cave *once* was. Sir Walter Scott has the following description:—"The first entrance to this celebrated cave is rude and unpromising, but the light of the torches with which we were provided, was soon reflected from the roof, floor, and walls, which seem as if they were sheeted with marble, partly smooth, partly rough, with frost-work and rustic ornaments, and partly seeming to be wrought into statuary. The floor forms a steep and difficult ascent, and might be fancifully compared to a sheet of water, which, while it rushed whitening and foaming down a declivity, had been suddenly arrested and consolidated by the spell of an enchanter. Upon attaining the summit of this ascent, the cave opens into a splendid gallery, adorned by the most dazzling crystallizations, and finally descends with rapidity to the brink of a pool of the most limpid water, about four or five yards broad. There opens beyond this pool, a portal arch, formed by two columns of white spar, with beautiful chasings upon the sides, which promises a continuation of the cave. One of our sailors swam across, for there is no other mode of passing, and informed us (as indeed we partly saw by the light he carried), that the enchantment of McAllister's Cave terminates with this portal, a little beyond which there was only a rude cavern, speedily choked with stones and earth. But the pool, on the brink of which we stood, surrounded by the most fanciful mouldings in a substance resembling white marble, and distinguished by the depth and purity of its waters, might have been the bathing grotto of a naiad. The groups of combined figures projecting or embossed, by which the pool is surrounded, are exquisitely elegant and fanciful. A statuary might catch beautiful hints from the singular and romantic disposition of those stalactites," &c. &c. Alas, the change 'twixt now and then! The visitor of to-day will not discover many of the beauties so enthusiastically enumerated by Sir Walter. On entrance, by the assistance of a candle, (which generally goes out just at the wrong place), a hand-rail and a rope, you are dragged up a break-neck ascent as slippery as the slope to Avernus, and descend in an head-and-heels manner to the edge of the pool, into which, if you do not tumble, consider yourself a

fortunate man. Whatever may have been the aspect of that sheet of water twenty or thirty years ago, the naiad who would choose it for a bathing-place to-day, must be a mythological female of singular tastes. McAllister's Cave has been hardly used.

> "Where'er the Tourist's foot has trod,
> The verdure flies at once the sod."

All the mouldings and exquisite embossings from which the statuary could take such "beautiful hints," have either been chipped and carried away in the pockets of visitors, or are blackened into the hue of Irish bog-oak by the torch smoke of half a century. There is little to be seen in the cave, and that little is hardly worth seeing. You clamber up from the pool, you are shot down on the other side in a more rapid manner than comports with personal dignity, and reach daylight with a sense of relief. But what does McAllister's Cave matter? our boatmen are strong and willing, the day is not far advanced, and, before night, we shall stand on the shore of Loch Coruisk, and, in a silence as of a ruined world, see the poised eagle hanging in the breathless blue.

Embarking again, we coast for a mile or two and land at Kilnaree. The ascent here is steep and laborious; at points you wade through heather high as the knee; at other times you wade through a bog, and must perforce jump from turf to turf; progress is necessarily slow, and the sun coming out strongly, makes the brows ache with intolerable heat. However, we soon reach the hill top and descend on Camisunary, a farm-house on the margin of the water, where a boat may be procured. Half an hour's pull brings you to Loch Scavaig, the portals of which are guarded by rocky precipices, and onwards in their dark shadows you glide, till you disembark on a rude platform of rock. You step out on the very spot where the Bruce landed,—

> "Where a wild stream, with headlong shock,
> Comes brawling down its bed of rock,
> To mingle with the main."

Picking your steps carefully over huge boulder and broken stone, you enter upon the most savage scene of desolation in Britain. Conceive a a large lake filled with dark green water, girt with torn and shattered precipices, the bases of which are strewn with ruins since an earthquake passed that way, and whose summits jag the sky in grisly splinter and peak. It is sheer naked terror and horror.

> "The wildest glen, but this can show
> Some touch of nature's genial glow:
> On high Ben-more green mosses grow,
> And copse on Cruchan Ben:
> But here—above, around, below,
> On mountain or in glen,
> No tree nor shrub, nor plant, nor flower,
> Nor aught of vegetation's power,
> The weary eye may ken.
> For all is rocks at random thrown,—
> Black waves, bare crags, and banks of stone,

As if were here denied
The summer sun, the spring's sweet dew,
That clothe with many a varied hue
The bleakest mountain-side."

There is no motion here, save the white vapour steaming up from the abyss. The dead, utter silence lies like a burden upon you: you feel an intruder in the place. The hills seem to possess some secret—to brood over some unutterable idea which you can never know. You cannot feel comfortable at Loch Coruisk, and the discomfort arises in a great degree from the feeling that you are outside of everything—that these thunder-splitted peaks have a life with which you cannot intermeddle. The dumb monsters perplex and sadden. As you walk along, something lifts itself off a rock,—'t is an eagle! See how grandly the noble creature soars away. What sweep of wings! What a lord of the air! If you cast up your eyes you will see his brother, hanging like a speck beneath the sun. Coruisk is a great place for echoes. A cannon fired here would reverberate into a whole battle of Waterloo. Give a shout, as loud as you can. Listen!

"Methinks that there are spirits amid the peaks."

How strangely the clear strong tones sound from those granite precipices. Who could conceive that horror had so sweet a voice! Faint and fainter grow the sounds, until the last comes upon your ear, as if from the blue blank of the sky itself. Visitors do not wait long at Coruisk, and a wild mountain road takes them across the country to the Broadford Inn. Sportsmen often pitch tents on some sheltered ledge of stone, and abide there for a week or two, for the lake is filled with trout of large size and singular delicacy; so that at Coruisk, a disciple of Izaak Walton can at one and the same time practise his gentle craft, and study the sublime and the beautiful.

You may return by Sligichan if you like, and have a peep at the hills there. Very peculiar are the shapes of these mountains. Nature seems to have created them in one of her fantastic moods. They remind one of Hindoo gods. Just stand at the inn door: a great red hill is before you, red in colour, as if composed of copper, and upon the sides are certain ugly patches of irregular outline, as if the copper had rusted *green*, as is its wont. Upon these patches, if you look intently, you may discern black specks, that seem to have movement in them. Puzzled, you make inquiry, and are informed, to your surprise, that the green spaces are stretches of verdure on the red hill, and that the moving specks are kine, who dwell in these difficult and elevated regions the whole summer through. You would suppose, from where you stand, that the hardiest mountaineer could hardly sustain himself upon these red and shelving slopes. Sligachan is always full of tourists. Portree is within easy distance, so also is Broadford. To either of these points you can easily drive. The road to Portree is about the tamest, that to Broadford the most magnificent, in the world. At either place the steamer may be caught up for a journey farther north, or for returning home with us.

THE BEER BILL.

Report of Select Committee of the House of Commons on the Sale of Beer Act, &c.
Report of the National Temperance League.
Report of the United Kingdom Alliance.
Report of the West Riding Association for Legislative Remedy on the Beer-house System.
Report of the Bedford Society for the Suppression of Vice, &c.

OVERLOOKING the strong and exaggerated statements of too zealous partizans, it cannot be denied that drunkenness has become a terrible scourge among us. To the consideration of this question, a large amount of attention has been recently devoted. Successive administrations have avowed their dissatisfaction with the existing state of things, and have declared their intention of dealing vigorously with the evils which are the subject of complaint. Besides, it is obvious from the temper of the country, that some early legislation must be taken; and on the eve of action so deeply involving our social interests, it may be well to discuss the matter by the aid of the light which experience has afforded. If it be any advantage to us, we may draw largely on the history of Legislative interference and enactment; for every nation of history has laboured to promote national sobriety, and has enforced its penalties against drunkards. Everybody knows of the rigorous simplicity of manners in which were laid the foundations of the great nations of antiquity—how Rome, in her best days, forbade her sons to drink wine till they were thirty-five years of age—how she entirely interdicted its use from her daughters—regarding it as an incentive to adultery, and visiting it with a most fearful penalty; and how, for the good of the Commonwealth, her sturdy citizens put their own wives and daughters to death, if they they violated the law and bathed their lips in the luscious but forbidden juice. We have it, indeed, on authentic record, that one Roman lady was starved to death by her relatives, for having picked the lock of a chest in which were deposited the keys of the wine cellar.

To point especially to Egypt, where early civilization was cradled, so rigid and imperative were her lawgivers in their hostility to insobriety, that even a royal debauch was interdicted, and to kings was prescribed a limited quantity of wine, such as, according to the opinion of the day, was enough to refresh without inducing intoxication.

In Greece, we know that drunkenness was punished with death, and was held in universal abhorrence An edict of Lycurgus forbade the cultivation of the vine. But to borrow illustrations from times less remote from our own, and in other respects more pertinent to our present inquiry, the records of Scottish history teach us that as far back as the second century, taverners were denounced as public enemies, their goods were confiscated, and they themselves were banished much in the same spirit as our Transatlantic cousins in Maine and other states authorize their civic authorities to empty the rum barrels into the public street, and to cast the rum-sellers into the State prison. We read that this law was solemnly re-enacted at Scone, about two hundred years before the Norman conquest, and that from that time the penalty of death was incurred by transgression. In the sixteenth century, Francis I. of France fed his drunken delinquents on bread and water, and kept them in durance vile; and if he found them incorrigible, he banished them from *la Belle France*, after he had first mutilated them by the amputation of an ear. And we have somewhere read that, by a recent law in Sweden, the names of all those who are seen intoxicated, are to be posted on the church doors, and the clergyman is to offer prayers for their reformation.

At this day, it is said that in Burmah the punishment for drunkenness is the same as for murder. Even in Dahomy, drunkenness is strictly prohibited: here the king formerly kept a drunkard and fed him upon rum, for the purpose of exhibiting him at annual festivals, that the wretched and emaciated creature might deter others from the disgusting and degrading habit. This monitor is dead: the lesson of his death being even more forcible than that of his life.

In all these instances is manifested an honest and a vigorous determination to suppress the degenerate and demoralizing habit; but no such rude expedients will succeed in our times. In our own country we have tried the stocks, and the drunkard's cloak, which was a kind of barrel with suitable apertures for the head and arms, in which the convicted drunkard was paraded. All these ridiculous measures have proved utterly abortive, and it is now demanded of us that we shall display an enlightened estimate of the causes of intemperance, and that we shall apply a remedy such as sound statemanship will approve. Drunkenness has now become a national evil—it is a chronic disorder of the State, and we must carefully mark the symptoms, and skilfully apply the cure.

Public opinion forcibly points to the beer-houses as the fruitful sources of drunkenness, and accordingly the national tendency to reform is in that direction. We may, therefore, profitably review

the provisions and the operation of the special Act of Parliament that called these beer-houses into existence. Now, it is a somewhat ominous and instructive fact, that this Act was framed with an honest intention to promote sobriety; and yet we are now told that it has been fruitful only of drunkenness and crime. This consideration ought to teach that we should not lightly meddle with this difficult and delicate question. Not that we should refuse to interfere, for too many valuable interests are involved to allow us to be indifferent; but that we should be careful that no ill-advised counsels mar our good intentions.

About thirty years ago, the alarming prevalence of intemperance forced itself on the observation of the country and of Parliament. After many devices had been suggested and abandoned, some of our shrewdest statesmen proposed to wean the popular appetite from gin and other ardent spirits, by a copious supply of malt liquors. The late Duke of Wellington, and the veteran philanthropist, Lord Brougham, gave their warmest support to the movement, and an Act was past, the avowed object of which was to establish all over the country houses where malt liquors could be obtained away from the temptations to drink ardent spirits. The Report of the House of Commons on the beer-house system, says that it "was established under the belief that it would give to the public cheap and pure beer, would dissociate beer drinking from drunkenness, and lead to the establishment throughout the country of a class of houses of refreshment, altogether free from the disorders supposed to attend exclusively on the sale of spirits."

Thus we have clearly before us the intention of Government in the measure under review. The results of their deliberate legislation are also familiar to every one. It will not, therefore, be difficult to decide how far this intention has been fulfilled. From the first, doctors learned in the pathology of drunkenness were loud in emphatic warnings of the dangerous fallacy which lurks under the complacent assumption that the appetite for ardent spirits can thus be controlled and subordinated. They told us that the intoxicating element is essentially the same in malt liquors as in ardent spirits, the difference being only in the degree of intensity. And indeed our common sense, and our daily observation, taught us that men became intoxicated and impoverished by drinking ale as well as by drinking whisky. But we have been specially required to observe, that so far from the use of ale tending to the anticipated result of diminishing the demand for spirits, its uniform tendency is in the opposite direction.

Like every wayward passion, the love of strong and exciting liquors is strengthened by indulgence. A moment's consideration, then, will assure us that the assumption on which the Legislature

passed the Beer Bill is at variance with all observation; while we find it diametrically opposed to the incontrovertible maxims which physiologists have laboriously established. It is obvious, therefore, that Parliament proceeded to legislate on a grave error; and if our senators have not in this case betrayed us into disaster, they have been more fortunate than wise.

We shall see, as we proceed to test the character of the measure, the practical results that have followed its enactment. Here it may justly be remarked, that the intentions of the framers of this Bill have certainly not been defeated by any unworthy jealousies, or narrow-minded views of administrative policy. No cramping restrictions have impaired the full development of their favourite project. English ale was considered to be a capital thing for English throats, and, acting on this definite idea, the only thought was to render its supply equal to the most insatiable demand. There is but this one single idea pervading the entire measure. Stripping the Act of its dry and technical formalities, it simply provides that any householder, on payment of a small annual fee to the Excise, may sell malt liquors wherever he may find customers to buy them.

Men were to be won over from the coarser and fiercer excitement of ardent spirits, by the dull and dreamy sensuality provoked by beer, and there was to be no stinting in the allowance of the wholesome beverage. The houses of the licensed victuallers were supposed to be under active police surveillance, and under the stern control of magisterial authority, because they dealt out what our Parliamentary Committees have called a dangerous commodity; but beer was considered so innocent and so good, that the magisterial control was purposely reduced to a minimum, if indeed it may not be said that it was practically annihilated.

Free trade in beer was the pith of this measure, and all obstacles to its success were carefully removed. For all practical purposes the Government retired from interference, retaining only a few idle formalities to keep up deceptive appearances of supervision and control.

To those who are content to wade through the mournful review of its history, there is the most convincing proof of the disastrous consequences of the Bill. In no single respect has it answered the expectations of the country, or of its framers. The Parliamentary Report says, that "the beer-shop system has proved a failure," and the universal experience of society attests the truth of the verdict. The beer-houses stand impeached as having become an auxiliary of the national intemperance they were intended to correct, and no one has a word to offer in palliation or defence. The same Report of the Parliamentary Committee says, that "many are notorious for

the sale of an inferior article; that the consumption of ardent spirits has far from diminished; and that the comfort and morals of the people have been seriously impaired."

This is certainly a crushing verdict on a system called into existence to promote the sobriety of the people, and nursed and petted by specious philanthropy and by official zeal. But the drunkenness and the practices of gross sensuality that prevail, together with the crimes of violence that are frequently perpetrated in these places, attest the justice of the verdict. Among the most significant testimonies that point to this conclusion is that recently given by Lord Brougham, who, as has been already intimated, was among the most active framers and supporters of the Bill. His lordship now candidly avows that a serious blunder was made in passing it, that the results have been most decidedly contrary to the intentions of the originators, and that he is ready in his place in Parliament to assist in a remedy for the acknowledged evil. If to this testimony any further evidence is wanting, it may be found almost in every charge, given either by our learned Recorders, or by her Majesty's Judges of Assize—all of whom, with a unanimity that cannot be disregarded, trace to the demoralizing influences of beer-houses a large proportion of the crimes of violence on which they have to adjudicate. Almost in every case, this class of offences is traced to strong liquors, the offenders being infuriated by drink at the time; but the beer-houses are singled out for special remark, because the worst of characters resort to them, there plan their robberies, divide their spoil, indulge in their brutal quarrels, and their unrestrained debaucheries. The licensed victualler, having a wholesome fear of losing his licence, dares not allow such people and such practices in his house; but the beer-seller has little fear of the magistrates before his eyes, and is satisfied to accumulate the gains which this unhallowed patronage brings. It may be startling to quiet, easy-going householders to be assured that crimes of this description are pre-arranged; but it is nevertheless a fact well known to the magistrates and the police, and is often admitted by prisoners themselves when in gaol. Mr. Robertson Gladstone says, that "the subject has so frequently come before the magistrates of Liverpool, that they know that in beer-houses, as well as in licensed public-houses, many thefts and robberies and other crimes are arranged and preconceived." This is confirmed by the head constable, who returns the number of beer-houses in the borough of Liverpool, at which thieves assemble, at 32, and those at which thieves assemble and dispose of the proceeds of their robberies, at 57. The report of an active society in the quiet provincial town of Bedford furnishes the most melancholy proof of the

1850. The result of the collation was the discovery of forty-two variations. In the summary of the contents of the psalm there were four differences, of which three were verbal, and one orthographical. The verbal differences were as follows: The great majority of the editions had "Christ, our good shepherd." One had, "Praise of the Lord, as the good shepherd;" and one, "Praise of the many benefits of Christ Jesus, the shepherd of our souls"; while a London edition, into which we happened to look, added a fourth variation, "The Lord, our good shepherd." Of the remaining variations, some are variations in the orthography, others in the punctuation, others in the use of capitals and larger type in particular words; a great many in the marginal references, and one in the grammar: the third person singular of a verb being intentionally used in the one case, and the third person plural in the other!

We have made the same comparison between three English Bibles printed respectively in Oxford, Cambridge, and London. We found the following variations:—The Cambridge edition had a ¶ before the words, "A Psalm of David," while it was absent in the London and Oxford editions; and the Cambridge and London editions abbreviated the word Proverbs into Prov., while the Oxford edition had Pro. With these exceptions, the three editions were absolutely uniform.

CLOSET DEVOTIONAL EXERCISES FOR THE YOUNG; from Ten Years old and upwards. By the Rev. Alexander Fletcher, D.D. London: Hall and Virtue.

"THIS work contains services for the morning and evening of each day for a period of three months. Should the present volume meet with the approbation of pious parents and the religious public, it will be followed by the publication of other three, containing morning and evening services for the *whole year*."

As extensively as this volume is known, it will secure the encouragement that the author needs to induce him to complete the series for the whole year. It was no small honour paid to Dr. Watts when it was said of him, "That he could soar to the highest heights of philosophy and descend to the comprehension of an infant's mind with equal facility." To Dr. Fletcher similar honour belongs. For many years he has devoted his time and energies to the spiritual improvement of the young, and has honourably earned for himself the title, "Prince of preachers to children." By this volume he has afforded a great help to youthful devotion.

A Christian parent may suitably present a copy of this work to his children, because it contains material for prayer which, by the aid of the Holy Spirit, may prove a blessing to them through all their future days. The daily use of this volume cannot fail to produce the most salutary results in the formation and development of youthful character.

THE PEERAGE OF POVERTY; OR LEARNERS AND WORKERS IN FIELDS, FARMS, AND FACTORIES. By Edwin Paxton Hood. First series. London: Judd and Glass. 1859.

LIKE all else which its author has produced, abounding in moral healthfulness, enthusiasm, and true poetry. The chapters which have interested us most are those given to Palissy, the potter, and to Robert Nicoll. The endurance, perseverance, and ultimate successes of the former are narrated in Mr. Hood's best style, and with a fine completeness of appreciation. The brief sketch of the latter will surely benefit all who read it. Nicoll's life was beautiful and noble; and he laboured with such earnestness and purity in the great cause to which his best years were devoted that he made himself a throne in the hearts of men scarcely less worthy than himself, and who regard him still with an eminent admiration and love.

Other chapters chronicle various of the triumphs of genius and virtue

keepers of beer-houses within the borough, 200 were of such a character as to prevent their admission into the society. In Newcastle-on-Tyne we find that the Licensed Victuallers' Association, a few months since, appeared at the Brewsters' Sessions, acknowledged many instances of illegal Sunday trading, and other offences that prevailed, but assured the Bench that no one was allowed to be a member who was known to keep a disorderly house.

It may not be an idle repetition to insist that the impeachment of the Beer Bill rests on no accusations suggested by petty malice and trade rivalry. Committees of both Houses of Parliament have reported against it, and have denounced it in language the force of which no other witnesses have exceeded. Judges of Assize have traced its fatal influences in the promotion of crime. Grand juries have spoken out to the same effect. Magistrates have constantly declared that the crime which comes before them largely originates in beer-houses. The police and philanthropists of every school have pointed out the same intimate connection between the beer-house and the convict's career.

As conclusive evidence of the frightful extent of crime originating in drunkenness, may be adduced the report of the police cases disposed of summarily for the year ending 1857. These were 369,233, and 75,859 of them were distinct cases of drunkenness. But the compiler of the judicial statistics observes, that these represent only the cases where the police are compelled to act in helping or restraining the drunkard, and do not embrace the assaults, and other offences of which drunkenness was clearly the cause. When these are added, the two classes make a total of 151,888 out of the 369,233—or nearly one-half of the whole.

Without controversy, then, this wretched system stands convicted of the most serious inroads on social order and on the public morals. It is impossible, therefore, that it should long escape the purging process of a radical reformation.

It is indeed surprising, that these results were not anticipated and prevented; for it is "sufficiently notorious," says the Report of the House of Lords, "that drunkenness is the main cause of crime, of social disorder, and distress in England." And it has also been repeatedly demonstrated, before Parliamentary Committees, that drunkenness increases in direct proportion with the increase of public-houses, and the facilities of obtaining intoxicating liquors. These facilities, in fact, act as powerful temptations, till opportunity in this respect has become a synonyme for temptation.

These facts were, probably, at the time not so fully established; but at any rate, it is manifest they were quite overlooked, or no

such attempt would have been made to increase the number of temptations. Before the passing of the Act, the number of licensed victuallers was 88,396; in 1857 the number had risen to 92,065, to which we must add 42,554 beer-houses, called into existence by the Act under consideration. The total number of drinking houses in the United Kingdom was then 134,619.

If it must be admitted that the increase of public-houses operates with the certainty of a natural law in producing an increase of drunkenness; and if drunkenness is indeed the main cause of crime, of social disorder, and distress; then, indeed, a fearful deluge of intoxication, of vice, and misery, could only have been expected from the insane attempt to multiply temptations, and increase the consumption of intoxicating liquors; and we have already seen how fully and painfully these melancholy anticipations have been realized.

In criticizing the operations of this Bill, and testing it by the high-sounding pretensions with which it was ushered into the world, it should not be overlooked, that one of its special objects was to provide cheap and *pure* beer for the people. But in this respect the failure has been most signal and complete. The parliamentary reports point out that adulteration arises necessarily from the competition that exists between the public-house and the beer-shop. These two classes are not on an equal footing in the trade; and having no means of deriving profit except on the sale of malt liquor, the beer-shop keeper is tempted to resort to adulteration to increase his gains, and to enable him to compete with the proprietor of the gin-palace. But apart from this anomalous competition, it is generally admitted that beer, as sold even at the public-house, is often a very different article from that which is obtained at the brewery. The adulteration of beer, has, indeed, become a profession conducted with the most scientific skill, and with the most unscrupulous audacity and wickedness.

A class of worthies make it their business to visit the cellars of publicans, that they may doctor the liquors intended for sale, and thus increase the gains of the landlords and the thirst of their customers. The most ample evidence, parliamentary and otherwise, places this systematic adulteration beyond all doubt, and explodes the delusion that the licensed victuallers, either in public-houses or beer-shops, provide us with pure and wholesome beverages. The evidence taken by the Select Committee on public-houses is most ample and conclusive on this point; so also is the evidence taken by the Committee on the Adulteration of Food, Drink, &c. Before this committee Dr. Normanby said, that "beer was adulterated by the publican, and not by the brewer; and to such an

extent that, between the article sold by the one and retailed by the other, there was a difference of fifty per cent. of alcohol."

In the report of this committee, a most edifying disclosure was made of the delicious compounds to which the licensed victuallers treat their customers:—Cocculus indicus, grains of paradise, and sulphate of ammonia; extract of gentian, extract of white poppies, and salts of tartar; oil of vitriol, alum, and slaked lime.

With such systematic perseverance is this nefarious trade conducted, that there has arisen a class of tradesmen known as dealing specially in these adulterating agents. With the greatest scientific skill they prepare their deleterious drugs, and sell some of them carefully compounded into a paste, and neatly done up in bladders, weighing from five pounds to ten pounds. Of the fact and the extent of this adulteration there can be no doubt; that it arises in a great measure from the competition in the beer trade is equally certain; but we imagine that, though all will loudly condemn practices so base, yet the evil will be regarded in different lights according to the point from which the observation is taken. Those who are zealously engaged in the temperance movement, and whose practice is to abstain altogether from intoxicating liquors, so strongly denounce the active principle of these drinks as poisonous, that they are apt to regard these adulterations as the mere substitution of one poison for another. On the other hand, those who who regard the same liquors as wholesome and nutritious beverages, will feel that a slow but deadly poison is substituted for a favourite and health-giving draught. Our own opinion is, that the salutary properties of pure malt and spirituous liquors, both as medicines and as daily beverages, are somewhat exaggerated by the latter class. We have not much faith in the alcoholic stimulant begotten of fermentation. But we cannot, therefore, support the hypothesis that the adulteration of beer with poisonous ingredients is the substitution of one poison for another. It must be insisted that the public, especially the working classes, who frequent the beer-houses for society and recreation, suffer frightfully by the exchange forced upon them; for, however injurious may be the intoxication produced by alcoholic drinks, the stupefying effects of beer and spirits drugged with oil of vitriol and with cocculus indicus are very much worse.

It has recently been shown that, since the practice of adulteration has become so prevalent, the career of the drunkard has been accelerated—the mark of the sot has earlier fixed itself upon his forehead; and he has gone down to utter destruction and despair with a rapidity previously unexperienced. Whoever is familiar with the terrible history of modern drunkenness, will

sustain us in this opinion. It must then be held that, to any extent to which the beer-house system may have contributed to the adulteration of the malt-liquors in common use, it has proved a national calamity.

In tracing the failure of the Bill, and in suggesting the appropriate remedies for the mischief it has engendered, there naturally exists much diversity of opinion. It is only in the condemnation of the measure and desire for its amendment that unanimity prevails; and we are glad to know that many of the most eminent brewers, and others connected with the manufacture and traffic of malt liquors, are forward in seeking and enforcing a proper remedy. Some remedies proposed we fear are chimerical.

In an interview with the Lord Bishop of Oxford, it was suggested by the National Temperance League, that the existing licences should be allowed to die out, and that as they lapsed by the insolvency or death of the holders, they should not be renewed. This, at first sight, appears a happy expedient of getting rid of them; but, as the late Home Secretary told another deputation from the same National Temperance League, it could not be expected that the present temper of the people would allow 40,000 beer-shops to be extinguished without supplying the deficiency in some way. The Home Secretary specially pointed out that an increase in the number of public-houses would be the infallible result. And it has already been found by experience, that where the magistrates have rigidly restricted the granting of licences, as in Manchester, the number of beer-shops under Excise licence has rapidly increased; whereas, on the contrary, where licences have been readily granted, as in Liverpool, the number of beer-shops has been kept proportionately low. It would undoubtedly be fatal to rely on this as an adequate remedy. Our hopes lie in another direction.

Other Temperance Reformers propose a licensing court, which should be elected annually by the ratepayers. In the obnoxious Beer Act there is a clause which provides that every applicant for a licence should produce to the Excise a certificate of good character, signed by six householders in the parish. It was obviously the intention of Government thus to guard the trade from falling into improper hands, and to hedge it about with guarantees of good conduct. This provision has notoriously proved a ridiculous formality; for any candidate for the distinguished honour of dispensing beer poisoned with grains of paradise, finds it a very simple matter to obtain his certificate from congenial spirits. With the exception already intimated, it never seems to have been suggested to our senators, that the mischief arose from the narrow limits of the tribunal of householders, to whom the preliminary

decision was referred; and it is suggested that this idle form of reference to the ratepayers should be expanded so as to become a reality, and that all questions relating to licences should be submitted to the rate-payers at large, or to a public tribunal elected by them, and being of their number. For ourselves, we cordially approve of a proposition so judicious.

Such a tribunal, holding its authority directly from the ratepayers, and amenable to them, it is agreed would best discharge the functions of the licensing court; because, feeling the constant pressure of popular opinion upon it, it would reduce the number of public-houses to the minimum point; it would control these obnoxious places just so far as public opinion insisted on improved decorum; and it would be a faithful index of the sentiment of the constituency which invested it with vitality and power. Without doubt, such a court could easily be formed, and might, perhaps, enjoy the same amount of public confidence as our Boards of Guardians and our Municipal Corporations, but being created for an object so different from those subserved by these bodies, we cannot predict the success of such a Court from the working of our present Municipal Institutions. Passions and interests would be brought into play in the election of a Licensing Court, far more powerful and hostile than those now raised in borough elections. A new annual election in every township would be an inconceivable annoyance. Moreover, the publicans would form a standing organization for influencing the elections; and when we think of their enormous influence at present in the election of Municipal Councils, Surveyors of Highways, and even Members of Parliament, we scarcely doubt that they would gain the ascendancy in a popularly constituted Licensing Court,—a result which Temperance Reformers seem not to have calculated, in raising tribunals which should mirror the sentiment of the community.

No such intricate or costly machinery is needed: the evil connected with beer-houses arises to a large extent from one source. The Beer Bill renders magisterial interference with beer-house keepers a very difficult and embarrassing duty. Beer licences are granted by the Excise officers, but they have not the power afterwards to revoke them, and the magistrates have no control whatever over their number. In case of conviction, they may, in addition to a fine, adjudge the forfeiture of the licence; but if they do not give notice of this adjudication, the Excise has no power to interfere. This power the magistrates appear never to have exercised; so that, practically, it is absolutely lost. From some cause or other, the magistrates decline this duty. They seem indeed to feel to a great extent that they have in-

curred no responsibility with regard to a license which they never granted, and they are afraid to come in collision with another authority. The mere pecuniary fine which they inflict has not the effect of restraining evil-doers, who find that the profligacy which they encourage brings large gains; so that, in spite of the remonstrances of the magistrates, and in spite of the fines they inflict, the abominations of the vilest of these houses remain in full force. So thoroughly do the beer-house keepers feel themselves independent of the control of the magistrates, that many publicans who have forfeited their licences immediately open a beer-shop, often on the same premises, and thus openly and effectually defy the Bench. Many instances of this kind are recorded. A single one may suffice for illustration. The magistrates of Birmingham, after several warnings, at length removed the licence from a publican who persisted in harbouring bad company. He went immediately to the Excise, took out a new licence, laughed at the Bench, and then, practically free from their supervision, he carried on ten times worse than before.

The obvious remedy for this state of things is, to give to the magistrates an unequivocal right to control all matters respecting beer-shops, in the same manner as they now control the houses of the licensed victuallers. It cannot be denied that the want of authoritative supervision has been seriously felt, nor can we fail to concede that some interference has now become imperative. It has been asserted by the present Lord Mayor of London, as solicitor to the licensed victuallers, that "the present laws have worked beneficially for the public, *where the attention of the magistrates has been directed to their administration;* that they have preserved temperance; that they have protected the revenue; and that they have afforded great accommodation to the public;" and we believe this statement is correct. We do not see any body of men more likely to superintend the licensing of beer-houses than the magistrates. It is true that some of them are interested in public-house property; but on the whole, they are the most disinterested body on this question that we know of, and belonging to the class best fitted to maintain order and dispense justice. We think, also, they are, on the whole, the steadiest body of men in their action. They are fairly under the influence of public opinion and of the press. There is a manifest tendency among them to diminish the number of public-houses and beer-shops, and in some cases they listen to memorials from total abstainers and friends of temperance in favour of such a course.

But while we believe that the magistrates are the fittest body of men to administer the law over beer-shops as over public-houses, and that there is a peremptory need for some immediate

change, that will place both alike under their control; we are convinced the reformation of our beer-shop system must be the work of earnest men in the community, whose zeal will stimulate and strengthen the magistrates to do their duty. Like every other executive, the magistrates are indifferent to any evil, so long as the conscience of the community is not aroused by it; but if reminded and urged by the strong convictions of men who feel deeply the national curse of drunkenness, and labour for its removal, they will be more watchful and severe in the licensing and regulation of public-houses and of beer-houses, when put under their administration.

We have observed with pleasure, during the last few years, a movement having licence reform for its object. In nearly all the towns of importance throughout the country, memorials to the magistrates have been presented, praying that the publicans should be more rigidly held to the tenor of their licences, and that no new licences should be issued. Under this unwonted interference, the magistrates have sometimes winced; but they have almost universally respected the memorialists, so far as substantially to comply with their request that no new licences should be granted. No practical movement in the direction of national sobriety has borne such visible fruit. Though but of yesterday it has already prevented the opening up of hundreds of fountains of drunkenness, of misery, and crime. It may shortly be strong enough to grapple with those that are now in mischievous operation. It must be specially observed, that, like every reformation, this one has been born, and nursed, and cradled among the people. They have felt the crushing burdens of sorrow and sin that drunkenness imposes, and they are rising with a nation's strength to shake off the overwhelming load.

Brief Notices.

1. LUTHER'S BIBLE. Wittemberg. 1545.
2. LUTHER'S BIBLE. Halle, Canstein Institution. 1853.
3. LUTHER'S BIBLE. Basle Bible Society. 1854.
4. LUTHER'S BIBLE. Stuttgart Bible Society. 1858.
5. LUTHER'S BIBLE. Nuremberg Bible Society. 1852.
6. LUTHER'S BIBLE. Frankfort: Brönner and Co. 1855.
7. LUTHER'S BIBLE. Grimma. 1852.
8. LUTHER'S BIBLE. Cologne. 1857.

WE place the titles of eight editions of Luther's Bible at the head of this article. The first in the list is the last edition published in Wittemberg under Luther's superintendence; the other seven are recent editions issued by various publishers and societies. In calling attention to this particular version we do not purpose entering on the wide field of discussion into which the translation itself, and the name of its illustrious author, naturally introduce us. One object is simple and practical, and we shall confine ourselves strictly within the limits which this object assigns to us.

The public mind is at present occupying itself with certain important questions touching our English Bible. This treasure, bequeathed to us by our ancestors, is one which it is impossible for us to guard too jealously. Our English version, considered as a popular translation, is to this day what Selden in his time said of it, "the best translation in the world." The questions agitated are of such a nature as to render a comparison of the condition of the English Bible with the history and condition of the received versions of other lands a matter of very practical consequence; and it is our intention in this article to institute that comparison in the case of Luther's version, confining ourselves, however, to the single point of purity and uniformity of the text.

In the year 1847, the Board of Managers of the American Bible Society imposed on their "Committee on Versions" the task of collating the editions of the English Bible published by their society with those issued in Great Britain. In May, 1851, the collators presented their report, which was adopted, and subsequently printed. From this report we quote the following extracts. The first extract concerns the relation in which the editions at present in circulation stand to the original edition of 1611.

"The English Bible, as left by the translators, has come down to us unaltered in respect to its *text*; except in the changes of orthography which the whole English language has undergone, to which the version has naturally and properly been conformed; and excepting also the slight variations and discrepancies which, in so long an interval, must necessarily arise, by reason of human imperfection, in the preparation and printing of so many millions of copies.

"The exposure to variations from this latter source is naturally greater, wherever the printing of the Bible is at the option of every one who chooses to undertake it, without restriction and without supervision; as in this country since the revolution. In Great Britain, where the printing has been done only under royal authority, by the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and by the King's printers in London and Edinburgh, the like exposure does not exist to the same degree; although, even there, slight variations are continually manifesting

themselves between the copies bearing these various imprints."—Report, pp. 7-8.

In the year 1833 the Clarendon Press issued in Roman letter an exact reprint, page for page, and letter for letter, of the original folio edition of 1611. The report remarks on this:—

"The publication of this reprint tranquillized the public mind; for it presented ocular demonstration that, with the exception of typographical errors, and of the changes conformed to, and required by, the progress of orthography in the English language, the text of our present Bibles remains unchanged, and is without variation from the original copy as left by the translators."—p. 11.

We may, then, assume that our English Bibles, whether printed in Oxford, Cambridge, or London, are accordant with the text of 1611 in all respects saving the orthography, and in this latter respect the variations between the several editions are so few and so trivial, as to justify us in asserting that we in England are at the present time in possession of a text at once pure and uniform.

The edition of Luther's version which we have placed at the head of our list, as that which received Luther's final corrections, is the edition which is generally regarded in Germany as possessed of standard authority. We believe we do not err in stating that, with the exception of editions specially designed for the learned, no society nor publisher in Germany has issued exact reprints, in every respect, saving the orthography, of this standard edition. A pure text, then, cannot be said to exist. Whether, considering that the translation was made more than three centuries ago, this can be regarded as altogether an evil is another question. The fact, however, remains that nowhere, in editions intended for popular use, do we find a pure text.

While all the editions deviate more or less from the original text, the majority of them, in these deviations, deviate from each other. This is a matter of prime importance. Some have peculiarities of orthography, others of punctuation, others of translation. Several have their own chapter headings and parallel passages. Different States have different revisions of the text, and thus the text of the Book of books has been made, in the arbitrariness with which it has been dealt with in these German hands, a type of the political mutilation and dismemberment of the great people of whose language it is the noblest monument.

The confusion began in Luther's own lifetime. In the edition printed in Wittemberg in 1541, he warns the public against the inaccurate reprints which were issued from the presses of the various States. He continued up to the year of his death to make alterations and improvements. In this he was but exercising an undoubted right. But what he did, others thought they might do too. Even in the edition published in Wittemberg in the year subsequent to his decease, there were scores of variations from the last edition which he had himself issued. The evil increased to such an extent that the Prince Elector Augustus of Saxony caused a collation to be made of the text current in his States with that published in Wittemberg in Luther's own lifetime. In 1581 the revised edition was published. But here, as in Luther's own case, the Elector had no control over the printers of other States, and the theologians continued to alter at pleasure, while many more various readings crept in as printers' errors.

A new epoch in the history of the Bible in Germany commenced with the establishment of the Bible Institution in Halle by the Baron von Canstein. This took place in the beginning of the last century. The Baron made a new recension of the text, not following strictly the edition of 1545, but acting on the eclectic principle of adopting the best reading

to be found in any edition published by Luther himself. The vast numbers circulated by this institution, the number now having reached more than 4,000,000 of complete Bibles, has imposed some check on the previous confusion. But the later editions even of this institution, are not perfectly accordant with those which it originally issued; while side by side with it a host of other recensions has sprung up.

The history of these recensions is curious and very instructive. It shows how when once confusion enters, the return to order is all but an impossibility. It shows also how hard it is for two bodies of men to agree on the principles in accordance with which a recension should be made. Different societies have had perfectly antagonistic ends in view, and the result has only rendered discord more discordant. We shall illustrate this by examples drawn from what has transpired in the present century.

Some societies think Luther's style too antiquated, and that the Canstein Bibles have dealt too reverently with it in this respect.

"The Basle Society, the oldest German Bible Society, adopted from the very beginning a modernised phraseology, substituted intelligible words for those which were unintelligible, *e.g.*, Luke i. 39, it changed 'endelich' into 'eilends,' &c.; and in the case of obsolete phrases, added the modern forms of expression in smaller type. The Strasburg Society, in the edition of 1819, followed the same plan; but in the year 1827 a revision of the New Testament was undertaken, in which inaccuracies in the translation were corrected; unintelligible, ambiguous, and obsolete words exchanged for their opposites, and even the grammatical construction tampered with, though with a gentle hand. But, when the Society in 1845 proceeded to do the same with the Old Testament, the opposition was so powerful that the project was abandoned." Other societies, on the contrary, think that the Canstein Institution has gone too far in its deviations from Luther's last and standard edition, and that the words, and many of the forms, though obsolete, must be retained in their entirety.

Of this class, the Würtemberg Society, in Stuttgart, is perhaps the most exaggerated type. A revised edition was published by this society, we believe, in the year 1845. The sixth edition of this revision is now before us. We have no access to an authoritative statement of the principles of procedure, but we know from various sources that the object aimed at was to restore the text, in accordance with the edition of 1545, in all respects, saving the orthography and punctuation. But even here there are considerable deviations. The universal assent of churches and societies had sanctioned changes to which the strictest purists feel compelled to bow. For example: Luther had no chapter headings, and but few parallel passages, while he had filled his margins with glosses and small comments, and occasionally with summaries of the contents of a paragraph, or of a chapter. The Stuttgart Society has chapter headings and parallel passages, while the comments and glosses are omitted. Then there were real errors of translation, which all modern editions have rectified; such, for example, as "eight" for "eighty," &c., or there were whole verses left out. In these matters, the Stuttgart revisors appear to have acted somewhat arbitrarily. There are cases in which they have adopted the univer. sally-received correction, as in Jer. xix. 1. In the edition of 1545 Luther translates, "Thus saith the Lord, Go and buy thee an earthen jug from the potter, along with some of the elders of the people, and *for the elder* of the priests." The modern editions all read, "*and of the elders* of the priests." The Stuttgart revisors deviate from Luther, and follow the modern editors. There are other cases in which they have followed Luther, *e.g.*, in 2 Kings vi. 25, Luther wrote "an ass's head

was sold for *eight* pieces of silver." The modern editions read "eighty." The Stuttgart revisors, however, perpetuate the reading of 1545. Lastly, there are cases in which they adopt *both* readings, the original and the amended, printing the amended reading in the text immediately after the original, and enclosing it in brackets. The following is an instance of this: In Jer. xii. 13, Luther translates, "They sow wheat, but they shall reap thistles, and *what they gain does not become of use to them;* they shall not be joyful in their revenues, for the grim anger of the Lord." The modern editions translate the words printed in italic much as our English translators, "they put themselves to pain, but shall not profit." The Stuttgart revisors adopt both readings, and print the verse thus: "They sow wheat, but they shall reap thistles, and what they gain does not become of use to them (they put themselves to pain, but shall not profit), they shall not be joyful in their revenues, for the grim anger of the Lord."

In treating of the Stuttgart edition, we will not speak of the confusion arising from the fact of Luther's division into chapters occasionally deviating from the division adopted in all other editions, both in vernacular and learned languages. We will only remark that the revisors have here followed the expedient resorted to in all the modern editions.

It is not our object to criticise this particular recension, and we therefore pass over many points in which it deviates from the original of 1545 on the one hand, and from the modern editions on the other. We have written enough to show that this text, whatever be its merits, cannot claim for itself absolute purity, while it, of course, increases the existing lack of uniformity.

Though not directly bearing on our subject, there is one point in which all modern editions differ from Luther's originals, to which we venture to allude. The great Reformer was a Teuton to his heart's core, and this Teutonic feeling, as is well known, found vent for itself in many strange and characteristic ways, in none, perhaps, more characteristic than in the use he made of Gothic and Roman capital letters in his translation of the Bible. If a word is expressive of dignity, nobility, generosity, or goodness, it begins with a Gothic capital; if it be expressive of what is mean, or base, or selfish, or wicked, it begins with a Roman capital. The name of the true God began with a Gothic; the word "Gods" with a Roman capital. The same contempt fell to the lot of the "godless," and of Sihon, King of the Amorites, and Og, King of Bashan. The priest and the Levite who passed by on the other side are branded with Roman capitals, while the good Samaritan is immortalized with the Gothic.

The edition marked four at the head of this paper is less latitudinarian than the Strasbourg edition, and less strict in its adherence to the original text than that of Stuttgart. It appeared originally in 1852. The revisor agreed with the latter in regarding the Canstein Institution as having gone too far, but differed from it in thinking that the original text should only be restored where the restoration could be accomplished with due regard to the justifiable requirements of the present day. Hence another recension.

Of late, a new commission has been appointed by the German Kirchentag in conjunction with the Canstein Bible Institution. Three distinguished scholars have been selected, who are at present busily engaged at their work; and the result will be another recension. This recension, should it be ultimately adopted by the Canstein Institution, would probably have a wider circulation than any of its rivals.

We have collated, in the last seven editions on our list, the first four verses of the twenty-third psalm, together with the headings, or summary of contents. It will be seen that all these editions have been printed since

1850. The result of the collation was the discovery of forty-two variations. In the summary of the contents of the psalm there were four differences, of which three were verbal, and one orthographical. The verbal differences were as follows: The great majority of the editions had "Christ, our good shepherd." One had, "Praise of the Lord, as the good shepherd;" and one, "Praise of the many benefits of Christ Jesus, the shepherd of our souls"; while a London edition, into which we happened to look, added a fourth variation, "The Lord, our good shepherd." Of the remaining variations, some are variations in the orthography, others in the punctuation, others in the use of capitals and larger type in particular words; a great many in the marginal references, and one in the grammar: the third person singular of a verb being intentionally used in the one case, and the third person plural in the other!

We have made the same comparison between three English Bibles printed respectively in Oxford, Cambridge, and London. We found the following variations:—The Cambridge edition had a ¶ before the words, "A Psalm of David," while it was absent in the London and Oxford editions; and the Cambridge and London editions abbreviated the word Proverbs into Prov., while the Oxford edition had Pro. With these exceptions, the three editions were absolutely uniform.

CLOSET DEVOTIONAL EXERCISES FOR THE YOUNG; from Ten Years old and upwards. By the Rev. Alexander Fletcher, D.D. London: Hall and Virtue.

"THIS work contains services for the morning and evening of each day for a period of three months. Should the present volume meet with the approbation of pious parents and the religious public, it will be followed by the publication of other three, contain the Old Tes and evening services for was so pow r."

As han ensively as this volume is known, it will secure the encouragement that the author needs to induce him to complete the series for the whole year. It was no small honour paid to Dr. Watts when it was said of him, "That he could soar to the highest heights of philosophy and descend to the comprehension of an infant's mind with equal facility." To Dr. Fletcher similar honour belongs. For many years he has devoted his time and energies to the spiritual improvement of the young, and has honourably earned for himself the title, "Prince of preachers to children." By this volume he has afforded a great help to youthful devotion.

A Christian parent may suitably present a copy of this work to his children, because it contains material for prayer which, by the aid of the Holy Spirit, may prove a blessing to them through all their future days. The daily use of this volume cannot fail to produce the most salutary results in the formation and development of youthful character.

THE PEERAGE OF POVERTY; OR LEARNERS AND WORKERS IN FIELDS, FARMS, AND FACTORIES. By Edwin Paxton Hood. First series. London: Judd and Glass. 1859.

LIKE all else which its author has produced, abounding in moral healthfulness, enthusiasm, and true poetry. The chapters which have interested us most are those given to Palissy, the potter, and to Robert Nicoll. The endurance, perseverance, and ultimate successes of the former are narrated in Mr. Hood's best style, and with a fine completeness of appreciation. The brief sketch of the latter will surely benefit all who read it. Nicoll's life was beautiful and noble; and he laboured with such earnestness and purity in the great cause to which his best years were devoted that he made himself a throne in the hearts of men scarcely less worthy than himself, and who regard him still with an eminent admiration and love.

Other chapters chronicle various of the triumphs of genius and virtue

over circumstances eminently and painfully adverse.

If we may, we would with all kindness suggest that Mr. Hood's written style is, with sundry excellent exceptions, too much like his spoken style. Both lack repose. We have no objection to arguments worked in fire, provided only that the furnace is not always in a blaze, or that we are not always standing at its mouth. Fire and frost, day and night—let Mr. Hood take a lesson from nature, and alternate his warm and brilliant passages with others in calmer and more solid style. Too many of the former hurt and weary our eyes, and the only remedies we know of are either to shut them or look elsewhere.

RAGGED HOMES, AND HOW TO MEND THEM. By Mrs. Bayly. Nisbet.

THIS is an admirable little book on a very important subject; written, too, by a lady, who, while she is an earnest and diligent helper in the cause of moral and physical improvement, is far removed from that sickly sentimentality of feeling which has prompted so much mistaken kindness, well-meant though it may be, toward the working classes. The scene of Mrs. Bayly's self-denying labours has been in that squalid and most neglected district near Notting Hill, termed the "Potteries;" and here, by aiding the agencies already established, but most especially by the formation of a "Mothers' Meeting," which aims, not at religious instruction only, but at instruction in every department of domestic economy, the results have been so gratifying that it would indeed have been a subject of regret if they had not been brought before the public. The story how the "village not picturesque" slowly assumed a more pleasant, at least a far cleaner aspect; how the people, who first rudely stared at the kind lady in utter astonishment of what brought her among them, came to anticipate her visits with anxiety, and welcome her as an old friend; how the poor ignorant mothers with their ill-nursed children soon looked forward to the Wednesday evening meeting as an actual holiday, because there was the kind lady always in her place, and ready with words of gentle wisdom to give instruction, whether the case was a drunken husband or an infant teething, a daughter to be sent out to service or a "ragged home" to be made more comfortable: the whole story of how these poor neglected families were roused to habits of order, and decency, and self-respect is most delightfully told.

We heartily congratulate Mrs. Bayly on the success of her labours, undertaken in the wise spirit of not encouraging the poor to become helpless paupers through injudicious charity, but by moral and religious instruction, and aid always forthcoming when *really* needful; but above all, by the exercise of warm Christian sympathy, raising them from their "low estate" to become valuable members of society. Earnestly do we bid her "God speed," and trust that we shall ere long receive from her a second volume as interesting and suggestive as this before us.

THE RELIGION OF GEOLOGY AND ITS CONNECTED SCIENCES. By Edward Hitchcock, D.D., LL.D., Late President of Amherst College. London: James Blackwood, Paternoster-row. 1859.

THE republication of these excellent lectures in the present form deserves favourable notice for several reasons. This volume is the first of a series of valuable works which are in course of monthly publication, at a price even lower than that of the ephemeral literature of our railway stalls; affording facilities which, but a few years ago, would have been deemed incredible, for the accumulation of what is here proposed by the enterprising publisher—"a library in every home." This opening volume augurs well for the series. It consists of those lectures of Dr. Hitchcock delivered some years ago at Amherst College, which were at the time, and have been ever

since, considered as a most complete and successful vindication of the virtual accordance between Revelation and science. The examination of all the alleged difficulties is so complete as to leave little to be desired. The author's object is not so much to prove that his own, or any one, theory of cosmogony must be the one and only correct one, as to show that all the facts revealed by geology and the allied sciences are reconcileable with Revelation on two or three different hypotheses; any one of which may be adopted without requiring any, even the slightest, concession from those who believe, as he himself does, in the entire authenticity and verbal accuracy of the Mosaic account of the creation. As to the age of the earth, he, in common with all geologists, believes it to be vastly greater than the age of man; and he gives forcible reasons for believing that the creation described by Moses was a preparation for man's appearance, subsequent to long ages of dynasties of the lower animals, where man was not the monarch. Into the arguments, of course, we cannot here enter. The first lecture shows what right we have to seek illustrations of Revelation from science; and that we may do this in all cases without fear, since we believe fully that the God of Revelation is also the God of nature, and therefore a full investigation can show no discrepancy. In the second lecture he shows that the *epoch* of the earth's *creation* is unrevealed, but that our history relates to man's appearance and destinies. The law of the death of organic beings forms the interesting theme of the third lecture; and the fourth treats of the Noahic deluge, which Dr. H. believes to have extended only over the *inhabited* world, and to have left no traces which can now be recognised. In the later lectures we are inclined to think that the author becomes rather fanciful, as in that upon the "Telegraphic System of the Universe;" but the whole work is so candid so learned, and has so strong a tendency to illustrate the Divine power and benevolence, as to demand our warmest approbation.

BRITISH NOVELISTS AND THEIR STYLES. By David Masson. Cambridge: Macmillan and Co.

IT is computed that there has been "produced in these islands, since the publication of 'Waverley,'" in all about 3,000 novels, counting about 7,000 volumes. A goodly result of human industry. Novel writing is at this moment a flourishing trade, and it would seem to be likewise profitable. Huge is the demand; still more huge the supply. The number of novels produced in this country is something enormous. Weekly come forth the *Athenæum* and the *Literary Gazette*, their advertising pages covered with announcements. There is no scarcity of bread for those who are a hungered. The manufacture is even now going on. Think of it, at this moment in England some hundred or more pens are gaily careering over foolscap sheets, pursuing the fortunes of imaginary characters. How many heroines are weeping at this hour! How many heroes are cursing their hard fate! In a few months each of these young people will be married happily at the close of the third volume; and the chronicles of their misfortunes and adventures will have been printed, published, advertised, reviewed, read, forgotten; and the hundred pens will be careering over foolscap sheets as gaily as ever, pursuing the fortunes of another set of characters, who will in their turn be married; the book containing an account of the same will be printed, published, &c., &c. The wielders of these hundred pens consume bread and beer even as ordinary men and women. They employ tailors and bootmakers, and it is charitably hoped duly pay the same. To keep the wolf from the door there is but the deft flourish of a grey goose quill. The cash received for bundles of stained

foolscap, delivered yearly or half-yearly, being what keeps house over head, shoes upon feet, nay, which pays poor-rates and double income-tax. Wonderful! Verily, man has sought out many inventions! Where do all these novels go that fly before us in such interminable procession? To rest and sleep like every one of us. What strange places these books see, into what strange companies they fall, what various hands turn over their pages, what various eyes bend above them in their progress from the printing press, to final absorption into Lethe. Salvoes of praise, like artillery proclaiming to the world that a prince is born, announce the appearance of some. Immortality is promised them by the sweet voices of the multitude. Others are received coolly, and prematurely die, unwept. There lies the three-volumed infant, fresh from the pen, radiant in unsmirked drab and gold—who will cast its horoscope? The languid lady kills a weary day with it, cutting the pages as she reads. In summer it is sent to sea-bathing quarters, and does hard duty there. It sees the moonlight, hears the sound of the sea waves, and lies for hours upon the yellow sands. For a swift stolen second, Alfred's and Sophia's hands are clasped above it, and it listens to vows and words as passionate as any within its boards. Returning, its first youth over, it is sent to the provinces, knocks about the provincial world, getting soiled and dingy, thumbed by careless hands; not altogether without a remembrance of its former conquests, when by her single candle, when work is over in the kitchen, Cinderella pores over it, blurring it with tears, conceiting herself the while to be Georgiana, and the magnificent FitzGeorge, her sweetheart—the pot-boy round the corner. Misfortunes accumulate upon it. Its margins, once so pure and unsullied, are scribbled over with insolent comments; it loses leaves, it gets detached from its boards, and finally in the dust-bin, like poor human mortals in their graves, it has rest from all its sorrows. "The king is dead; long live the king." The race of novels is never extinct.

Authorship, in a rich and luxurious community, in which half the men are idle, and more women, becomes a trade, and the deft workman inherits the pudding and the praise. In such communities books are manufactured for daily use, even as muffins are. Idle men and women must be amused, excited, and he who "peppers the highest is sure to please." Much skill is brought to bear on the preparation of these intellectual comfits. Others, too, than readers exist upon books. The publishing season sets in upon the world like the herring shoals upon the Hebrides. Onward comes glittering the annual army, the shark, porpoise, and dog-fish feeding upon its edges, while the gull and cormorant hasten to the feast from afar.

The fact that at present novels are produced at the rate of *two* per week is worthy of being taken notice of, and may suggest meditation not altogether unedifying. Of this fact Professor Masson essayed to take sufficient notice in four lectures delivered last winter before the audience which is wont to assemble itself in the Philosophical Institution at Edinburgh, and he now, the lectures meantime having been corrected and extended, and gathered up into a handsome volume, commends his thinkings thereupon to the readers of the entire country. Having duly perused the Professor's book, we are constrained to give it our cordial approval. It is honestly-done work; full of good thinking, and not without a sufficiency of bravura passages, exhibiting a literary dexterity and an eloquence far from common. He brings to his task large knowledge, and his verdicts on the great writers of the present and of bygone times are in the main to be approved. As a book, it is singularly free from extrava-

gance. Its tone is eminently sober and judicial. Perhaps if one might hint a fault, the writing is too uniformly serious and solemn. A little more ease and gaiety might be desired. When he does break a butterfly it is upon a wheel altogether out of proportion to the task. Fashionable novels, even, he will not "laugh into Hades"; he goes at them fiercely, like the early Iconoclasts at the gilded shrines and niched saints and apostles in a Popish cathedral. Seriousness evidently is the habit of his mind. He is not a pleasure yacht, the wind sitting in its great sheet of canvas, skimming the foam like a seabird. He is rather a lugger, with bows like a Dutchman, deep in the water from a superabundance of ballast, and, if slow, he makes gallant way, faces the curled waves bravely, going through them when he cannot mount them; and when he arrives at port, from his deep hold we are sure he will unlade rich stuffs. You may object to his speed; you cannot with a pure conscience object to his cargo. Professor Masson enters his protest against fun. He is plainly of opinion that there should be no more cakes and ale. He detests "comic literature," and expresses his belief that could he wish "in this age of abounding wits and humorists for that which, from its very rarity, would do us most good, it would be for the appearance among us of a great soul that could not, or would not, laugh at all; whose every tone and syllable should be serious, and whose face should front the world with something of that sublimity of look which our own Milton wore, when his eyes rolled in darkness in quest of suns and systems, or of that pitiful and scornful melancholy which art has fixed, for the reprehension of frivolity for ever, on the white mask of the Italian Dante.'

In his first lecture, Prof. Masson enters into a variety of ingenious speculations concerning the relations existing between the epic and the novel, and discusses the question which is the better fitted for purposes of narration, prose or verse.

It may be said that, as the medium of impassioned thought, the powers and capabilities of prose have never yet been fully developed. Supreme verse has been in our literature written much more frequently than supreme prose. Perhaps on the whole supreme prose writing is the more difficult task. And, remembering great passages in the writings of Jeremy Taylor, Wilson, Carlyle, De Quincy, one is inclined to ask what want they in thought, or in imagination, or in music, that verse could possibly possess. Still, even admitting that prose is superior to verse in so far as it holds a wider region, and can achieve a greater variety of triumphs; that in the hands of a master it is quite equal to verse as a vehicle of passionate or imaginative utterance, we cannot anticipate the time when "verse, sacred and oboriginal verse," will be driven by its rival to the "remotest fastnesses of the mountains." Drive verse to the mountain top, and, behold! she appears on the plain. Nay, is the fact not really so? During the years that prose, in the hands of Burke, and Wilson, and De Quincy, and Carlyle, produced its most brilliant effects, verse, in the person of Robert Burns, made the grotesquest satire her own, in the "Deil and Doctor Hornbook;" Cowper sang the "Sofa;" the muse of Wordsworth celebrated "Idiot Boys," and wandered over the country with waggoners and pedlars. Byron made a successful inroad into the domain of prose in "Don Juan," and one of the noblest poems of our own day, Mr. Browning's "Aurora Leigh," is a veritable novel in verse, in which many of the most prosaic elements of modern social life are represented—literary *soirées* and the bald chit-chat of the "Blues." And what means the cry so often raised in critical journals, that poets do not consider the subject matter of their song sufficiently now-a-days, that they concern themselves with themes very far removed from

the heroic; but that if prose has entered and taken possession somewhat of the realm that from time immemorial belonged to verse, verse has returned the compliment by transplanting her airy hosts and pitching her tents on the acknowledged territory of prose. The question proposed by Professor Masson, "What can verse do in narrative fiction that prose cannot; and, on the other hand, are there any compensating respects in which, in the same business, prose has the advantage of verse?" is not one likely to be discussed by a writer filled with the inspiration of his subject. Whether the writer chooses prose or verse depends in the first instance on the constitutional bent or proclivity of his mind; and in the second, on what he purposes to achieve. Tennyson chose verse to set forth the monotonous sorrow of "In Memoriam;" Goethe verse in "Faust;" but with a wider field before him, with a far deeper moral to inculcate, and with more stubborn and alien elements to reduce to obedience and order, in "Wilhelm Meister" he chooses, and rightly so, prose for his vehicle. Whatever passionately possesses the imagination of a writer, and which does not require for its fit setting forth the admixture of prosaic elements, will not move, happily, in a less elevated region than that of verse. Whatever has to work out its moral from the "thick and miscellany of things," from the humours, prejudices, the unloveliness and ordinariness of human life, must perforce betake itself to the lower platform of prose. To ask which, verse or prose, is the better vehicle of thought, is an inquiry somewhat useless; both are perfect in their proper place, and in such a discussion reference must always be had to the mind of the writer—what moral does he wish to inculcate, and through what medium, passionate or satirical, does he wish that moral to be made visible? Perhaps on the whole it is better to let great writers alone, and not trouble them with impertinent questionings or theories. Had the "Idylls of the King" been written in prose, they might have reminded one of Mr. G. P. R. James; had the Newcomes been written in verse —— it would be difficult to say of what it would have reminded us.

In the second lecture Professor Masson treats of Swift, Defoe, Richardson, Fielding, Smollett, and Sterne, in a manner singularly appreciative and manly. Of the third lecture we need only say that its subject is Scott, and that it was delivered in Edinburgh. The great man is celebrated; but there is perhaps more than sufficient celebration of the beauty of the city by night and by day; more than sufficient celebration of the men who have followed Scott in the "gray metropolis of the North," and an amazing prophecy ventured as to the great men—their name is to be legion—who in that city are yet to appear and make their times glorious. It is not without reason that Professor Masson, in his preface, hints that "with respect to one of the lectures—the third—it might even be obliging if the reader were to remember specially that it was prepared for an Edinburgh audience."

The fourth lecture is the most interesting of the series, in so far as it deals with contemporary fiction, and with writers who are at present alive. It is full of allusions to Bulwer, the Brontés, but is mainly occupied with a comparison of the merits of the two great rivals, Dickens and Thackeray. Here is a glimpse of both on Douglas Jerrold's funeral day:—

"Perhaps there is a certain ungraciousness in our thus always comparing and contrasting the two writers. We ought to be but too glad that we have such a pair of contemporaries, yet living and in their prime, to cheer on against each other. I felt this strongly once when I saw the two men together. The occasion was historic. It was in June, 1857; the place was Norwood Cemetery. A multitude had gathered there to bury a man known to both of them, and who had known both of them

well—a man whom we have had incidentally to name as holding a place, in some respects peculiar, in the class of writers to which *they* belong, though his most effective place was in a kindred department of literature; a man, too, of whom I will say that, let the judgment on his remaining writings be permanently what it may, and let tongues have spoken of him this or that awry, there breathed not, to my knowledge, within the unwholesome bounds of what is specially London, any one in whose actual person there was more of the pith of energy at its tensest, of that which in a given myriad anywhere, distinguishes the one. How like a little Nelson he stood, dashing back his hair, and quivering for the verbal combat! The flash of his wit, in which one quality the island had not his match, was but the manifestation easiest to be observed of a mind compact of sense and information, and of a soul generous and on fire. And now all that remained of Jerrold was enclosed within the leaden coffin which entered the cemetery gates. As it passed, one saw Dickens among the bearers of the pall, his uncovered head of genius stooped, and the wind blowing his hair. Close behind came Thackeray; and, as the slow procession wound up the hill to the chapel, the crowd falling into it in twos and threes and increasing its length, his head was to be seen by the later ranks, towering far in the front above all the others, like that of a marching Saul. And so up to the little chapel they moved; and after the service for the dead, down again to another slope of the hill, where, by the side of one of the walks, and opposite to the tombstone of Blanchard, Jerrold's grave was open. There the last words were read; the coffin was lowered; and the two, among hundreds of others, looked down their farewell. And so, dead at the age of fifty-four, Jerrold was left in his solitary place, where the rains were to fall, and the nights were to roll overhead, and but now and then, on a summer's day, a chance stroller would linger in curiosity; and back into the roar of London dispersed the funeral crowd. Among those remitted to the living were the two of whom we speak, aged the one forty-five, the other forty-six. Why not be thankful that the great city had two such men still known to its streets; why too curiously institute comparisons between them?"

In his estimate of the two writers Professor Masson does not in the least run counter to popular feeling. He admits that Dickens is the more productive, versatile, and essentially rich mind, that Thackeray is the more cynical, melancholy, weighty, and cultured. Dickens possesses gayer spirits and more exuberant natural genius; Thackeray has the more meditative eye, and is by far the profounder artist. Dickens from his lyrical turn, and in the excitement of work, is constantly tempted into extravagance and rhapsody. He has little command over his own creations, and they use him as they please. He is constantly wandering on the confines of existence, where the man melts into the shade. Most of his characters commit suicide, so far as the faith of the reader is concerned. They either crumble away into nothing before the book is closed, or change into something else. Mr. Pecksniff is not the same Pecksniff all through. We wonder his daughters did not express astonishment at the aspect of their changed papa. Thackeray plants himself more firmly on the reality of character, he holds his subject more in hand; and although his process is comparatively slow, his work, when finished, looks like a thing that will endure. There is nothing lyrical about Thackeray, he never loses his self-possession through enthusiasm. His tone is sober, and he seems to have made up his mind on every subject he touches, and on many subjects besides which he prefers to say nothing about. He has a quick and merciless eye for the little meannesses and vilenesses of human nature. He has the instinct of a flesh-fly for a raw. He does not care about grand passions and tragic crimes. He does not believe in them. A grocer sanding his sugar he rolls like a sweet morsel under his tongue; he cannot away with Othello in his jealous rage smothering a pure Desdemona with a bolster. Reading his books is like sitting in a police-court; there is always something going on, and respectable parties in the witness-box are continually letting out the shabbiest secrets about themselves, and the judge or bench is never astonished at the amount of that kind of thing which transpires;

he seems to expect it, and to consider it the most ordinary thing in the world. It would take a good deal to shock him. Dickens is the more pleasing writer, and he really awakens the most benevolent sensations in the reader. After reading one of his books you wish every day in the year Christmas, and every man, woman, and child in the world nothing to do but to sit down to a table groaning with roast meat, with a huge plum-pudding to follow. Mr. Dickens empties his pockets of their loose silver to the first beggar he meets shivering ankle-deep in the snow; Mr. Thackeray growls "tramp" from beneath his warm comforter, and buttons them more proudly up. Yet although the Titmarshian view of life is desponding and gloomy, it is so on the surface, for the most part. Thackeray knows, as well as any man, although he does not always choose to exhibit them, the nobilities that lie deep down beneath the outer crust. There is at times a strain of most sad, serious wisdom in him. "A smile on the lip and a tear in the eye," and that proud reticence of his, that noble shame of emotion, that stern crushing down of all weak and unmanly tears, makes his pathos, when it does force its way through mockery or satire, quite overwhelming. In Mr. Dickens' pathetic passages—and they are legion — there are too many tears, and all too great a display of them. He weeps because he likes to weep. He believes in the "luxury of grief," and indulges himself pretty frequently in the luxury. Mr. Thackeray in his books displays some capacity for thinking; Mr. Dickens never does. No opinion of his carries the slightest weight with it. He cannot argue, he can only call nicknames, stinging and sticking. His opinions are as extravagant as his characters. Moreover he learns nothing. Experience passes by him like the idle wind. The literary errors of his youth are the literary errors of his manhood. In his first works he attacked professors of religion, representing them as gluttons and wine-bibbers, and persons careful only of their own advancement; and in his later books the same representation is continued. Time has taught him no temperance, increased knowledge of mankind no charity. He still believes as in the days of his hot youth, when he wrote "Pickwick," that the synonym of Christian is—Stiggins. It is only the resolutely shut eye that is competent to such a feat.

Professor Masson considers that the novel is not likely soon to lose its popularity; on the contrary, he expects that it will rise into greater importance, and that the greatest minds will yet peer into its service and accept it as one of the noblest forms of literature. He wishes its capabilities to be increased, its range widened, and that greater attention should be paid by novelists to "real life and epic breadth of interest."

THE RECOLLECTIONS OF GEOFFRY HAMLYN. By Henry Kingsley. Three Volumes. Macmillan & Co.

WE have read these three volumes of Recollections with the greatest interest, and with all but the greatest pleasure. Mr. Kingsley possesses and has exhibited unquestionable power and marked cultivation. He is a true Kingsley—which is saying no little—and is distinguished by many of the same faculties, preferences, tastes, as have won golden opinions for the Rector of Eversley.

We have remarked in Geoffry Hamlyn three great virtues and one great defect. There is a highly attentive observation and appreciation of nature, with frequent remark on features or facts which have escaped almost all the world besides. We might take as examples the very brief but powerful and graphic description of the glowing magnificence of the northern passes of Dartmoor, and of sundry Australian landscapes depicted with a light, rapid strength and finish of hand that betoken the master. We have great excellence in the portrayal, we might almost say, the evolution of character. The

dramatis personæ seem to us to be worked out in an outward direction from the innermost soul and nature which each distinctly possesses. It is not here, as we have sometimes remarked it to be, that the artist has but one lay figure, and for characters only a number of different properties with which to drape it. This real manifestation of character, properly so called, we greatly admire. The consequence of it is, that we really understand each one of the personages represented in the drama. We know tolerably well what sort of conduct and behaviour to expect. And while we are not allowed the use of a telescope to see a long way off in the distance what we know we shall presently look at through our spectacles, we still can anticipate something as to the relative proportions of good and evil, nobleness and baseness, which he life of each one will develope.

The third virtue we have remarked is that fine moral and physical healthfulness which, we apprehend, must be supposed to run in the very blood of the Kingsleys, since it finds its way out in whatever they write. What finer, worthier, or nobler men and women can we ever expect to meet in this world than Frank Maberly, Major Buckley, his son Sam, Doctor Mulhaus, Mrs. Buckley, and Agnes Brentwood? Yet it is with reference to this same noble, we had almost said, magnificent moral healthfulness that we find the great defect we have spoken of. Whence do men derive it? And how does it happen that, in their works of fiction, the two Kingsleys, gifted and accomplished as they are, never tell us of the source of it? It surely is the product and growth of our religion. However it may be accounted for, it admits no question as to fact, that you never find it where Christianity is unknown and its teachings unheard. Yet anything distinctive as to Christianity is not to be found here. We know sufficiently well that it is not the prime duty of a novelist to fill his three volumes with religious reflections or evangelical exegesis. But, without this, he may at least suffer the essentials of his religion to manifest themselves whenever, in the process of his story, they naturally would do so. What we complain of is the stopping short. Take Frank Maberly. He is a very muscular Christian indeed, but withal as fine a man, in many respects, as ever stood in a pulpit. We are introduced to him as he celebrates, in no other place than the Bishop of Exeter's palace, the success of his little terrier in throttling a rat. In due time he becomes Dean of something in Australia, and meets with all the best of his Drumston friends, who have by this time been in their new home for some years. He is a most likeable and gallant fellow, and preaches none the worse sermon because he can run four miles in twenty minutes, and take a five-barred gate at a flying leap. But his religion, properly so called—where is that? Worked out in his life! In part we grant. But if we did not know about his religion from the fact of his being a member of the English Church we might remain for ever in profound ignorance of its most fundamental truths, as also of the spirituality of the life to which they lead. We of course admire Maberly's zeal and fidelity, working his life out, as we are told he does, in that grand Australian colony, and we have no manner of doubt that he deserves a martyr's crown. But he is "priest" of what? Verily we know not, except so far as may be inferred from the fact of profession mentioned.

But notwithstanding this great fault, we cordially thank Mr. Kingsley for his book, shall be right glad to meet him again, and hope we may on another occasion see something of the πνεῦμα of his Christianity as well as it σὰρξ, that from the second edition of this book he will omit the dozen grammatical blunders which appear in the first, and that our admiration for the next creation of his genius may not have to be stinted by the exception which has been taken to this.

THE ECLECTIC.

DECEMBER, 1859.

I.

BAUMGARTEN'S "HISTORY OF JESUS."

Die Geschicte Jesu für das Verständniss der Gegenwart in öffentlichen Vorträgen dargestellt. Von M. BAUMGARTEN, Doctor und Professor der Theologie. ("The History of Jesus, exhibited in a Series of Public Discourses addressed to the Intelligence of the Present Day.") Braunschweig: Schwetschke und Sohn. London: Williams and Norgate, 1859. 8vo., pp. 445.

THE *Eclectic* was, we believe, the first amongst English critical organs to call the attention of the theological public of this country to the writings of Professor Baumgarten. In an article which appeared in our February number in 1854 we gave, together with a passing notice of his "Theological Commentary on the Pentateuch," his earliest production of any note, and of his latest labours on "The Night Visions of Zechariah," which had only just come into our hands, a more detailed account of his great work on the "Acts." On looking up what we then said, we find that we expressed in sufficiently enthusiastic terms our opinion of the merits of that remarkable work. "We have not the smallest hesitation," we wrote, "in expressing our modest conviction, that in no previous uninspired period of her history has the Church of Christ possessed such a means as is here afforded her of gaining a true insight into the meaning of her own glorious archives." We even went so far as to say that we knew of no commentary, in any language, or of any age, equal to it in its marvellous power of repristinating the holy past. Daring words, doubtless, they were. We own we ourselves trembled as we wrote them. For we had not overlooked the announcement that the Messrs. Clark had already undertaken to publish a translation of the work in their "Foreign Theological Library," and that thus our readers would but too soon have an opportunity of checking our estimate, should our warm appreciation of the highly original and felicitous style

of exegesis exemplified in Baumgarten's volumes have carried us too far. But the high praise was penned notwithstanding—deliberately, out of earnest conviction, and under a strong and solemn sense of duty towards the Church of God. Nor shall the retrospect of five years extort from us a palinode, although the circle of the Professor's English admirers, wide as its radius is, by no means swells out as yet in proportion either to our expectations or to his deserts. We have met with very many who are not behind ourselves in their recognition of his extraordinary gifts as an expositor of the Word of God in general, and of the Apostolic History in particular. But there is no denying that his light has not hitherto pierced all the dark places of our British Christianity, and that, so far as too many of our pulpits are concerned, the seal impressed in the hierarchical contempt of its holy simplicity, upon this Divine record of the organic life of Apostolic Christendom, might as well never have been broken by this marvellously-gifted interpreter. The perpetual polemical references made by Baumgarten to Schneckenburger's destructive theory as to the genesis of the Acts, are understood by but few readers here; and this circumstance has unquestionably stood in the way of the work's decisive triumph on this side the Channel. Yet it was that wrong-headed hypothesis which really put its nimble antagonist on the right scent; and in the first instance, when all Germany was ringing with the premature jubilations of the Tübingen critics over this new discovery of the entirely unhistorical and mythical character of the Acts, the language of controversy used by Dr. Baumgarten was unavoidable. But now that, by simply setting on its base again their topsy-turvy story, Baumgarten has so completely exploded the bright thought, that in the Acts we have nothing but a clever ironic fiction, written by some great unknown in the latter half of the second century, who, with the view of reconciling the two mortally hostile Christian factions of his day, has Paulinized Peter in the first part of the history, Petrinized Paul in the last part, and made the two great antagonists shake hands at the Apostolic Council in the middle—now, we say, that this nonsense is no longer heard of, the arena on which it met its death might very properly be swept clean of the dust and gore of the contest. We hope this has been done in the new edition, which we have not yet seen, so that the rich hidden treasures of positive truth which the talented author has brought to light, by just turning the *other* way the long-lost key to the inspired narrative, providentially put into our hands by the Rationalists, may henceforward shine forth with undimmed lustre. Let this be done, too, for a fresh English edition, and we have no fears for the result, especially should the question of Church polity again become rife amongst us. In

America, Switzerland, and France, no such stimulus has been needed to win for the work that commanding influence to which it is so fairly entitled. Amongst the German themselves the ecclesiastical question is still, and is likely to continue for a long time to come, what they call a "burning" one, and as far as they are concerned it is not too much to say, that all former commentaries on the Acts have been antiquated by Baumgarten's. It has been the fruitful parent of a large progeny of productions, historical and exegetical, from such scientific masters as Lange, and from popular pens like Besser's.

On the whole, then, looking merely at the reception since accorded to the work on which we based our auguries, we cannot think that we erred so egregiously as immortality-mongers of the press sometimes do, when, five or six years ago, we foretold a future for Baumgarten, then almost an unknown man. With some passages of his recent history in view, and with the latest production of his pen in our hands, we think it not unlikely we shall hear more of him yet. It is a sure sign that a man is felt to be somebody when it is found worth while to abuse and persecute him; and assuredly this tribute to growing power has not been wanting to our author. He is a Schleswig-Holsteiner, sprung from the stout yeoman class of that cradle of Teutonic England. There, after studying at Halle, he laboured for some ten years; first, as a *privatim docens* at Kiel, and afterwards as an eminently successful preacher at Schleswig. Of course he took the deepest interest in the patriotic struggle of his brave countrymen in the assertion of their Teutonic nationality against Denmark; and when they were at last overborne by Austrian and Prussian treachery and European diplomacy, he still clung to the betrayed cause with a zeal and pertinacity which have helped not a little to keep the sacred flame alive down to the present time. Although in 1850, and therefore before the fatal intervention of the 50,000 Federal troops, he had removed from the scene of this shameful sacrifice of Germans by Germans who had shortly before fought side by side with them in the very same cause, he has never since ceased loudly to protest against the crying wrong. Our readers will remember, that so lately as 1857, with the view of enlisting the public opinion of religious England against the barbarous and worse than anti-protestant attempts of Denmark to silence the German mother-tongue in the churches of his native land, he published an earnest "Letter to Lord Shaftesbury" on the subject. Such outrages upon Christianity, inflicted from purely political motives, opened his eyes, and roused his conscience, to the evils of the union of Church and State, against which he has borne eloquent and powerful witness in all his subsequent writings. It

was to Rostock, in the adjoining Grand Duchy of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, that he was called from Schleswig, having accepted one of the Theological Chairs in that university. The pious Professor's new sphere of labour presented an appalling contrast to moral and religious Schleswig-Holstein. In Mecklenburg, twenty years ago, Rationalism was rampant, from the Court downwards, throughout all strata of society, and with such deadly fruitfulness, that in 1851, there were no fewer than 200 localities in which half the births were illegitimate, as many in which the proportion had risen to two-thirds, and 79 in which there were no legitimate births at all! Still there had all along been a small remnant of devout Pietists, who sighed and cried over the desolations of the sanctuary, and endeavoured to bring about a reaction against the reigning apostasy in faith and practice. From 1848, the Grand Ducal Court itself began to take a decidedly orthodox turn, although, as in so many other similar conversions in high quarters which Germany marvelled at in that eventful year, political fright seems to have had not a little to do with the change. The old believers at first hailed the phenomenon as an answer to their prayers, and Baumgarten himself cordially co-operated for a while with the Court preacher and theologian, Dr. Kliefoth, who had been summoned by the Grand Duke, his former pupil, to take the lead in the ecclesiastical restoration. In course of time, however, this suspicious religiosity of the Court developed into a more or less rabid High Lutheranism, that cousin-German of Puseyism; and lately, at the notorious Rothenmoor Conference, this duodecimo popery fiercely denounced as heretics all who should hold fellowship with the Reformed Church, and talked big of proving, with powder and shot, that in Mecklenburg alone is the true Church to be found. Of course, those who were for a resurrection of the Christian life rather than for a mere whitewashing of the sepulchre with a coat of hierarchical ritualism, broke at once with the zealot party, and Baumgarten soon came to be recognized as the chief of the men of the Spirit and the Bible, as opposed to the men of the letter of the Church Confessions. For, meanwhile, he had been acquiring immense influence, both as a powerful preacher, and as a Professor at whose feet five-sixths of the Divinity students rallied with enthusiasm, and to whom they looked up as to a beloved pastor no less than as to a profound theological instructor. His great popularity with the university *alumni* could hardly be quite agreeable to his three colleagues, Drs. Wiggers, Krabbe, and Philippi, all men of some scientific note; whilst to the High Church bigots, the warm veneration entertained for his great learning, earnest piety,

and rare Biblical insight, by a large portion of the younger clergy and of the town and country population, were gall and wormwood. It had long been secretly resolved to destroy him; and his courageous protest, in opposition to the all-powerful Kliefoth at the Parchim Pastoral Conference, in 1856, against all attempts to revive the observance of the Lord's-day in the spirit of the Old Testament rather than the New, brought matters to a crisis. At a hint from the Grand Duke, his obsequious Ministry shortly afterwards laid before the Mecklenburg Diet a proposition for the appointment of a commission to inquire into Professor Baumgarten's orthodoxy. The motion was rejected; but these Protestant inquisitors were not to be thus baulked of their prey; and on the 16th of April, 1857, the Ministry, of their own authority, demanded the judgment of the Rostock Consistory as to the soundness of the suspected Professor's teaching since 1854. This opinion, since published, extends to 250 pages. It was drawn up by one of the obnoxious theologian's rivals (Dr. Krabbe), and signed by another (Dr. Wiggers); and these men, neither of whom is free from pretty strong Rationalistic leanings, pronounce their colleague—than whom, perhaps, no Christian teacher living clings so closely to the Bible—guilty of fundamental departure from the faith. Their "judgment" is such a master-piece of foul play, shameless manipulation, and garbling of extracts—such a poisonous confection of honied malice, as Hochstraten or Torquemada might have been proud of; and its publication was greeted from one end of the Fatherland to the other with such an indignant burst of reprobation, that not one of those responsible for it has since dared to defend it. For all that, however, without a hearing and without warning, Baumgarten, on the 6th of January last year, was deposed, on the strength of it, from his Professorship, with the insulting addition to the decree, that his salary of 1200 thalers (£180) was to be continued to him, provided he gave no further trouble, by appeals to the public, through the press, or otherwise. This sentence is vitiated by so many legal and constitutional flaws, that no jurist, even among the high Lutherans themselves, has been found willing to risk his reputation by its endorsement. In vain, however, have the Mecklenburg Diet and the Evangelical Kirchentag, representing the whole of Protestant Germany, protested against the iniquitous act. The flagrant wrong is still persisted in; and the "Ecclesiastical Crisis in Mecklenburg," which the victim has so strikingly described in a pamphlet under that title, and which has lighted up the fires of the most glowing German controversy of the day, still continues, nor can any man tell whereunto it may grow. Meanwhile, not

only the majority of the Mecklenburg pastors and their flocks, but the great bulk of the intellect and piety of Teutonic Protestantism at large, leans unmistakably to the side of this "good confessor of Jesus Christ," as he is styled by Von Bethmann Hollweg, the devout Prussian Minister of Public Worship.

We have referred to these circumstances, because it is out of the fire of this persecution, through which Professor Baumgarten is passing, that we receive the fine gold of the work before us—just as it was in consequence of his involuntary leisure from the infinitely prized duties of his Chair, that he was invited by his Hamburgh friends to deliver open theological prelections for an educated though not academical audience. It greatly enhances the value of this "History of Jesus" to know that the writer, whilst penning it, was himself, in his measure, living it over again. Only one, for instance, who himself was bearing the cross, could have written of the Cross in the style of the following passage:—

"We have travelled together on our way until we have now reached that tranquil, holy height, on which the Triune God has set up the throne of the revelation of His love. Open and free stands this sanctuary in the midst of the world; no veil, no fore-court, keeps off the uninitiated and profane; but its in-dwelling sanctity is like a cherub with flaming sword, and nothing unclean can approach it. But for upright and honest souls there is here a magnetic power of incomparable delicacy and strength; nowhere else do such linger more lovingly than in this unadorned sanctuary; here they find balsam for the deepest wounds; peaceful, untroubled rest, after hard labour and great exhaustion; here they taste the powers of the world to come, that they may be enabled with fresh courage and firm step to press without fainting towards their lofty goal. We salute thee, then, thou Holy Cross, thou throne of eternal victory and heavenly might, hidden from the whole world, but unveiled to the spiritual eye of faith, the throne on which sat down the Author and Finisher of our faith, that He might draw us all unto Himself (see John xii. 32), that we, purified from the dust of the earth, might have our citizenship in heaven (Phil. iii. 20), and might seek the things which are above, and mortify our members which are upon the earth (Col. iii. i. 5)!

"Be a blessing to us, thou dear Cross! thou simplest, clearest, and most living of all God's signs, easy and intelligible to the consciousness of man, when it is awake even if bedimmed; to the searching eye, if, single, an unfathomable heavenly abyss, with milky ways of starry thought; but to the self-wise and self-righteous an intolerable and eternally tormenting folly! O that I might succeed in depicting the Cross aright! then all my failures and shortcomings in presenting other parts of my subject will be overlooked and retrieved. On the other hand, should I break down here, let all the rest be never so well

meant, the best is still lacking. He who depicts not the Cross aright, he who falsifies the Cross, removes the last landmark by which the bewildered thought and life of mankind can alone discover their true position, poisons the motherly milk of heavenly wisdom, and toils in the laboratory of that lie which produces the second death. Accursed, therefore, be all presumption and levity, whether in frivolous or mock-holy guise, which dares to treat this only and everlasting bridge between heaven and earth, as a thing of this world! The more widely diffused in our time this wretchedest of all deceptions, the falsification of the Cross, has become, the more necessary is it for us to call to mind the pattern which the Apostle Paul, by his own example, has laid down for all times. Paul writes to the Galatian Churches, that Jesus Christ had been so set forth before their eyes, as though He had been crucified amongst them (see Gal. iii. 1). The Galatian Christians were heathen idolaters when Paul preached to them Christ crucified; and, moreover, they dwelt far away from the theatre of the hallowed history. How does Paul bring the sufferings of Christ so near to these men, who stood thus remote, locally and spiritually, from the scene, as if they had taken place under their own eyes? Does he accomplish this by means of his lively fancy and by his eloquent words? Apart from the circumstance, that the mention of bodily sufferings, which had marred his work among the Galatians (see Gal. iv. 13, 14), does not much favour the supposition of his preaching having been marked by such graces, a view of the Cross of Christ produced in this way would at all events have been only a quickly evanescent impression, and Paul would not have had reason to speak of the impression as of a special elevation of their Christian life. We know, too, from other passages, that Paul, especially when he speaks of the Cross, most sedulously abstains from all art and ornament, in order that faith, as he says, may not rest on man's wisdom, but on the power of God (see 1 Cor. ii. 4, 5, compare ver. 13). The production of that marvellous impression which Paul made upon the Galatians by his preaching of the sufferings of Christ, is to be traced to a far more inward and personal power than the gifts of intellect and speech. Paul says of himself that he bears about in his body the dying of the Lord Jesus and the Saviour's wounds (see 2 Cor. iv. 10, Gal. vi. 17); denoting thereby the likeness to Christ's passion into which he had entered in the power and as the result of his faith in the Crucified, and this similarity is the foundation of his *status* in Christ. This present experience, this repetition of the passion of Christ in the power of the Holy Ghost, is the mighty influence which imparted to the words of Paul amongst the heathen Galatians such a vividness and emphasis. And by this standard should every one who wishes to lift up the holy Cross amongst men earnestly and conscientiously try himself. He who knows nothing of this *presence* of Christ's passion in himself, may as well spare his artificial and ingenious speeches. He can never at the best bring forth anything beyond his own or others' thoughts about the Cross;

the Cross itself, that dry, unbeautiful wood, which, however, is the Tree of Life, no man will ever get a sight of through his word; and, in the next place, those intellectual ornaments but too easily degenerate into a falsification of the Cross. As for myself, I would not have undertaken to present to you the Cross, if I had not the witness in myself that I have experienced the power of this Cross, and that I experience it anew every day of my life. I know that I am freed from the curse of my sin and death, wholly and solely through the holy blood of this Cross. And since I live and act in this faith, and allow myself to be moved by nothing save this holy sign of the Cross, I must also bear the reproach of the Cross, which reproach, however, I deem an honour. Since the spirit of truth seals to me this witness, I may hope that I shall succeed in pourtraying the right and true Cross on which our Saviour hung, and not an imaginary, false, and seducing one."

The title Baumgarten has adopted for his new work must not be overlooked, since it belongs not to its accidents, but to its essence. Any other would have been a misnomer, as we shall presently see. The ear, indeed, does not take kindly to it at first. We are wont to speak of the "Life," rather than of the "History" of an individual; and that no scruple has been felt by Christian writers in regarding the most exalted individual who ever sojourned amongst men as no exception to the rule, and consequently as presenting an appropriate subject for biographical treatment, must at once be admitted. Long before the appearance of Strauss's infidel "Leben Jesu" called up a whole phalanx of apologetical productions—amongst them those of Hase, Tholuck, and Neander—under the same title, or with the slightest possible variations, the "Life of Christ" had been handled by Fleetwood and Jeremy Taylor (to name no more), amongst our own divines, as well as by many others, both here and abroad. The ejected Professor's volume certainly belongs to the same general category, although so unlike the rest, that it must forthwith be set aside as forming a species by itself. It is not without strong affinities to the biographies of the old English school—above all, in its intensely practical spirit, and its realistic love of the concrete. But there is no sermonizing, no decking of the temple of Christ's body with the garlands of human rhetoric; and the only voice of appeal we hear is that of the evangelical facts themselves, as they burst the dry cerements of tradition, and live again for the conscience, as they did eighteen hundred years ago. From what is said in the preceding extract by our author as to the way in which Paul preached Christ crucified to the Galatians, the reader may obtain an inkling of the strength of his conviction, that it is

far less to the understanding and the imagination than to the conscience and the will, that the Gospel, in its primitive sense of the self-manifestation of the Redeemer, is meant to speak. This is with him fundamental; so much so, indeed, that he denies to the intellectual apart from the moral powers any possibility of going otherwise than hopelessly astray in the effort to apprehend the real significance of the sacred narrative. It is herein mainly that he differs so widely from his forerunners, the great antagonists of the mythical theory: for even Tholuck is not free from that hard intellectualism, which seeks to demonstrate logically what can only be established by ethical arguments, and what, where the ethical faculty is undeveloped, can no more be proved at all, than geometrical truths can be made plain to an idiot, or the theory of colours to a man born blind. Yet he is not inferior to the ablest amongst them in scientific precision or profundity, where these qualities are in place. His book, moreover, like theirs, is not without an apologetic aim, although this is not with him the main thing. He does not forget the reigning scepticism around him. How could he in Hamburg, perhaps the most infidel city in Christendom? At Hamburg, in 1848—as Dr. Wichern curdled the blood of the first Kirchentag at Wittenburg, by relating—the working-men's clubs, established by the infamous William Marr, and his associates, Huker, Struve, and Robert Blum, were wont to sing such appalling blasphemy as this:—

> "Curse on the God, the blind, and the deaf,
> At whose shrine we from childhood have worshipped in vain:
> All useless our faith, and our hope put to shame;
> He has gulled us, and mocked us, and laughed at our pain."

Where the lower classes are plunged into such an abyss of Atheism, we may well imagine that the middle and the upper ranks of society have not escaped the plague. It is natural, therefore, that our author should speak mournfully of the too prevalent disbelief in the supernatural as one of the most alarming evils of the day. Still, he does not hope to convince any but *honest* sceptics; and it is not by scientific demonstration, so much as by presenting the Gospel facts, and especially the Person of Jesus, *in their own light*, that he hopes to remove the doubts even of these. He devotes a special discourse to the subject of Miracles, and we have never seen it handled in a more masterly way. We cannot particularize, but we may say in general that he refers the miracles to the *human nature* of our Lord laying hold of the arm of his Father in heaven; and not, as commonly, to his Divine nature. In the latter, no man believes more firmly; but what is

his precise view of the relation between the two natures during our Lord's sojourn on earth, it is not easy to say. One thing, however, is certain; he feels he can never protest emphatically enough against any such scholastic subtlety as makes the slightest approach to that most ancient and deadliest of all heresies—Docetism; which reduces our Lord's humanity to a mere phantom, cuts us off from all possibility of contact with him, and empties his redeeming work and his Divine example of all moral meaning for us. "The *man* Christ Jesus" is a text of which he makes right earnest, and it lies at the root of his whole conception of the "History of Jesus." Indeed, as he well remarks, on no other basis than that of the veritable humanity of the Redeemer, is any "history" of him possible at all: for, as he rightly argues, those who lay all the stress on his divinity, reach the end at the beginning,—just as unbelievers in his divinity never get beyond the starting-point; so that in neither case is there movement, progress, history. The following extract gives us an entirely new vantage-ground, which could only thus have been reached, whence to contemplate the miracles, by bringing them into immediate *rapport* (as indicated in the suggestive words of the inspired hierophant, Matthew, "Himself took our infirmities and bare our sicknesses,") with our Lord's entire redeeming work.

"We have seen that Matthew is particularly careful to set before us the fact that the miraculous working of Jesus in Galilee was of a somewhat frequent kind. Now it is the same evangelist also who affords us a glimpse of the inward disposition of Jesus, out of which this miraculous working flowed as from the depths of a Divine fountain. For after he has given us one of his above-cited comprehensive descriptions,* he goes on to say, 'That it might be fulfilled which was spoken by Isaiah the prophet, saying, Himself took our infirmities and bare our sicknesses.' (See viii. 17.) This prophetic passage is taken from the well-known fifty-third chapter of Isaiah, in which the atoning sufferings and death of the Servant of God are described. What is there said of the Servant of God taking upon himself our griefs and sicknesses, Matthew finds fulfilled in the miraculous cures embracing all the sicknesses and plagues that befel. Here we discover at once, that not from the heavenly heights of the Divine omnipotence, but from the earthly depths of human compassion, compassion which itself has the force of suffering, gushes forth the spring of healing miraculous power, which is shed forth as a divine medicinal energy on the sick and wounded members of the great body of humanity.

* The passages are Matt. iv. 23, 24; viii. 16; ix. 35; xvi. 34—36; and xv. 30, 31.

"We here once more recur to the weighty conception of the self-plunging of Jesus into the condition of Israel, the possibility of which we have seen in His divine nativity, and which we have found realized in His consecration in spirit at His baptism. We have here to do with His self-plunging into the suffering condition of Israel, as shown in diseases. The more the Idea of Israel lived in Jesus in its purity, the more deeply must He have been affected by Israel's sufferings from sickness. For though Jesus was far from taking that purely outward, and at bottom mechanical view, according to which each particular corporeal plague in the individual or family sphere is caused by some definite guilty act (see John ix. 2, 3; Luke xiii. 2, 3), yet the general connection presupposed in Scripture between calamity and guilt, between sickness and sin, was, as is self-evident, none the less clear to Him. This general human connection, which is deeply rooted in the consciousness of all nations, and in the experience of all times, is particularly well-established in reference to Israel. It was amongst the express promises of Jehovah, that if Israel would walk in the ways of God's commandments, the people should be spared the sicknesses of the heathen, as it is written, 'I, Jehovah, am thy physician.' (See Ex. xv. 26.) And although Israel never practised perfect obedience, yet we find no instance, in the Old Testament history of the men of God, in which their sacred work was interrupted and disturbed by sickness. At the time of Jesus, on the contrary, every district of the land of Israel was full of the most manifold and the worst phenomena of sickness. All the fruits of this evil plant of the earth, on which on account of sin Jehovah's curse rests, seem to have ripened at this time. When, too, Jesus saw before His eyes the sick members of His people in such crowds, He must have felt like the prophet when he complains: 'The whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint; from the sole of the foot even unto the head there is no soundness" (see Isa. i. 5, 6); and must have seen and felt in this great and general sickness, the general corruption and lost state of Israel. There was, besides, a special aggravation of bodily suffering, which is brought under our notice by the Evangelists, partly by general statements, and partly by particular descriptions of a very graphic kind. Corporeal sufferings are now and then represented as caused by a troubling of spirit, and this not unfrequently exhibited itself in such violent and ghastly forms, that the condition of the sufferers was necessarily regarded as a being possessed by a spirit of darkness. Since this worst degree of suffering was very widely diffused, especially in such districts as bordered on Gentile territory, this species of suffering also points to a profoundly abnormal internal condition of the whole people. Jehovah had redeemed Israel, with outstretched arm and with a mighty hand, out of the power of all strange gods and evil spirits (see Ex. xii. 12; Num. xxxiii. 4), and had thus made His people His own peculiar possession. (See Ex. xix. 5.) But in consequence of their apostasy, the people were again brought under the

power of strange gods and of the spirits of the world, and the outward manifestation of this is 'possession,' which in the days of Jesus had likewise plainly reached a certain pitch. Jesus Himself describes a state of possession, especially in some of its forms, as a particular case of need, which can only be relieved by the most earnest self-renunciation in reference to the world, and by the closest communion with God—viz., by fasting and prayer, as he says. (See Matt. xvii. 21.)

After this comprehensive survey of the physical ills of Israel, as traced to its root in the moral condition of the people, our author thus proceeds:—

"Now Jesus, of whom we know from the day of His baptism, that as the Lamb of God He bears the sins of the world, that as the Christ of God He battles with and conquers the Adversary—as, indeed He came to destroy the works of the devil (see 1 John iii. 8)—when He sees the wounds which sin has inflicted on his people, and the ghastly distortions of the human frame caused by the tyranny of the adverse spirit, cannot help plunging into this suffering condition. And since He, at the same time, surveys and feels the cause of this suffering, He bears these sufferings in a more proper and actual sense, than the men themselves who are afflicted therewith. The human disposition, especially in suffering, oscillates, as we know, between defiance and despondency. Man no more feels them purely and fully in his moments of paroxysm than he does in his more tranquil intervals. Languor and insensibility follow on paroxysm and spasm: hence sufferings so seldom attain the end for which they are sent. At bottom, nothing more is needed than that our sufferings should be really borne;—they have no purpose to serve beyond themselves. When they are really borne their purpose is answered. But this bearing of suffering must be understood in an altogether proper sense. Two things are implied in it—the perfectly pure feeling of the suffering, and resigned patience under it. In actual life, however, we find that where the one of these is present, the other is wanting in the same degree, and *vice versâ*. Yet the mere feeling of suffering has no moral value unless it be connected with patience under it; and patience is only then of the right kind when it is alloyed by no admixture of insensibility and deadness of feeling. Now, since the one should never be divorced from the other, the universal defectiveness in the one or the other respect amounts to a universal and radical wrongness of disposition in men towards their sufferings. Nor is this at all surprising—rather is it a necessity; for, according to the Divine order, all suffering is connected with sin. The bond which unites the two is the unity of the Divine Will; for the proper substance of suffering is the wrathful will of God. . . . Here, also, we discern the reason why, in Jesus, we see restored for the first time the right disposition of mankind towards suffering. Since the will of Jesus has nothing in common with the will of the sinner, he needs not

to bend His will, but has only to follow the straight line to enter without reserve into the wrathful will of God. And in order actually to do this, no special act of His will is now first requisite, but simply a steadfast cleaving to that act of will, in virtue of which He first entered into fellowship with the sinful and suffering human family. His taking upon Himself the sicknesses and plagues of mankind and bearing them, is therefore nothing singular in Him, but the self-evident sequence of His incarnation and Messiahship. We now, too, understand that this saying of the prophet is not merely to be taken very literally, but that a bearing of sufferings is here spoken of, which is more appropriately predicated of Him than it can be of the sufferer himself. For we now know that Jesus takes upon Himself the real burden, which forms the inner substance of all sufferings, viz., the wrath of God, and willingly submits Himself thereto; whereas, the sufferers themselves, since their will remains fettered to their sin, can never descend into this abyss. We now, moreover, understand the sighing of Jesus, and His tears and groans at the grave of Lazarus, and the prayers which went before His miracles. In a word, by contemplating the matter in this light, we have penetrated into the mystery of the miraculous working of Jesus. For what is the aim of the wrathful will of God? Its aim throughout is nothing save this, that the human will should accept it, and suffer it; it is then appeased, and the original unity is restored; that is, the suffering has answered its end, and the redemption, not a casual one, but the real and essential redemption, is achieved. The will of Jesus, which in the sufferings of humanity suffers and bears the wrathful will of God, is essentially one with the will of the Father, and therefore has access at every moment to the Father's throne, and can obtain deliverance from existing sufferings. Only we must ever hold fast the truth, that this beseeching will of Jesus, which is always heard (see John xi. 41, 42), can never penetrate to the Father, until He has first borne the wrathful will of God."

After a perusal of this beautiful and instructive passage, the reader may, perhaps, recall those touching lines, and repeat them in a new sense:—

> "There's not a gift His hand bestows
> But cost His heart a groan."

We see a pulsation of the heart of Jesus conditioning every miraculous throb of Nature, and all His mighty works are rays of the same love whose focus is the Cross. It is so throughout the volume. The Saviour's entire work is brought into organic connection with Calvary, and we have no longer, as elsewhere, a medley of shining fragments, but a whole unbroken mirror. Treated as a "Life," our Lord's career must necessarily seem anecdotical, aphoristic, full of abruptness and omissions, as it did to Neander and to others before and since. A "Life" looks at the individual side of a

man; whereas Jesus, even in His most secret acts of prayer on the dark mountains by the shore of the lake, is the very centre of the annals of mankind. Moreover, in an ordinary "Life," death comes in as the stoppage of all human activity; whereas the Cross of Christ is the very culmination of His work. Hence "History" is the proper term in His case; and, looked at in that light, it is a subject for which Baumgarten possesses an especial aptitude. As a theologian he is, perhaps, the most distinguished member of what may be styled the Historical School, founded by his friend Professor Hoffmann, the author of that remarkable work, the "Schriftbeweis"—on the Theory of Scripture Proof. Their fundamental view of revelation is, that it is *history—the history of the intercourse between God and Man.* Of course the Gospels constitute the very heart of that history. If there is any portion of the life of our Lord which may be regarded as more properly belonging to biography, it is that anterior to His baptism, although even this is, in a relative sense (that is, as laying the foundation of His proper work), history; and, as such, is recorded in two of the inspired evangelical narratives. Still, since it is only mediately such, our author, following the other two evangelists, has not included it in his "History of Jesus." And just as the view of the subject, expressed in the title our author has chosen for his work, assigns its range and limits, so also it determines his method. That method is strictly historical throughout, aiming at unity in development, and development in unity. Both of these, it must be owned, have been sadly lacking hitherto in the treatment of this sublimest and most momentous of all histories. Yet in exact proportion to the importance of any history is the value of a clear insight into the natural, harmonious, orderly, onward march of events. Here, therefore, where we find the very centre of all human affairs—the heart of universal history—it concerns us most of all to discover the law of progress, so to speak, which obtains in this creative series of occurrences, out of which every other series springs—springs, too, not owing to any merely mechanical impulse, but in the way of an organic propagation of that first almighty force. And the key to this law our author finds in the study of the Divine Person, whence the world-historical movement issues. He fixes his eye not so much on the outward facts themselves, but on these as they reveal the mind of Christ at every epoch of His career. The holy heart and will of Jesus—this is the magnetic cynosure which attracts and fastens his adoring gaze—that mercy-seat, where flames the shekinah—that bright focus of the synthesis between the will of God and the will of man. As he rightly observes, no force of intellect or imagination

is equal to this flight. Nothing save sympathy generated in the heart and conscience by Him who takes of the things of Christ, and shows them unto men, will here avail. Yet it is to this empyrean of devout intuition and loving contemplation that we must soar, if we would get to the core of this history. If this be the mysticism with which our author has been charged by his enemies, we can only say that he shares it with St. John the Divine, who as he lay on Jesus's breast heard beating beneath, the pulses of that Life which he testifies is the Light of men.

Another heresy, as we are here reminded, with which Baumgarten is credited in the indictment laid against him by his brother professors, is Pelagianism. With what justice let the reader decide for himself, after perusing the following passage, in which the normal character of the conversion of the thief on the cross is so strikingly evinced, in opposition to the common view of its purely exceptional nature:—

"We have seen that the insight of the most elect and best amongst the disciples into the meaning of the suffering righteousness of Jesus was obscured, because they had as yet no clear knowledge of their own footing. So long as this foundation of true self-knowledge was lacking, even the faith of Peter and the love of John were not sufficient to hold them up in face of the passion of Jesus. In the instance before us we see, on the other hand, that where this upright self-knowledge exists, even a crime worthy of death is no hindrance to one's becoming a confessor of Christ at a moment when all the world denies Him. How comes it to pass now that this criminal, of all men else, attains to self-knowledge, and thereby to steadfast confession of Jesus? The occasion of this is unquestionably to be found in the circumstance that at this very instant he is suffering condign punishment on account of his misdeeds. But that this outward circumstance is not enough of itself to explain the mystery, the other thief is a proof, who, though in the same situation, shuts and hardens his heart against the acknowledgment of his sin and of Jesus. There must, therefore, be added to that outward salvation the willingness inwardly to enter into the same. This willingness we must pre-suppose in the case of the confessing malefactor, and thus it comes to pass that he makes his Cross a pulpit, from which the glory of Jesus in His sufferings and death is first, and at the same time as an exemplar for all coming ages, preached to the world. But we must not overlook the fact that this self-knowledge and this confession of Jesus are essentially the work of Jesus Himself. What his own cross is, and what he himself is, at last becomes clear to the malefactor as he casts his eye on the middle cross, and watches the bearing of Him who hangs thereon. It is the identity of situation which enables Him to recognize at one glance the innocence of Jesus and his own crime; the willing endurance of Jesus and his own rebelliousness.

And on this contrast, taught in so experimental a way, rests moreover the assurance with which he owns Him who hangs on the cross as 'Lord,' and holds fast as perfect and inward truth what Pilate had written in derision, and what all the Jews were annoyed and scandalized to read, in that he says to Jesus, 'Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom!" The man crucified with Christ it is who, dying himself, believes in the kingdom of the Crucified One, and owns the glory of the Crucified One as the power of deliverance in death. It is therein shown that this malefactor is not simply the first of believers in the victorious might of the death of Jesus, but also the right exemplar for this faith. In that the priestly office and the sacrificial blood are by the interceding cry of Jesus on the cross entirely taken out of the sphere of material representation, and planted in the sphere of personal and historical life; the truth is thereby immovably established, that the appropriation of this Atonement so accomplished can only take place by means of an inward participation of the moral personality. Now, since this participation is described in general as faith, this faith can be nothing else and nothing less than the entering of a man into the communion of the death of Christ, a being crucified with and dying with Christ. Now it is precisely this which we here behold in complete outward realization in the instance of the malefactor, that it may be a settled truth, that what here takes place outwardly is to be in future repeated in full truth through the energy of the Spirit, in every case in which the Atonement is appropriated in faith unto justification. So the Apostle Paul teaches with respect to justification, in that he starts from the fellowship of the believer with the death of Jesus, and then proceeds to say, 'He that is dead is justified from sin. (See Rom. vi. 7.) Justifying faith is, therefore, according to the Apostle an actual dying with Christ, as the justified malefactor enters with identity of time and place into the fellowship of Christ's death upon the cross. Accordingly, in pursuance of this Pauline teaching, only those are justified who inwardly and spiritually experience in their faith what in the history of the malefactor is outwardly transacted."

The accusation, however, which more than any other has wounded our author to the quick, is, that he denies, nay, scoffs at (!), the Atonement. It is this calumny which at last wrung from his tortured heart that truly Lutheran outburst of holy indignation which the malice of his foes has since tortured into a veritable anathema. "By thus accusing me," are his words, "the Consistory violates the inmost sanctuary of my soul, and I treat this matter with the utmost, the most unqualified seriousness. I hereby declare, formally and solemnly, in the face of the whole of German Christendom: The three members of Consistory, who have signed the judgment in question as to my assumed doctrinal aberrations, are undeniably bound to substantiate, publicly and

with unambiguous proofs, this their accusation against me, or else publicly and in plain terms to retract the aforesaid accusation. In case neither should be done, I hereby declare, in virtue of the words of Jesus Christ (Matt. v. 23, 24), every priest of the altar, who opens to any one of the three aforesaid members of the Consistory the door of the holy of holies, a conscienceless steward of the heavenly goods of our God!" Of course it is not for us to vindicate this strong language, but not all the responsibility rests on him who was stung into using it. If that responsibility be heavy, it is, to say the least, light as a feather in comparison with the burden unjustly laid upon him by those whom it strikes. For that Baumgarten could scoff at the Atonement, no one who reads the passage we have cited from him on the Cross can for a moment believe; nor, under the circumstances, is it easy to see that ignorance, rather than spite, may have given birth to so poisonous an insinuation against a pious Christian divine of spotless reputation. So momentous, however, is the matter, and so important do we deem it that this reproach be cleared, lest the usefulness of his invaluable writings should be in any measure impaired, that we will give a final extract bearing immediately on the point. It will set his soundness in the faith on this vital article in the clearest light; so that we need only lay this triumphantly luminous testimony before the eyes of our readers, and may then lay the book aside, strongly recommending, as we do with a good conscience, its early translation and its wide diffusion in this country. The passage relates to the fourth and most central of the Seven Cries on the Cross, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?"

"The heart of Jesus is so filled with this sense of forlornness and abandonment, that His mouth overflows, and so He utters, in the opening words of the Psalm, the feeling of his soul, since there were no words in the entire sphere of language which could so exactly and fully express what He felt; and since He knew that these words were written in a very emphatic sense for Him in this moment of His need, He gives utterance to it as a fact, that He is forsaken by God; which imports that He endures and feels His dying in the very sense in which man was originally threatened with death by God. The creation and preservation of man's life is the basis of all God's communion with man. When, therefore, life is taken away by God, this is the abandonment of man on the part of God. But inasmuch as man in his present estrangement from God since the Fall, no longer fully and clearly recognizes and feels life to be present communion with God, the abyss of death also is covered for him with a veil. All sinners suffer death, but not till they have drunk the stupefying draught. But Jesus, since He feels every moment of His life to be a moment of untroubled

communion with God, feels also every moment of vanishing life and impending death as a moment of interruption of this communion—as an abandonment on the part of God. We cannot help saying, therefore, that Jesus suffers the death with which sinful mankind was threatened, but which the sinner suffers only in a milder form. From the baptism of Jesus onwards, we have had many proofs that his love is the power of plunging with His whole soul into the condition of His nature and of all mankind; and it is upon this very might of His love that His Messiahship is founded. That is what is here perfectly realized, and with a view to which He had already described His death beforehand as His baptism. (See Luke xii. 59.) For here that self-plunging of love into our position is accomplished corporeally, and thereby becomes a vicarious representation of sinful mankind in the proper sense. After man has taken the first step, that is, after he has apostatized from God by sin, the second step which he has to take is to die. After he has transgressed the first will of God, the second will of God concerning him is death; and not until he passes through death as the now present will of God for him, does he again find the will of God, and become one with Him once more. This place, however, where alone sinful mankind can again find God, remains vacant. Sinners, indeed, suffer death, but they do not feel it in the form willed and meant by God; or, which comes to the same thing, sinners suffer death as an imposed foreign yoke, but not as the will of God, with which they have made their own will one. Jesus with body and soul advances to this place thus left vacant. His cross is the place which God marks out by His threat of death, and which he has so definitely hedged around that it cannot be mistaken, or confounded with any other. His plaint proves, too, that Jesus has entered, not in any merely outward sense, but inwardly, into this place; and He has thus become the vicarious representative (Stellvertreter) of sinful mankind, in the proper and full sense of the term. Again, this has come to pass in such a way, that Jesus, by virtue of this his standing in the place (Stellvertretung) of sinful and fallen mankind, unites it again with God. For it is the most essential characteristic of man, that the relation between God and man contemplates personal reciprocity. This is the reason why, since man in his sin has forsaken God, God again forsakes him in his death. Here, at the place of death, everything now depends on man's reuniting himself with God, on his making the wrathful will of God his own will. But the plaint of Jesus proves further—that He cleaves to God, even when God forsakes Him. He does not utter His feeling of abandonment by God, until He has twice called on God as *His* God. True, He does not here, as on other occasions, call God His Father. This, His childlike consciousness of God, is, for the moment, forced into the background, and he must first wrestle for its recovery; but He does not quit His hold of His God for a single instant. He vanquishes that abandonment by God, which he feels to be, in the light of fact, his actual condition, through the power of

the Eternal Spirit which is in Him. (See Heb. ix. 14.) Here, at the end of the life of Jesus, that inmost mystery of His life shines forth just as clearly as at the beginning. As He enters earthly existence through the operation of the Holy Ghost—or, which comes to the same thing, as He who has His being with God and is Himself God before the beginning, becomes flesh by His own will—even so is it proved in His death, that through the Eternal Spirit of God He is joined with God—that He is the Eternal and Only-begotten Son of God. And this, His relationship to God, reveals itself in this, that by His spirit He vanquishes the sense of abandonment by God, and in faith holds fast as His, and confesses Him with His mouth, the God who forsakes Him. Thereby the bond of communion with God, rent asunder by mankind, is in very deed and in truth made whole again on the part of mankind, and thus the Fall which happened at the beginning is perfectly made good in accordance with the law indelibly stamped upon the conscience of humanity."

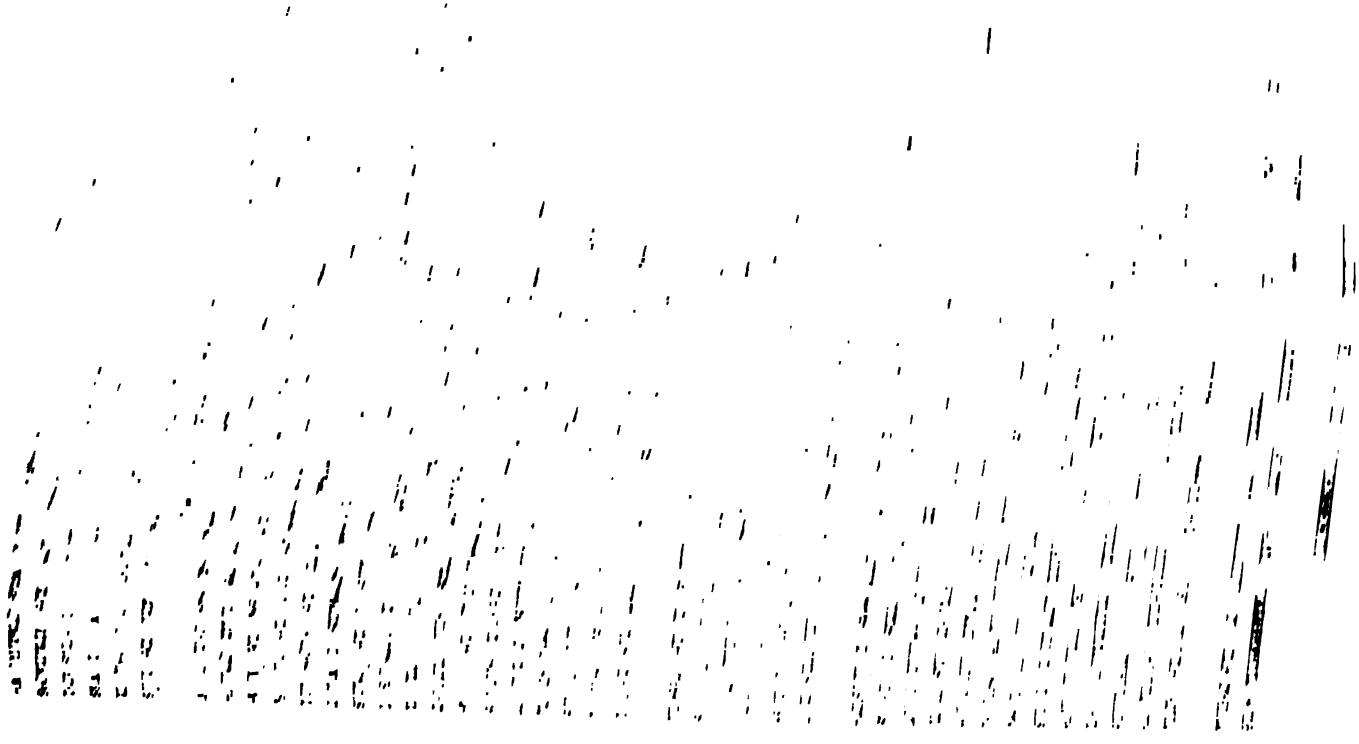
II.

OUR EARTH, PAST AND PRESENT.

PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY.

OUR purpose in this paper is to take a broad and comprehensive view of such of the aspects and phenomena of our planet as are usually included under the head of Physical Geography;—the relations of land and water, of plain and mountain, of earth and air, of heat and cold. But as the present is only comprehensible when interpreted by the past, we propose to take a rapid glance over the probable history of our globe from the earliest times; indicating the general laws which have obtained in preparing the earth for its present inhabitants; and which are still in operation, slowly yet surely working revolutions which only require lapse of time to be as mighty as those of which the traces are self-written on the pages of the earth's crust.

One consideration must be premised. The subsequent brief sketch of the development of a molten mass into a life-bearing world, must not be understood as a *veritable history*. However strong the evidence, it is still but inferential. The events related must be considered only as a *hypothetical account*, which will serve to explain present appearances—things which *might* or *may have* happened in the form or succession mentioned, consistently with observed facts; serving synthetically to bring such facts in a more graphic manner before the mind's eye, than could be done by any merely analytic method. The



can scarcely speak of drainage. But, ever and anon, the force of the internal fire changed the relative levels of the surface; the bottom of the ocean was upheaved, and the primitive hill covered with the displaced ocean. Then from the recently formed strata began a copious drainage, which settled itself into channels, as we see the water ooze from the soaked sand on the sea-shore, and wear for itself channels in its substance, when the tide is retreating. And thus were formed rivers, mighty torrents compared with which it is probable the Amazon and the Ganges would appear but tiny brooklets. Of this we shall have occasion to give illustration hereafter.

It seems to have been a blank world at this time, a world of cloud, and storm, and chaos; no living creatures peopled the waters, no trace of vegetation softened the hard and barren aspect of the rock. But a Voice was heard, and the earth and the waters brought forth abundantly. The heavy rains and the rushing waters are still ceaselessly eating away the rocks, both the granite and the primary strata, and forming of them new layers at the bottom of the ocean, which will by and by be upheaved to become dry land, plain or mountain, as the case may be; but these strata are no longer the mere disintegration of preceding ones—they contain the first evidences of life; the fauna and flora of that age are interred within them, and become the records of the most interesting and important period in the world's history.

The earliest organic remains with which we meet are those of marine animals; even the few traces of vegetable life observed are chiefly of a fucoid nature. But although we may safely aver that all the organic traces indicate clearly the existence of their representative types, we cannot argue conversely that those forms of which we find no remains were actually absent from this early world. There may have been both land animals and vegetables of a certain order, and yet the physical conditions not have been favourable to their preservation. It is not until after the deposition of the Old Red Sandstone, that we find unequivocal marks of the existence of an extensive terrestrial flora; nor is it until a still later period that any except very slight traces of a terrestrial fauna appear. The fossils, however, that do appear in these earliest strata are most instructive, and are sufficient of themselves to destroy the so-called Lamarckian or "development" hypothesis, so ingeniously brought forward in the "Vestiges of Creation." For in them we find representatives of all the four great divisions of the animal kingdom—the Radiata, the Mollusca, the Articulata, and the Vertebrata. These last were only represented by fishes; but by fishes of so high an order, as to be perfectly conclusive on the point in question; as is fully and elaborately demonstrated by Hugh Miller, in the "Footprints of the Creator."

During all the past history of the earth, the general law attached to the solid parts of the structure seems to have been, that they should alternately form part of the sea-bottom and the dry land. Immense thicknesses of strata were formed at the bottom of lakes, or seas, or in the huge deltas of rivers, consisting of the *débris* of the then-existing

reader will therefore please to imagine before each statement, some qualifying phrase, implying only strong probability or theoretical likelihood.

Underlying all the varieties of surface presented to us by the earth, whenever our investigations have penetrated to sufficient depth, we find granite, the foundation of all known rocks. This is a crystalline structure, bearing unmistakeable evidence of having originally been melted. Above this we meet with certain other rocks, which have without doubt been formed by the destruction or disintegration of this primary one, through the mechanical agency of water. Above these, again, we find other and still more numerous rocks, which have resulted from these, as they from the granite; but with an important difference —animal and vegetable life has appeared; and as the water has worn down the solid matter, bearing it away to form other sedimentary strata, these latter have become the tombs of such forms of life as were there present. Hence our history, which for purposes of illustration we may conceive thus.

Long, long ages ago, during which centuries or millenniums may count as units, our globe existed as an intensely heated or melted mass of matter, slowly cooling by radiation into space. Very slowly cooling; for between it and space was a thick vaporous mass, preventing rapid radiation. This vaporous mass contained all the water which now forms our rivers, oceans, and springs; as well as all that exists in the present atmosphere.

At length a period arrived when a crust was formed over this melted sphere, of uncertain thickness, still enclosing a melted nucleus, destined from time to time to burst forth in volcanic eruptions; and by the development of elastic gases, to break in fragments superimposed strata, or upheave from the depths of the ocean islands, mountains, or mighty continents. This crust presented the rough and uneven surface noticed on all scoriæ, mountains and valleys representing the elevations and depressions. When the temperature was still further reduced, so as to admit of the existence of water in a fluid form on the surface, the vaporous mass began to discharge itself in torrents of rain upon the earth—torrents to which the heaviest falls of the Brazils are but as a light summer shower. The effect of these streams of water at a high temperature, was to grind and wear down the edges and substance of this granitic crust, carrying the proceeds into the valleys, where they formed the primary stratified rocks, the Gneiss, the Mica-schist, and the Clay-slate; all these being nothing more than granite mechanically disintegrated, and more or less altered subsequently by pressure from above, and perhaps heat from below.

During this time the valleys were partially filled up, and the hills worn down; and a surface of dry land and water produced, in general aspect of hill and dale, not altogether unlike that which was to be hereafter. There were mountains and lakes, and continents and ocean; probably at first no rivers proper. These are the drainages from districts; and so long as the only exposed land was granite, we

can scarcely speak of drainage. But, ever and anon, the force of the internal fire changed the relative levels of the surface; the bottom of the ocean was upheaved, and the primitive hill covered with the displaced ocean. Then from the recently formed strata began a copious drainage, which settled itself into channels, as we see the water ooze from the soaked sand on the sea-shore, and wear for itself channels in its substance, when the tide is retreating. And thus were formed rivers, mighty torrents compared with which it is probable the Amazon and the Ganges would appear but tiny brooklets. Of this we shall have occasion to give illustration hereafter.

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land, and the remains of the animals and vegetables that dwelt on land and in water. Then by the expansion of the elastic gases underneath the earth's crust, these strata were upheaved to form dry land, and the displaced waters overflowed the previous earth. This, in its turn, was covered with fresh deposits similarly formed, in time to be again raised and depressed. All these strata were originally deposited horizontally; but owing to the forces mentioned, they have been repeatedly broken across in every direction, and displaced and even inverted; so that different strata of great thickness have been found superimposed on each other in exactly the reverse order to that in which they were originally formed. Had it not been for this constant disruption of the successive strata, our knowledge of the earth's structure must have been almost exclusively confined to the last deposited strata, and of the earlier history we could have known nothing. The coal fields, which now play so important a part in man's history, would, but for this law, have been as utterly unknown to us as though they were hid at the very centre of the earth. Thus it is, also, that our mountains generally possess an apex of granite, or some primary rock; having been formed by the fracture of a mass of strata, and the uptilting of the central broken part; whilst the sides—always one, sometimes both—present, as we recede from the apex, the broken ends of the original strata, at different degrees of inclination; and at the base usually a more or less horizontal layer, deposited after the elevation of the mountain. By this we are enabled to state with some precision, the relative ages of mountains, as their elevation dates from a period between the depositions of those strata that are tilted up at an angle to the horizon, and those that are found horizontally at, or near, the base. By this means we learn that some of our comparatively insignificant British hills were grown old in centuries long before the giant Alps and Himalayas were upheaved from the depths of the ocean.

We cannot follow, step by step, the geological history of our planet; a history composed of vastly extended periods, each with its own special characteristics, and its own flora and fauna; generally separated from each other by broad lines of demarcation, and by the almost total extinction, at the close of each era, of their respective organic species—the types being preserved, but the special forms disappearing entirely. We will briefly glance at a few imaginary scenes, suggested by the geological phenomena of our own islands and neighbouring latitudes.

We are standing on a barren coast of the Palæozoic epoch; the surf is breaking over reefs and low islands of coral, all around and upon which innumerable polyps are toiling age after age, preparing immense masses of limestone for our future hills. The sea is "peopled with countless myriads of those unsightly animals, the trilobites, swimming near the surface of the water with their backs downwards, looking out constantly, and sinking at the slightest approach of danger from beneath; while the remains of successive generations of these creatures, mixed with

mud and sand, are rapidly forming beds of great extent." * The crinoids, or stone-flowers, rival in beauty the sea-anemonies of our own coasts; the hard rocks are covered over with Brachiopods and a few Conchifera. But the dominant race is that of the Cephalopods, allied to our cuttle-fishes—the "lords and tyrants of that creation;" some of them probably of dimensions formidable enough, singly or combined, to inspire terror in the ferocious shark-like fishes which are here and there to be seen, though not in great numbers.†

Many ages have passed away, and we have a widely different scene to contemplate. Our latitudes of the northern hemisphere present a great ocean studded with islands, large and small, from which the waters reach perhaps to the poles. There has been a deposition previously of the Old Red Sandstone; this has been built upon by fresh multitudes of polyps, and the whole has been broken up by internal agencies into shallow basins, the broken ridges of which form the islands. These are clothed to the water's edge with a dense tropical vegetation, among which are prominently visible the lofty, wide-spreading Lepidodendron, the elegant tapering Sigillaria, gigantic tree-ferns, with innumerable pines and firs, "all girt round with creepers and parasitic plants, climbing to the topmost branches of the loftiest among them, and enlivening by the bright and vivid colours of their flowers the dark and gloomy character of the great masses of vegetation."‡ It would almost appear as though the energies of nature were monopolized by the vegetable creation, for terrestrial animal life is scarce. The dense forests are silent and still; no birds are flitting from tree to tree; we see nothing of quadruped or reptile; only a few insects appear to testify that all animal life is not absent; the sea, however, is abundantly peopled. Heavy rains fell, and the streams rushing violently down the steep hills carried away the leaves, branches, and trunks of the trees into the neighbouring bays. Here they accumulated age after age, undergoing chemical changes from bituminous springs and other agencies, pressed upon heavily by superincumbent deposits, till finally they were converted into what now constitutes the exhaustless riches of our coal-mines. Dr. Buckland mentions some remarkable instances of the persistence of these forms of vegetation traceable in the coal:—"But the finest example is that of the coal-mines of Bohemia. The most elaborate imitations of living foliage bear no comparison with the beautiful profusion of extinct vegetable forms with which the galleries of these coal-mines are overhung. The roof is covered as with a canopy of gorgeous tapestry, enriched with festoons of most graceful foliage, flung in wild, irregular profusion over every portion of its surface. The spectator feels himself transported, as if by enchantment, into the forests of another world; he beholds trees, of forms and character now unknown upon the surface of the

* Professor Ansted's fascinating work, "Picturesque Sketches of Creation."
† Hugh Miller. ‡ Ansted.

earth, presented to his senses almost in the vigour of their primeval life—their scaly stems and bending branches, with their delicate apparatus of foliage, are all spread forth before him, little impaired by the lapse of countless ages, and bearing faithful records of extinct systems of vegetation, which began and terminated in times of which these relics are the infallible historians."

During this, the Carboniferous period, there seems to have been a very striking similarity between the then vegetation and that of Australia now. There are likewise many circumstances which show that our climate was then very like the present tropical one. For long ages after this, animals lived in these latitudes which seem of necessity to require a much warmer temperature than that which we now possess.

The close of the coal deposit was probably owing to the disappearance of the wooded islands which originated it, for above it we find strata such as would result from the disintegration of soil and rock, viz., sandstone and marl. All this then disappeared into the sea, and once more the coral polyps began their labours, and covered up all the previous deposits with the magnesian limestone about 300 feet thick.*

But, leaving the Transition and Carboniferous epoch, let us turn to another scene, belonging to the Secondary period,—a period of fierce perpetual warfare in water, air, earth, and mud, chiefly by reptile tribes. Other animals did exist—fish, fowl, and quadruped; but all are represented, and almost, as it were, superseded, by the predominance of reptiles. Our scene lies on the border of the delta of some mighty river of those times; the tide is low, and an interminable waste of mud and shallow pools contrasts strongly with the rich and luxuriant vegetation of the tropical forest, which fringes to the very edge the expanse of waters, or with the gorgeous colours of the prairie beyond. The burning sun is high in the heavens, and there is a truce,—all is still, the silence unbroken, save by the monotonous hum of insect life. Geckos and lizards are lying motionless, and with open mouth, on every rock and stone, inhaling, as Humboldt says, the heated air with ecstasy. Some large trees are lying in the water, where they have been cast by the last hurricane; and, side by side with them, we see the hylæosaurus, scarcely distinguishable from the gnarled and knotted trunk. Innumerable creatures—the crocodiles, the gavials, and alligators of that day—are lying half buried in the hardening and cracking

* *Coral Polyps.*—Imagine the many processes which man would have to go through, if he were compelled to build a breakwater for fifty miles along a rough and stormy coast. What preparation!—what acts of parliament!—what devices for funds!—what consultation how to do it!—what failures and disappointments! Yet, in defiance of the fiercest storms, these polyps, without line or compass, have built up barrier reefs in New Caledonia 400 miles in length; on the north-east coast of Australia, 1000 miles; and about a quarter of a mile broad and 150 feet deep. In many parts of the Pacific whole groups of islands are entirely due to their labours—the Maladives and Laccadives are altogether coral—from Duff Island to Disappointment Island, as related by Kotzebue, the natives traverse reefs 600 miles in length, passing from one to the other.

mud; but all are at rest, taking their siesta, after the arduous morning. A little longer, and the sun begins to decline; the tide rises, and all is life again. Strange winged reptiles are flitting everywhere in the air, now pursuing the dragonflies and brightly-coloured beetles and insects in the air, and anon folding their wings, and running swiftly upon the earth after the few small marsupial rats, which are scudding along the edge of the forest, vainly trying to escape by penetrating its rank underwood. The sharks in the water, and the crocodiles in the mud, each rouse themselves to seek their evening meal; but, dreadful as they are now, they were by no means the lords paramount in those times. A strange sound is heard in the forest, and the mighty trees shake and wave like reeds in a brake; the earth groans beneath the tread of a monstrous beast, which is crashing its resistless way to the shore. It is a reptile still—the megalosaurus—much taller and larger than the largest elephant. Woe to the unlucky alligator or crocodile that is slow in escaping to the deeper waters! It is but a mouthful to this rapacious brute,—a minute's sleep purchased at the price of death. But meantime the rest of the tribe have reached the waters, where a still livelier scene is in progress. There the plesiosaurus lies wait, with its long and powerful neck, its sharp beak, and its strong paddles. There the huge white shark is also in waiting, and amongst these come the crocodiles—some of which fall a prey at once. *Væ victis!* woe to the conquered, is the watchword here—it is no war for principle, but for supper—and the plesiosaurus gorges itself with the gavial, with as little compunction as though it was not a reptile and a brother. But from the neighbouring deep water, retributive justice is glaring upon him with eyes half a yard in diameter. It is the ichthyosaurus, the fish lizard, from which there is no escape, even for the monstrous plesiosaurus. With one swoop of his enormous tail he is upon him, and this race not being particular as to the size of the mouthful, he and his just swallowed prey are engulfed at once.

> "See, late awaked, he rears him from the floods,
> And stretching forth his stature to the clouds,
> Writhes in the sun aloft his scaly height,
> And strikes the distant hills with transient light.
> Far round are fatal damps of terror spread,
> The mighty fear, nor blush to own their dread.
> Large is his front, and when his burnished eyes
> Lift their broad lids, the morning seems to rise."

In addition to all these, on our own coasts might have been seen a reptile of the frog kind, the labyrinthodon, large as a rhinoceros, which has handed down the fact of its huge existence to us, not only by bones, but by leaving its ponderous footprints on our ancient sands—and another, somewhat like a kangaroo, has left not only its footmarks, but the trace of its tail, as it trailed after it.

We complete our remarks on the past history of the earth by one more glance into the phenomena of the Tertiary epoch. Between this and the past, there has been a period of terrible disturbance of the

existing relations of land and water, and every living species has disappeared. The *types* remain, but not one *species* of the Secondary epoch survives in the Tertiary. Fish and reptile still exist, but deteriorated in importance. Now it is that the mighty race of quadrupeds proper appear. Terrible and fierce creatures they were. The hyæna, the bear—of what size may be judged from the teeth, five inches long—the tiger, large as the largest of Bengal,—all lived in our own island at this time. Their dens are constantly found in recent strata, strewn with the gnawed bones of their prey, amidst which they have finally laid down to die. Then the elephant, the mammoth, and the mastodon, roamed the plains and forests of our latitudes, there the lonely tapir hid itself from its kind. But there were others of much vaster size than any now extant. The proportions of one or two of them are worth a moment's notice. But first, as to their names. It does not seem that they have been very respectfully treated by men of science. Megatherium means "great brute;" Palæotherium, "old brute;" and Deinotherium, "terrible brute." This last name is apt enough. Imagine an elephant-like creature, 20 feet in length, perhaps 12 feet in height, and robust in proportion, with two enormous tusks curving downward from the under jaw. Dr. Young's paraphrase on part of the Book of Job gives some idea of his vastness:—

> "Earth sinks beneath him as he moves along
> To seek the herbs and mingle with the throng.
> See with what strength his hardened loins are bound,
> All over proof and shut against a wound;
> How like a mountain cedar moves his tail,
> Nor can his complicated sinews fail.
> His eye drinks Jordan up;—when fired with drought
> He trusts to turn its current down his throat,
> In lessened waves, it creeps along the plain,
> He sinks a river and he thirsts again."

The Megatherium was a representative of the tribe now known as the Sloths. Had one of them and the largest known elephant taken a walk together, they would have appeared in about the same proportion as a Thames-street dray-horse and a Shetland pony. The monstrous pillars which supported the body were like forest trees, and were three times the thickness of the largest elephant's; the width across the loins was about six feet. The print of the fore-foot was about a yard long and 12 inches wide; that of the hind-foot about half as large again. The feet were furnished with claws 10 inches in length, and about 12 inches in circumference at the root. Its tail was five or six feet in circumference. Its mode of living was to tear up large trees by the roots, and strip them of leaves and radicles—trees so large, sometimes, as by their fall, to crush the skull even of this gigantic brute. It was very slow in motion; but little need had it of speed, when, for defence against its enemies, it had a coat of mail an inch thick, probably ball-proof; and with one tread of the foot, or one lash of its tail, it could kill the largest puma or tiger.

Such were the giant races which directly preceded the advent of

man; and so was the earth finished. The solemn old forests and the luxuriant plains were bearing silent testimony to the completed harmony of creation, the sea had taken up the theme of its everlasting fugue, and in the evening Man walked in the garden of Eden.

Our globe, as at present constituted, has a surface of about 197 millions of square miles, of which 145 millions are covered by the waters of the ocean. The whole is surrounded by an atmosphere of elastic gases of uncertain extent; this having been variously estimated at from 40 to 100 miles in altitude. All these, the land, the water, and the air, present phenomena of great interest:—we commence with the land.

The whole amount of land is estimated at about 51½ millions of square British statute miles, of which more than three-fourths lie north of the equator. Of its further superficial distribution it is not necessary to say much, as there is no known reason why it should be thus and not otherwise. Much the greater part of the land is on one side of the earth, the other being occupied in great measure by the Pacific Ocean, and a portion of Australia and Patagonia. One note-worthy fact may be mentioned with regard to the southern terminations of the various sections of land—viz., the tendency to a pyramidal form, as in Africa, Australia, New Zealand, and S. America; also in the peninsulas of Arabia, Hindostan, Malacca, and California. The reason for this is not apparent; yet the fact would appear to be in some respect significant, since this pyramidal contour appears in almost every instance to be prolonged into the ocean.

The amount of indentation of the coast-line has an important bearing upon civilization, the two being almost in a constant direct ratio; except where, as in the Icy Ocean, other unfavourable influences intervene. The western coast of Europe is the most frequently and deeply indented, and the best of any on the globe adapted to the free communion, the wandering habits, and the commercial enterprise of man; contrasting strongly in these respects with the shores of Africa and the greater part of S. America.

Of the above-mentioned expanse of lands, vast portions are by various causes rendered unfit for the dwelling of man; in some the climate and soil are hopelessly unproductive; in others, the very energy of nature's operations exclude man; some parts are under perpetual ice or snow; some constitute the summits of inaccessible mountains. Let us glance first at the condition of some of our plains; by which we mean tracts of land not much elevated above the sea-level, *i. e.* from 200 to 1200 feet.

From the Altai to the Ural Mountains, occupying all the low lands of Siberia, stretch vast plains or *steppes*, which, from their physical conditions, present insurmountable barriers to progress and civilization. In winter fearful storms rage, and the "dry snow is driven by the gale with a violence which neither man nor animal can resist, while the sky remains clear, and the sun shines cold and bright above." * In summer

* "Manual of Geographical Science," part i. p. 219.

no rain fertilizes the parched soil, no dew refreshes it; half shaded by a fiery haze, the sun rises and sets like a globe of molten brass; Death and Desolation alone reign, and reign triumphant. The greater portion of the seven millions of square miles occupied by these plains is hopelessly barren.

The great African desert of Sahara occupies two and a half millions of square miles; it is part of the bed of an ocean, which, at a comparatively recent period, separated Africa completely from both Europe and Asia. Except the *oases* it is also hopelessly barren. On its interminable sands and rocks no animal is seen or heard,—no tree or shrub seen for days of travel. "In the glare of noon, the air quivers with the heat reflected from the red sand, and the night is chilly, under the clear sky, sparkling with its hosts of stars." *

A bar, not less effectual than these, to intercourse and civilization, is found in the widely diverse condition of the plains of the New World. The exuberance of Nature's productions is here as potent a barrier as the gloomy sterility of Africa or Siberia. We venture no sketch of our own of the Llanos, the Pampas, and the Silvas of North and South America, but refer the reader to the gorgeous descriptions of Baron Humboldt in his "Aspects of Nature." We cannot refrain, however, from quoting at length the following passage, from Mr. Buckle's "History of Civilization in England," indicating in glowing colours the obstacles which the prodigality of Nature may oppose to the progress of man. "Brazil, which is nearly as large as the whole of Europe, is covered with a vegetation of incredible profusion. Indeed so rank and luxuriant is the growth, that Nature seems to riot in the very wantonness of power. A great part of this immense country is filled with dense and tangled forests, whose noble trees, blossoming in unrivalled beauty, and exquisite with a thousand hues, throw out their produce in endless prodigality. On their summit are perched birds of gorgeous plumage, which nestle in their dark and lofty recesses. Below, their base and trunks are crowned with brushwood, creeping plants, innumerable parasites, all swarming with life. There, too, are myriads of insects of every variety; reptiles of strange and singular form; serpents and lizards, spotted with deadly beauty; all of which find means of existence in this vast workshop and repository of Nature. And, that nothing may be wanting to this land of marvels, the forests are skirted by enormous meadows, which, reeking with heat and moisture, supply nourishments to countless herds of wild cattle, that browse and fatten on their herbage; while the adjoining plains, rich in another form of life, are the chosen abode of the subtlest and most ferocious animals, which prey on each other, but which it might almost seem no human power can hope to extirpate. . . . . But amid this pomp and splendour of Nature, no place is left for man. He is reduced to insignificance by the majesty with which he is surrounded. The forces that oppose him are so formidable, that he has never been able to make

* Op. cit.

head against them, never able to rally against their accumulated pressure. The whole of Brazil, notwithstanding its immense apparent advantages, has always remained entirely uncivilized; its inhabitants wandering savages, incompetent to resist those obstacles which the very bounty of Nature had put in their way. . . . . In their country, the physical causes are so active, and do their work on a scale of such unrivalled magnitude, that it has hitherto been found impossible to escape from the effects of their united action. The progress of agriculture is stopped by impassable forests, and the harvests are destroyed by innumerable insects. The mountains are too high to scale, the rivers are too wide to bridge; everything is contrived to repress the human mind, and keep back its rising ambition. It is thus that the energies of Nature have hampered the spirit of man. And the mind, cowed by the unequal struggle, has not only been unable to advance, but, without foreign aid, it would undoubtedly have receded. . . . . Brazil, the country where, of all others, physical resources are most powerful, where both vegetables and animals are most abundant, where the soil is watered by the noblest rivers, and the coast studded by the finest harbours,—this immense territory, which is more than twelve times the size of France, contains a population not exceeding six millions of people." Professor Ansted adds to this his testimony to the effect that the native Indians seem irredeemable, and sunk in the most wretched barbarism; and that there appears no prospect whatever of any improvement in the district, since man can find no spot on which to commence his operations.

Leaving the plains, we find both old and new worlds traversed by broad bands of high ground, or *plateaux*, ranging from 4000 to 17,000 feet above the sea-level. It is upon these that the loftiest mountains, for the most part, arise; the mountains appearing to be the result of the culmination of the forces which have elevated the surrounding district. When the crust of the earth has not only been elevated conically, but has given way, so as to give exit to the fire and elastic vapours beneath, we have volcanic mountains: thus the table-land of Quito is bounded by a range of the mightiest volcanoes of the world. These *plateaux* or table-lands present all possible varieties of fertility and barrenness,—consequently, every conceivable relation to civilization. Perhaps the one which exercises the most important influence on mankind is a vast *plateau* crossing the whole of Europe and Asia, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Commencing in the centre of Spain, where the elevation (about 3000 feet) is less remarkable than the extent (about 100,000 sq. miles), it is continued at a still lower level, through the south of France; but begins to assume more of the proper character of a *plateau* near the Balkan range of mountains, after having crossed Europe. From this point it is continued through Armenia, Persia, Thibet, and China to the Pacific. The eastern portion—*i.e.* from the shores of Asia Minor to the right bank of the Indus—covers an area of about 1,700,000 sq. miles, and varies from 4000 to 7000 ft. above the sea-level. The western portion is much more remarkable, both for extent and

height, being in some parts 2000 miles in breadth, and attaining an elevation of 17,000 feet. From these parts project the huge mountains of the Himalaya, some of whose peaks are above 28,000 feet in height. Man finds a place for himself, and even cultivates the soil in some parts of Thibet at an elevation of 12,000 or 13,000 feet; the mean elevation of this country is about 11,500 feet.

The mountain chains of the world are too complex a subject to admit of full investigation; we can but briefly allude to them. Properly speaking, there are but two great systems of mountains—one in each section of the globe; though the subsidiary systems often attain such importance as to appear deserving of independent consideration. The mountains of the Old World may be described as commencing with the Atlas range in Africa and the Pyrenees in Europe; continued eastward, by lower land, to join the western termination of the Alps, which culminate in Mont Blanc and Monte Rosa (nearly 16,000 feet high), and send off spurs or processes, of which the Apennines and the mountains of Dalmatia are the most important. These ranges are continued through the Carpathians, the Taurus, and Anti-taurus, into Asia, and unite the European system with the gigantic Himalayas, which culminate in the peak of Dhawalaghiri, above 28,000 feet above the sea level. Humboldt considers it probable, that between the Himalaya and the Altai mountains other peaks exist, as much higher than Dhawalaghiri as this is higher than the Andes.

The great mountain system of the New World runs, in a southerly direction, along the whole western edge of the two Americas, nearly from one Arctic ocean to the other. The height attained is not so great as in those of the Old World, nor is the general bulk so vast, there appearing to be some relation between the height of mountains and the actual expanse of the continent on which they exist. Some of the peaks, however, attain an elevation of 25,000 feet. The whole range is chiefly remarkable for its volcanic character, and the connection that appears to exist between very distant points of the course, as marked by the phenomena of the eruptions.

But, leaving the dry land after this cursory survey, we must turn our attention to the phenomena of the ocean—*the* ocean, for it is all one and continuous, though known by various names for the sake of description. Above three-fourths of the earth's surface are covered by it, and its distribution has been already partly noticed. The bottom of the ocean would present an aspect as irregular as the land, could we investigate it, with its low land, its *plateaux*, and its mountains. The depth varies greatly. Over a great part of the German Ocean it does not exceed 100 feet; whilst in latitude 15° 3′ S. and longitude 23° 14′ W., a line of 27,600 feet (nearly the length of the height of Dhawalaghiri) found no bottom: 450 miles west of the Cape of Good Hope, Sir James Ross found the depth of the Atlantic to be 16,062 feet, 332 feet more than the height of Mont Blanc. The Pacific is supposed to have a depth proportionate of its vast surface.

The waters of the ocean are impregnated with three or four per cent.

of salt; in the inland seas, where evaporation is very active, the proportion is much greater. Thus in the Mediterranean it is nearly four times this amount. On the other hand, the proportion is smallest in the Polar seas, where it is affected by the melting of the ice.

One of the most remarkable and important phenomena of the ocean is that of the tides—rhythmical and regular oscillations of the waters, whose source and cradle seems to be the vast accumulation of deep water in the South temperate zone. The following description is taken Keith Johnson's "Physical Atlas" :—

"Let us conceive that the joint action of the sun and moon has taken effect on the waters of the Antarctic Ocean—that the luminaries in conjunction or opposition have passed over the mass of waters lying east from Van Diemen's Land, New Zealand, and the South Pole, and have communicated to them motion in the direction of the resultant forces—we shall manifestly have a mass elevated, and moving to the north and west, following the luminaries. The motion communicated to this large mass of water has raised a large mass or moving ridge of water, which cannot expend its forces acquired, but by pushing before it other masses of water, and raising them, too, in a wave, to which all its force is finally imparted. In this way, the wave originally generated travels northward and westward, long after the bodies generating it have ceased to act on the first mass of waters."

The wave generated during the transit of the sun and moon on Monday morning, and producing high water on the coast of Van Diemen's Land at twelve, has, in the first twenty-four hours, brought high water as far as Cape Blanco on the west of Africa, and Newfoundland on the American continent. On the morning of the second day, it reaches the western coast of Ireland and England. Passing round the northern cape of Scotland, it reaches Aberdeen at noon. At midnight of the second day, it reaches the mouth of the Thames; and, on the morning of the third day, brings the merchandize of the world to the port of London. The rate of motion of the tide wave varies exceedingly, and seems to be in direct ratio to the depth of the ocean which it is traversing. Across the Southern Ocean and parts of the Atlantic, it travels not less than 1000 miles an hour; but it takes more time to reach London from Aberdeen than in another part of its course—viz., from 60° S. to 60° N.—to traverse 8000 miles. Where the tide-wave in its north-western course passes over shallows, or is modified by coast-line, its violence is much lessened: in other cases, where this does not happen, the wave will rush up the open mouth of rivers with fearful force, as exemplified in the terrific *bore* of the Hooghly—or dash against the coast with a most destructive surf, as in the Bay of Fundi.

The ocean is traversed perpetually by currents, or true ocean rivers, of various kinds, the dynamics of which are by no means satisfactorily elucidated. Some of these convey vast volumes of warm water to cold latitudes, whilst others convey the waters from the icy seas into warmer regions. The most important of these, and that which has been most

investigated, is what is called the Gulf Stream, from its origin in the Gulf of Mexico—although, as Humboldt long ago pointed out, its first impulse appears to be received near the southern extremity of Africa. From the Gulf of Mexico (apparently assisted by the river current of the Mississippi), this stream passes into the Atlantic between Florida and Cuba, whence it runs northward parallel with the coast of North America, till it meets the St. George's and Nantucket banks, where it is reflected eastwards, passes the southern extremity of Newfoundland, turns S. E. and S., passes the Azores, and is lost in the Atlantic. The whole course of this mighty ocean river is about 3000 miles, and it has a breadth in some parts of above 70 miles. Its speed varies from 120 miles per day at its outset, to about 10 near its termination. It is due to the influence of this stream that we have not a climate similar to that of Labrador,—the influence of the immense volume of heat contained in the water, whose temperature varies from 86° to 72° Fahrenheit, being felt over an immense district beyond the actual contact of the current. The counterpart of this current is described by Humboldt as existing in the South Pacific Ocean, where a stream prevails which is only 60° of temperature, running amongst water at 81·5° to 8·37°.

Besides the currents and tides, the ocean is subject to other motions, waves and ground-swells, from the influence of the winds. The waves appear to be much more moderate in height than is generally supposed. Mrs. Somerville says that "the highest waves known are those which occur during a north-west gale off the Cape of Good Hope, aptly called the Cape of Storms by ancient Portuguese navigators; and Cape Horn seems to be the abode of the tempest. The sublimity of the scene, united to the threatened danger, naturally leads to an over-estimate of the magnitude of the waves, which appear to rise 'mountains high,' as they are proverbially said to do. There is, however, reason to doubt if the highest waves off the Cape of Good Hope exceed forty feet from the hollow trough to the summit. They are said to rise twenty feet off Australia, and sixteen feet in the Mediterranean. Waves are the heralds that point out to the mariner the distant region where the tempest has howled, and they are not unfrequently the harbinger of its approach."

From the ocean, we pass on to a consideration of the river-systems of the world. These are naturally divided into two classes—those which terminate in the ocean, and those which fall into inland seas or lakes. The origin of both is the same, consisting directly or indirectly of the rain and snow that fall upon the earth. Of the vast quantity of water that falls from the air in the shape of rain, hail, and snow, a small portion runs directly into small streams, which uniting form rivers, or swell others before formed. Another portion is received again by evaporation into the air; but the greater part sinks into the earth, and re-appears at some distant point in the form of springs, which are generally the commencement of running water upon the earth's surface. Some rivers, however, proceed directly from glaciers,

and consist of the meltings of the snow and ice of which they are composed. Whatever the beginning of rivers may be, they are, in their progress, the natural drainage of the districts through which they run. These districts are bounded by lines of land, called watersheds, more or less elevated; sometimes consisting of mountain-chains, sometimes so low as to admit of natural or easily-constructed artificial communication between the tributaries of neighbouring rivers. The watersheds of those rivers which do not communicate with the ocean, form closed valleys, or basins, often of very great extent, in the lowest part of which is placed the lake, or inland sea, into which they fall. The watersheds of the oceanic rivers still form basins, but they are open at the ocean side, and terminate in the delta of the river.

The most remarkable instance of the former class of river-systems is found in Asia, where six mighty rivers drain an area of 1,200,000 square miles, and pour the proceeds into the Caspian Sea, the Sea of Aral, and the Lake Gobi. Of these, the Volga and the Iaxartes are nearly the size of the Danube. It seems hardly credible that there should be no outlet for these vast volumes of water, except by way of evaporation, yet so it is.

In glancing over a table of rivers, in order of dimensions, we are struck with one fact in particular—viz., how little correspondence there is between their physical attributes and the moral influence which they exert upon man and his civilization. The Amazon drains 1,500,000 square miles; the Mississippi nearly 1,000,000; the Thames drains only 5000, and is the very smallest of all the important rivers of Europe. Other peculiarities of the principal rivers are noticeable.

The Amazon, the largest river in the world, has an area of drainage nearly three times as large as that of all the rivers of Europe that empty themselves into the Atlantic. This plain is entirely covered with a dense primeval forest, through which the only paths are those made by the river and its innumerable tributaries. This forest is literally impenetrable: Humboldt remarks that two mission stations might be only a few miles apart, and yet the residents would require a day and a half to visit each other, along the windings of small streams. Even the wild animals get involved in such impenetrable masses of wood, that they (even the jaguar) live for a long time in the trees, a terror to the monkeys whose domain they have invaded. The trees often measure from eight to twelve feet in diameter; and the intervals are occupied by shrub-like plants, which here, in these tropical regions, become arborescent. The origin of the Amazon is unknown: it is navigable for 2000 miles from the ocean; it is nearly 100 miles wide at the mouth, and in some places 600 feet deep; and its torrent projects, as it were, into the ocean, more than 300 miles, perceptibly altering its waters at this distance from the American shores.

The area of origin of the Orinoco is continuous with that of the Amazon, and is of the same forest nature. So low is the watershed between the plains of these two rivers, that they afford the very rare spectacle of a natural communication between the great river systems;

the Orinoco sending off a branch, the Cassaquiare, about 120 miles long, which joins the Rio Negro, and so unites the streams. The possibility of this was at one time disputed; but Humboldt set the question at rest, by actually passing from one river to the other by means of this branch. The sources of the Orinoco are also unknown, but their supposed locality is famous for the fabled El Dorado. Alas! the golden mountain is but a rock of micaceous schist, and there is a terrible swamp in the way even to this delusive object!

The largest body of fresh water in the whole world is found in Lake Superior, the first of a series of lakes connected with the St. Lawrence river system. These lakes are the most interesting feature connected with the physical geography of North America. The upper three appear to have an average depth of about 1000 feet, whilst their surface is less than 600 feet above the level of the Atlantic; so that their bed is 400 feet below it, indicating a depression in the continent of above 70,000 miles in extent. There is one parallel to this in the Old World, in the Dead Sea, which occupies a hollow more than 1000 feet below the sea-level.

The most noteworthy river of the Old World is the Ganges. Amid the inaccessible snow-clad heights of the Himalaya it takes its rise, unseen and unexplored by man. Like the boast of the Douglas family, that its race was never known but in the plenitude of power, the Ganges appears at once from a chasm in a perpendicular wall of ice, as a very rapid stream, not less than forty yards across. Including the Bramahpootra, it has a course of 1680 miles, and has a delta of above 200 miles in each direction. Its force, during the rainy season, is sufficient to counteract even the terrific impulse of the tides; and the quantity of solid matter conveyed to the delta by its waters is almost inconceivable. It has been roughly calculated that, during the four months of rain, enough mud is conveyed to outweigh fifty-six masses of granite, each as large as the great Pyramid of Egypt; and that, if "a fleet of eighty Indiamen, each freighted with 1400 tons of mud, were to sail down the river every hour of every day and night for the four months continuously, they would only transport from the higher country to the sea a mass of matter equivalent to that actually conveyed by the waters of the river." The same authority (Professor Ansted) adds, that "the Sunderbunds, an innumerable multitude of river-islands, forming a wilderness of jungle and forest trees, mark the extent to which such alluvial mud has been accessory in producing the present appearance of the mouths of these rivers."

A host of mighty rivers would claim our attention, did our limits permit; their phenomena are, however, so allied (although each has its own special interest), that we may dismiss them with one reflection. Vast as are the floods that pour down these rivers, they all seem to be but inconsiderable remains of the immense masses of water belonging to a former age. Humboldt gives many illustrative proofs of this position, chiefly derived from the marks of aqueous action on rocks now far above the water-level. In a savannah near Uruana (Orinoco

basin) there rises an isolated rock of granite, which exhibits, at an elevation of between eighty and ninety feet, a series of figures of sun and moon and various animals, which are said by the natives to have been done by their forefathers in former times, when the waters were so high that their canoes floated at that elevation; a statement confirmed by the evident marks of watery action on the rock.

Perhaps the fact that on the first enunciation would appear the most startling, in connection with such volumes of water as these, would be that it all proceeded from the atmosphere—that all streams have their source, directly or indirectly, from the invisible vapour or moisture dissolved in the air. The mind in vain attempts to realize actually the possibility of this; and it is only by observation, argument, and induction, that we can compel ourselves to recognize its truth. This moisture descends chiefly in the form of rain and snow, the distribution of which is extremely unequal, and involves points of absorbing interest. On some parts of the earth rain never falls, or, at intervals of years, in very small quantities. Such are the deserts of Sahara, of Arabia and Persia, and of Belochistan. The great table-land of Thibet is in the same condition, and agriculture has to be effected altogether by artificial irrigation from mountain streams. In some districts, however, dew is deposited so copiously, as to supply the place of rain. Snow is frozen rain, and is the form in which the moisture descends when the temperature is lower than the freezing-point. This is the case in all latitudes at a certain elevation, the limit of which is called the snow-line. It varies in altitude from 20,000 feet in the tropics (as in some parts of the Andes), down to the actual sea-level in the Arctic regions, where rain is unknown, and snow is perpetual. Mount Erebus, in the South Polar land, rises 12,000 feet directly from the sea, covered with perpetual snow from its base to its summit. And thus it happens that, even in the hottest climates, every possible temperature may be met with on mountain slopes; from the torrid heat at the base, to the insufferable cold as we approach the summit.

In the earlier part of this paper, we have noticed the operation of mighty laws producing great and perhaps convulsive changes in our globe; and we must now remark, in concluding, that all the agencies that we have seen concerned in the changes and revolutions described (so far at least as those of a physical nature are concerned) are still in operation. Forces acting from underneath the earth's crust are here producing volcanic eruptions with effusion of lava or melted granite; and there they are upheaving islands, parts of continents, and mountains, and correspondingly depressing other districts. Within comparatively recent periods many of our known coasts have been ultimately elevated and depressed below the sea-level; as in the well known instance of that on which the temple of Serapis stands. Part of the coast of Iceland is now perceptibly sinking from year to year; part of the coast of Finland in like manner is rising; the old stakes of the fishermen now stand far away

inland, from the highest high water. Here the sea is encroaching on the land, and of its substance forming other strata, which will perhaps be again elevated to be dry land. There again the land is encroaching on the sea, retaining the marks of its late submarine condition. Large tracts of country are washed away by rains and torrents, to form with their inhabitants fossiliferous strata elsewhere; and again, in other places, huge hills are cast up by internal convulsion, as in the case of the volcanic hill Jorullo, in Mexico, which in 1759 rose in a few hours 1900 feet above the plateau on which it stands.

But the time of man's experience is comparatively short, so the changes under his immediate observation are not so world-wide. Yet in less favoured lands than ours, where volcanic action is rife, and consequent alterations of level in sea and land are frequent, the world's stability is not so received a doctrine as with us. As in the days of Noah, they marry and are given in marriage, and the sea invades them and swallows up cities or districts—the earth opens and engulfs large tracts of country—or torrents of lava and avalanches of ashes bury them, and the place that knew them knows them no more. And then compensating influences are at work. The mud carried down by mighty rivers, like the Ganges, forms islands of great extent, upon which the natives fix themselves, sow their rice, and flourish till they and their works are swept away to form the material for other islands. The tiny coral animal builds and builds from the ocean floor, till it reaches to high-water mark, and then it dies. A low coral island or reef is thus formed, into which sea-weed floats and decays. Mud, sand, floating twigs, and leaves accumulate upon it; the rain beats, and a soil is formed, in which seeds of the cocoa-nut, palm, date, and many other trees, brought by the air, water, or birds, take root and grow, and very soon a new land is formed, clothed with the richest tropical vegetation to the water's edge, and a new home is made for nomadic man, who builds a house, a temple, a school, and a prison.

Such is the past and present of our earth, as ascertained by observation and induction; its future we know by faith, not by sight. We look for new heavens and a new earth, when the curse upon the earth for man's sin shall have been revoked. But before this, we hear the heavens passing away with a great noise, we see the elements melting again with fervent heat; but beyond all this apparent ruin, we see a city not lighted by sun or moon, not parched with heat or frozen with cold; for the light of it proceeds from a throne of jasper, and in its midst is a stream of life, on whose banks grows a tree whose fruit is for the healing of the nations.

III.

SUN PICTURES.—IV.

BY MARY HOWITT.

Coming forth from within the shadow of the hills, the evening appears to reverse its natural order, and to grow lighter the farther we advance; and as we approach the village whither we had been directed by the "rose and lily," the shades of night are still scarcely beginning to fall. The church bells are cheerily ringing, and the cottagers are at the doors of their rose-embowered cottages. It is like a fairy scene. Everywhere gardens, and in all the gardens flowers, and the bells ringing so joyously that the very air seems full of rejoicing and melody. "And why are the bells ringing?" we ask; and learn that the telegraphic message awaited yesterday at the palace with the rhododendron gardens, had arrived at length. The long strife was indeed ended. The Protestant had triumphed over the old Catholic line. Our friend of the organ, alas! we think may still sigh on; for he, we fear, will never play the magnificent organ under the new *régime*. No two sides can win in a battle, unless the vanquished win patience and meekness and the renunciation of self; and then unquestionably he may be the greater winner of the two, let the other win whatever he may. Thus we moralized, whilst the bells rang on.

There are no lodgings for us at this village inn, any more than at the "Holly Bush!" Fishing gentlemen occupy the whole accommodation, and the landlady, in her grand black satin habiliments, glittering and shining all over with bugles, shakes her head and has no sympathy to bestow on ladies who travel without a carriage. Night is coming on, but that matters not to her; and she intimates that at the "White Hart," at the end of the village, we may find "*suitable* accommodation." The bells have ceased ringing, and silence and twilight have settled over the village; not a child is abroad; they are all now in bed, and signs of night meet us at every turn as we come within sight of the house to which we have been sent. The "White Hart," standing in a forest, the work of some humble village artist, depending from the huge limb of an old tree overshadowing the road and a horse-trough, gives us but little promise of what *we* consider "suitable accommodation," as it came in view before the house itself. We enter the humble hostel, however, and find ourselves in a sort of cottage kitchen. Two or three men are quietly drinking on the hearth, and an old woman is ironing by the light of a very feeble candle. We state our wants, confessing very little hope of having them satisfied. The old woman sets down her iron upon the patten-ring fixed into a block of wood, which forms her iron-stand, and looks at us for a moment or two. She is puzzled at first, and then troubled. "No, she cannot find

The heat from the large fire has dried a little space round the hearth, and there we stand to dry ourselves, inquiring in the meantime if any carriage or light cart could be had to take us to our journey's end. We hear of no such vehicle from the girl who is mopping, and therefore wait patiently, standing upon the island of dry bricks near the fire until some more efficient source of information shall arrive.

Presently, in lounges with heavy, slow steps, a countryman, who like ourselves has been driven under cover by the rain, whilst his team stands without. He seats himself heavily on the large wooden settle, where the night before was extended the burly form of the "rose and the lily." He utters not a word, but sits and gazes inquisitively at us. A few minutes elapse, when in comes another man with the same, slow, heavy gait, and wearing a sack-bag over his shoulders, which having thrown off, he too seats himself by the first; and now four eyes are fixed upon us. We inquire from the two men after some kind of vehicle, gig, or light cart, which we might hire to convey us home. But neither can they give us any information on this subject; and again all is silent. At length No. 2 asks No. 1 if he have called for anything to drink, and receives as reply that he has "towd Mester Pepper to bring him a point;" which appears satisfactory. But before either Mester Pepper or the ale make their appearance, a third man, in a wet smock frock, enters, having also left his dripping, steaming team outside, and uttering the words "Well, surry" without receiving a response, makes his plodding way across the kitchen, and heavily drops down upon the settle, which by this time is pretty well filled. Our presence is evidently a check to social intercourse; for some minutes not a word is spoken, and then No. 3, turning to his fellows, inquires in a tone of surly discontent, "Are yo tu gooing to drink nowght?" and by way of reply, No. 2, rises, walks to the door, and shouts at the top of his voice, "Han you gin up business, Mester Pepper? Is there nowght to be had this mornin'?" On this the "lily and rose," as snowy and ruddy as the night before, made his appearance, slowly crossing the yard with a couple of dead rabbits dangling in his hand; and, without salutation or apology to his guests, he enters, asks in a surly tone, glancing also at us, what we would like to have; and learning that the men each wanted a pint, took a jug from one nail and a key from another, and disappeared through a door at the end of the kitchen. We felt sadly in the way; the men never took their eyes from us, but still not a word was said,—their silence no doubt being their civility to us. But the question was, would they continue equally silent and unobjectionable while regaling themselves? We doubted this, and fearing that we might like their conversation less than their silence, we began to meditate our departure under any circumstances. But before we put this purpose in execution, No. 2 slowly heaves himself up from the settle,—his moist, steaming clothes emitting a strong farm-yard smell,—slowly crosses the floor, and going to the door through which the rosy, bearded landlord had disappeared, shouted down the cellar

we rise and dress. We had not ordered our breakfast over night, as we had done at the "Black Bull" at Waystones; but good Mrs. Parramore knew that if we wanted a bed over-night, we should want a breakfast in the morning; and coffee, toast, and ham, stand ready for us when we descend to the parlour. It is like finding the world suddenly transformed, to behold oneself in such a home as that of Mrs. Parramore. It is as if old selfishness, and suspicion, and unkindness, and thinking evil of the neighbour, had disappeared from among men; as if there were nothing but kindness and brotherly love, and helping the neighbour, and doing as you would be done by, on earth. We receive all in good faith; we bless our dear Lord who has thus provided for us, and eat with a hearty appetite that which human kindness has set before us. Whilst we are at breakfast, Mrs. Parramore completes her kindness by having risen from her sick-bed and descended to bid us welcome to her house, and to express the neighbourly hope that we had slept well and were well. We like Mrs. Parramore still better now that we have seen her; and looking at her calm widowed countenance, we read of the kind sympathetic heart within her bosom. We see her sons, tall, good-looking men, who have a pleasure in their mother's good deed; and we talk of this place and that in the country, and find that there are places which we mutually know, if not persons, and we are all capital friends together. What a world this would be if there were more honesty and more good faith one in another! And so there would be, as an universal rule, if man loved his neighbour as well as himself; he then, as a natural consequence, would not deceive and cheat; would not come before his neighbour with false pretences, and in good faith his neighbour would dispense to him, as he in his turn would dispense to his neighbour. Nor is such a blessed state of things to be regarded as hopeless whilst there are even now a few Mrs. Parramores to be found. When a great snow-storm commences, it is with a few scattered flakes; let us regard these good Mrs. Parramores, then, as the *avant couriers* of our Lord's great army of Love, which in His own time shall subdue the earth.

The rain abates, as we fully expected it would do, and we leave our comfortable quarters in a becoming manner, retracing our steps, as our route compelled us to do, in the direction of the "Holly Bush." But long before we reach this garden of the "rose and lily," the clouds again gather, and down comes the pelting, soaking rain, through which, with our dresses looped up and our umbrellas hoisted, we hasten forward beneath dripping trees and along roads which are like a river's bed.

The cattle stand with down-drooping heads hopelessly in the wet fields, and the few people we meet, are mostly men with sack-bags thrown over their shoulders by way of mackintosh. Without any ceremony we enter the "Holly Bush" kitchen. A huge fire is burning, the burly landlord is not present; a girl is mopping the floor, leaving pools of water behind her, as if in imitation of the clouds without.

The heat from the large fire has dried a little space round the hearth, and there we stand to dry ourselves, inquiring in the meantime if any carriage or light cart could be had to take us to our journey's end. We hear of no such vehicle from the girl who is mopping, and therefore wait patiently, standing upon the island of dry bricks near the fire until some more efficient source of information shall arrive.

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steps an inquiry which showed at all events his friendly disposition towards us, viz., whether "Mester Pepper had a loight cart, or owght, as he could let the ladies hev?" and up from the cellar came a bucolic oath, and the gruff reply that he had his "dung-cart, and nowght else!" We thanked the willingly-obliging guest, and liking by no means either the reply or the temper of our "rose and lily," prepared at once to depart, let the weather be what it would; and scorning to order anything "for the benefit of the house," from so surly a landlord, we contented ourselves with giving a small gratuity to the maiden in her tall pattens, who was now scouring cheese-pans outside the door, and took our leave of the inhospitable "Holly Bush."

Fortunately the rain is over; the grey clouds are beginning to break, and though the trees still drip, and the water pours down the road in little torrents, there is nothing to prevent our proceeding on our way; and accordingly we soon find ourselves, now in pasture fields among dairy cows, and now in turnip-fields, the large turnip leaves emptying the water with which they are filled, upon our feet. We had been told that the road, as far as the village of Sturton, was a "blind road," and so indeed we found it. Not a house was in sight, or had it been, we could not have seen it beyond half a mile, for the heavy grey atmosphere enveloped every more distant object as in a misty veil. We plod on, however, through pasture fields and mowing grass, through turnip fields and green corn, and everywhere find so little track, that, but for an instinctive sense that we are in the true direction, we might have turned back every hundred yards. At length, to our great satisfaction, we perceive in the grey distance a scattered grey-stone village, and emerging from the fields, through a large grazing field full of milking cows,—at the top of which is a small stone-walled enclosure, where the cows evidently assemble for milking, and where three or four milking stools lay tumbled together in a corner,—we find ourselves in a bridle-path, which at half a mile's distance enters a turnpike road, traversing a high ridge of country, the white line of which we can trace for many miles on either hand. We know that we are now right, and though we are wet above the ankles it matters not, for wet feet can do no damage while the body is kept in action. Besides, the clouds have now become so thin, and almost transparent, that we expect sunshine to break through, every minute.

We are now on the long high turnpike road, and before us, at the distance of half a mile, moves at an almost imperceptible pace, a yellow, or rather lemon-coloured, caravan. It is a very conspicuous object in this high, bare landscape,—for we have left trees of every kind in the lower country from which for the last few miles we have been ascending, and now here again, we are in what less than half a century ago was open moorland, and which still retains its bare bleak character. We walk on briskly, not only on account of our wet feet but because the air is invigorating, and we are animated by a sense of having overcome all our little difficulties, and being now on the direct road home, which we hope to reach by tea-time. Walking thus, we

advance upon the yellow caravan and soon overtake it. It is large, and apparently heavy,—too large and too heavy to be drawn by one small, lean horse, which however bravely struggles on, with neck stretched horizontally, and bent knees,—but, spite of all, taking such short steps that it makes only slow progress. A woman and two men, all gipsy-like in their appearance—their dark complexions, black hair and eyes,—walk by its side, one man armed with a long-lashed whip, and the other and the woman each having a lithe stick, as if cut from the living hazel, in their hands. Having great sympathy with all suffering horses, and fearing we might see an exercise of gipsy discipline on the poor animal before us, we address the people in passing, in order to occupy for the moment their attention. "What does your caravan contain?" we inquire; and in reply receive a torrent of gipsy volubility, from which we extract that it contains "the greatest wonder in the world—the five-armed and five-footed lady, perfect in every part, four fingers and a thumb on each hand, and five toes on every foot, which had been pronounced by the nobility and gentry, and the faculty in general, as the greatest wonder in the world. Would we not like to see her? She was in bed, but we could see her for all that! They would stop their caravan; their horse wanted a rest, and it was only a shilling a-piece!—only a shilling a piece, and our fortunes told into the bargain, either by cards or the hand—a very good fortune, as they could plainly see; would not the young lady have her fortune told; or would not the elder lady like to hear of the good luck that was coming just to her own door? No! Well, past events? would not this lady like to hear something out of the past? If she heard what they could tell out of the past, she would believe that they knew the future. Only a shilling a-piece! Come, they would make a bargain, only sixpence a-piece, and we should see the wonderful five-armed lady for nothing!" And the woman struck upon the outside of the caravan as if to convey intelligence within, and the little horse in the meantime, as if understanding the parley and acquiescing in it, slackened still more its slow pace, and finally stood still, looking round with a melancholy weird sort of expression, and shaking itself in its brass-ornamented harness till the caravan rattled again. No; we did not incline to any offer. Neither the fortune nor the five-armed lady tempted us, and we walked on, hearing as we did so a mysterious voice issue from some part of the caravan, to which the woman replied in rapid gipsy language; and the men, by whip and sticks compelling the little horse into motion, the rickety caravan again began slowly to advance.

On we go, progressing along the high line of white limestone road, which becomes drier and drier as we advance, evidences of the late rain fading away one half-mile after another, till finally we have passed the region of rain, and once more are on a dusty high-road, with the sun shining down upon us, out of an almost cloudless sky. We are in the fine-weather zone again, where evidently nothing but fine weather has prevailed for many a day. And ever, also, as we advance,

looking backwards along the solitary road, still comes creeping on, at its snail's pace, the large, rickety, yellow caravan, and its lean little horse, to which no rest has yet been vouchsafed.

And now, leaving the deserted coach-road at a solitary old turnpike, which stands up with its high red roof, like a beacon in the wide landscape, we turn at right angles into another, which branches off here in the direction of those smooth green hills which have for some time been ascending on our right, crowned with patches of dark modern plantation, in a directly homeward course. Little children are playing together on the door-sill, and a pale, thin, scared-looking woman, in a widow's cap, is ironing within, behind the screen of flowering plants in her large bow-window, which commands from its three sides the three several roads at which this bar takes toll. There was something picturesque, but oppressively solitary, in the aspect of this lonely toll-house; and we involuntarily seemed to feel the weight of long dreary winter months, and the shudder of those occasional tragedies which have occurred in such places,—rarely it may be, but yet sufficiently frequent to fill the timid and imaginative spirit of any dweller here, if they happened to be of such a temperament, with a creeping hourly dread, and to make their life a long dream of terror. This thin, nervous-looking, ironing widow woman seemed to belong to this class, and cheerful summer though it now was, we thought of long winter weeks and months, with little travelling and long dreariness, dusk, and darkness, and of this solitary woman, her nerves all unstrung with apprehension, keeping her mournful watch on a road where gangs of so-called "shipwrecked mariners" tramp on their reputed way from Liverpool or Whitehaven, in the glooming afternoon perhaps, and with no prospect of coach or carriage, or even solitary horseman, to break the loneliness of the long moorland road; and no help within call, happen what might; and we wondered not at her thin, anxious, frightened look.

By this time we are very tired; we cannot walk as rapidly as we had done, though the approaching prospect of home, and the reunion with our beloved ones lies invitingly before us, luring us cheerfully onward; still we are weary, there is no denying it.

Two pedestrians like us, rejoicing over simple sun pictures of whatever kind they might be, could not possibly be too dignified or too proud to ride in a cart; therefore, when such a vehicle overtakes us, perfectly clean, though unpainted, drawn by a dark-brown, well-conditioned horse, though in very primitive harness, and driven by an agreeable-looking young countryman, in slouched wide-awake and drab smock-frock, it need astonish no one that we ask him to give us "a lift." The request seems, however, to take him by surprise; he looks at us inquiringly, as everybody does, and then very cheerfully gives consent. And now, seated in the cart, one of us on a sack of newly-cut grass for the horse, and the other on the cart-front by his side, we jog on, rather roughly, it is true, but with a sense of great relief and comfort after our long morning's walk; and so, jogging on, we talk of various

things, the young countryman being very well behaved and deferential. We are descending a long green valley or dale, which winds round the interlocking feet of the opposite hills, and is so narrow at the bottom as to admit only the road and a little runnel of water, hardly large enough for a rivulet, but which races along cheerfully in the sunshine, carrying its tiny thread of water, round the feet of other hills, till, at a few miles' distance, it enters, a little tributary, the beautiful river in the broad rich valley lying beyond the heights we have yet to cross before we reach our pleasant temporary home.

Our friend is going for lime, he tells us, to a kiln at the end of this quiet green dale, and he is not disinclined to be communicative. Before descending into the vale, however, we have an extensive view over the green hills I have spoken of already, with their patches of modern plantation. This is all pleasantly familiar ground to us, and, "There," we say, pointing into the distance, "lies such a hall, or such a farm-house," where we experienced not long before the hospitality of the owners; and our friend of the lime-cart enriches our local knowledge with many a little anecdote of first one and then another place or individual. In this way we soon become on the best terms with each other. And now we see, lying under the distant wood, a little house, or small peasant-farm, which also is familiar to us, and of which we have been told something which appeared worth remembering, and, desirous of making ourselves agreeable, we volunteer the information we had received. "In that cottage," we say, "lives a most worthy old couple, respected by everybody, who have brought up a large family of twelve children, without parish aid, and, consequently, have received, from some club or society established for the purpose, a handsome clock, on the case or face of which is inscribed the full particulars, the industry and good life of the worthy couple, together with their names and the names of all their twelve children." We tell our story out, and the young man drives on steadily, listening the while; then, suddenly turning round, with a beaming countenance, he exclaims, "That cottage is my birth-place, that old couple are my parents, and I am their twelfth child,—my name is Lewis Mellor!" We are startled; but it is all right, we are at once old acquaintance, and we congratulate him on coming of such good parentage; nevertheless, though it makes him more cheerfully talkative, it silences us, for we are evidently in too familiar a locality to venture more of our knowledge at hap-hazard. We are right so far, our next venture may be less fortunate; therefore we allow this singular coincidence to furnish the topic of our further conversation, and with him it never comes to the end.

And now we are at the close of our ride, for we see before us, in the green side of the hill, a little way apart from the road, the grey lime-kiln whither the cart is bound. The kiln is simple in itself, but produces a picturesque effect, standing there in that solitary dale, the quicklime, with which another man is filling his cart, sending up a thin, blue, smoke-like vapour, which floats above the kiln in the still

air, like a shadowy spirit-form, backed by the soft, sunny, green hill-side. Rested by our ride, and enlivened by its little incident, we dismount from our rude vehicle, and not scorning to shake hands with honest Lewis Mellor, we thank him for his courtesy, and receive in return his "hopes to oblige us again;" after which we cheerfully and briskly proceed on our way.

Again we ascend. We are now drawing to the termination of our wanderings, and the familiar objects of our daily walks are around us. From the hill-top we see lying before us a broad pastoral valley, abundant in flocks and herds, and the promise of an affluent hay harvest. To our left, with its scathed and riven sides, is the abrupt, gorge-like entrance to "The Dale," the picturesque beauty of which has attracted us hither for a summer sojourn. There, beneath us, is the long stone bridge, spanning the clear, gurgling, shallow river, the banks of which, at this point, are celebrated as the site of a bloody battle in the old Tudor times. The hills, the sloping pasture-meadows, the deep, sorrel-tinted mowing grass, the browsing cattle and sheep, the gurgling river, the shadowy arches of its old grey-stone bridge, the first cottage of our village standing forth upon the brow of the opposite hill, like a sentinel upon a jutting headland,—all lie before us, bathed in the golden afternoon sunshine. Thankful to feel ourselves, as it were, within our own demesne, and, full of delightful anticipation of our rural tea-dinner, to which we are in a condition to do ample justice, we proceed rapidly, and at the foot of the hill behold a familiar group! The beloved ones! They are come forth to bring us home! They who accompanied us a mile or two on our outset, three days before, now have come that distance in another direction to meet us on our return! Blessings on all loving hearts, who, thus responding to the mysterious impulse which urges them to go forth in the name of love, find themselves not disappointed!

And thus the Sun Pictures close, in flowery meadows, at the foot of green hills, and on the banks of one of the serenest, loveliest rivers of England, with the shout of the cuckoo and the jubilant song of the sky-lark in our ears!

IV.

THE GOLDSMITH COUNTRY.

Our home for the time being is the Rectory, or what serves as such, a pleasant cottage-like residence of two storeys, embowered amid a profusion of roses and jessamines, passion-flowers and japonica, that cover every window, and, better than stained glass, attemper the light

of day. Good taste has its abode there and cultivation, serenest piety, and earnest Christian zeal—one most noticeable feature of the interior, albums filled with the best reviews and magazine papers, and not with the self-conceived trash of half-witted contributors. Childhood sheds its unspeakable charm around that pretty domicile, adding to the beauty of the beautiful the glow of young life, and little Emily becomes the happy centre round which the household moves. Was Goldsmith's home like this? We scarce dare hope it, when we recollect that the income of the parish never exceeded a hundred a year, and when we look back upon a period in which the social distinctions of rich and poor were so much more broadly marked than now. When Bishop Lambert enjoyed the hundreds that contributed to the corpse of his See, out of the united parishes of Noughil and Forgney, poor Goldsmith the elder incumbent and resident clergyman, in all likelihood vegetated on the decent poverty of £40 per annum. In matters pecuniary, religious, and social, the Church of Ireland has wonderfully advanced since then, purified by suffering, so that though its bishops have been reduced in numbers, and its revenues have been confiscated, its church manses were never so attractive and commodious; and, best of all, the life of evangelical truth, and the fervour of evangelical zeal, were never so prevailing throughout its numerous clergy. If there be one church in Christendom which more nearly than any other approaches the earnest self-sacrificing character of the Free Church of Scotland, but at the same time happily freed from the bitterness with which that distinguished body used to pursue its residuary brethren, that church is the Protestant Establishment of Ireland. It is perfectly true that in one of its aspects it is a political institution, but we are not required in our paper to impugn or defend it, on a mention so casual as here. This, however, we may say, that it works at present freely and powerfully for the diffusion of the Gospel of the grace of God; and this we shall further allow ourselves to say, that it is a great bulwark in Ireland against another political institution—the most insidious and dangerous in the world—Popery.

But we must come down from the altitude of ecclesiastical allusion and discussion, and ascend a quite different and material height—namely, the hill which intervenes between the main road to the flourishing market town of Ballymahon, and the remains of the old parish church of Forgney, in the county of Longford.

We are now ascending that gravel and limestone ridge which, with few intermissions, crosses the island from side to side,—the beach that withstood the approaching tide in geological times. Of striking scenery there is none around us, everything partaking of the homely aspect of a slightly undulating, secluded, agricultural region. But though we write in November, our actual excursion was made in the dog-days, so that we shall resume the past tense in our further allusions to the very tame lions of the Goldsmith country.

The cocks of early hay in the meadows were assuming their tawny tints under the browning fires of a July sun, while the warmth which

seasoned and tanned them, drew out their aroma in all its freshness on the zephyr. The barn-door fowls strutted, in the full independence of their nature, before the cottages of the peasantry, sharing with the pig in the cares of their humble owners, or, reclining in the dust, indulged themselves with an energetic sand-bath, which seemed to give them no moderate delectation, for every feather quivered to its tip with delight. Birds of various wing, but all of the homely order, made our walk as vocal as that late season for the chirpers would allow; Robin redbreast and yellow-hammer, stone-chatterers, with the whole tribe of finches; sparrows of all kinds, with blackbird and mavis; the dappled magpie, with the brassy trowel of his tail; the black crow, with the monotonous caw-caw of his dialect, enlivening our progress as they hopped from object to object around us, or scanned our proceedings poised on ballooning pinion. The butterfly was amateuring on fragile wing,—for he never seems in earnest in his purposeless flight,—and the golden-belted bee as busy as the ballad describes him to the novices of the nursery, in economizing his time, and improving "each shining hour." His hum was in pleasant keeping with the quiet of our evening stroll, when the softest of all soft breezes fanned our cheek, awaking faintest rustle in foliage of wizard ash and elm, while the tinkle from the neighbouring sheep-walk conveyed sweeter associations to our mind than ever did angelus or vesper bell that filled "with love the pilgrim on his way." Here and there from amongst the trees peeped out a mansion of the resident gentry or more respectable farmers, with a look of comfortable warmth and well-kept repair, that bespoke thriving circumstances and improvement in all things material, but the cottages of the peasantry were not attractive. The poor creatures who dwell in them must be far better off than in Goldsmith's time, for the population is thinned by emigration, whilst constant employment and regular wages are now the rule and not the exception; nevertheless, there is a squalid and unthrifty look about their homes which is not in keeping with their improved condition. Popery, no doubt, has something to do with this; but still more, perhaps, the neglect of the classes above them, who are contented to let the personal comfort of the labourer remain at the same low standard as before, without seeking his elevation in the social scale. They receive his toil, they pay his wages—by no means inadequate—and there allow the transaction to end, forgetting to seal the bond of obligation between master and servant by that personal interest in the welfare of their hireling which makes service a pleasure, and unconcerned to awaken that gratitude of the subordinate, which returns tenfold to the master's bosom. But Ireland is not the only place where the late Mr. Drummond's imperishable dictum needs to be enforced, that "property has its duties as well as its rights." We could point to places in civilized England where the 'squire cares less for his peasantry than for his game, and the wealthy farmer bestows less concern upon his labourers than upon his horses. These things are for a lamentation wheresoever they occur, but will mend with the

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ns of the church are the most uninteresting in the world ; allelogram of some forty feet by five-and-twenty, with the e end of the east alone surviving, of the shape and size of an cottage. Whatever the Romish Church may have been, archi- y, in the second century preceding, the Protestant Church in hteenth century had dwindled down, in the style of its parochial ings, to the meanest possible condition. It is probable the comfort not wanting in this small parish church, of adequate pew accom- dation, high-backed and exclusive, for its worshippers ; but all the lendour that should have decorated the house of God, if taste and evotion had directed the application of worldly wealth to sacred pur- poses, was entirely wanting here. No chancel, no choir, no screen, no "long-drawn aisle or fretted vault," no clerestory or mullioned win- dows, no *triforia*, no stone pulpit, *miserere*, cloister, or font. We attach no moment to such things ourselves ; we think Divine worship the better without distracting accessaries ; but we cannot deny that the remains of such costly monuments as these add interest to an eccle- siastical ruin, and tell us tales of the liberality of a bygone age in its provision for the decoration of God's house, to which we always lend a willing ear. Here all was the reverse of this. The church had evidently borne resemblance to a barn, and that a very humble barn ; and nothing but its situation in the midst of a rural burial-ground, its sacred uses, and its position on the side of a considerable hill, com- manding an extensive view over a fine valley, could have commended it to the veneration of its congregation. Yet, such is the power of genius, that we felt the presence of Goldsmith as vividly here, as if all the wealth of Gothic architecture had enriched the walls within which he first held unconscious communion with the Church of God at the baptismal font. It was Goldsmith that brought us to Forgney, and not Forgney that reminded us of Goldsmith. The absence of every distraction which picturesque ruinhood might have furnished, only drew our regard more fixedly to him, to whom, in the all-wise arrangements of Providence, had been accorded

"A liberal nature, and a niggard doom,
A difficult journey to a splendid tomb."

As little significant of the greatness which was to follow, as the

progress of better feeling and the principles of that religion of brotherhood which bids every man seek not his own weal, but another's. There was no destitution that we could perceive, nor sign of discontent; but very small, dirty, and disreputable cottages, some built shanty-wise against the sloping ditch by the roadside, did not speak highly for the progress of the arts, or the presence of civilization. Had Prince Albert ever visited this country, he would have seen in this feature of it a loud call for the importation of a few of his model cottages,—the which, could they be bodily transported thither, would prove a greater blessing to the peasantry than could all Loretto with its *case sante* be carried by complaisant angels into Forgney, and deposited in their midst. The smiling landscape, with its fringes of green hedge and forest tree, its rich corn and potato fields, its sweet serpentining Inney, and its pastures covered with beautiful cattle, wanted nothing to complete its homely perfection, but neat dwellings for its peasantry, and good shoes, we may add, for their children's feet. Candour must own, from all that we saw and heard in our love-prompted pilgrimage to this region, that some visionary Auburn painted its village attractions on the imagination of the poet, when he penned his musical verses, and rendered into articulate speech the dream of rural felicity presented by his muse.

A bye-road—or, as they call it here, a *bohereen*—set between deep hedgerows, leads up the short steep hill, down which, on the other side, a descent equally steep leads to all that remains of the quondam sanctuary of the parish of Forgney. A path through a short meadow, and past a humble perpetual spring, lands one amongst the almost unmarked graves that surround the naked walls of the erewhile house of God. The bees were busy "redeeming their [thyme]," singing as they wrought, which is, in their case, God's ordinance, and can scarcely be out of place with the less instinctive busy-bodies of a nobler creation; and the swallows, as they twittered round the deserted gables, collected black-mail of the community of the helpless evening flies. Here and there a limestone rock cropped up amid occasional yellow gorse and purple heather, beautiful wild grasses waving their fairy plumes in the breeze, while the gentle sough of the wind of approaching night reached one's ears in a soft whisper, that startled the listeners like a breath from the spirits' land. It was hard to believe we were alone with the dead in that forsaken churchyard at that witching hour—that hour "which wakes the wish and melts the heart;" for a living presence in that most solitary spot, shut out by the intervening hill from the recognition of man, seemed to impress the hush of a supernatural awe upon the soul. The view away from the church and hill was over a wide extent of country, flat and meadowy for a considerable distance, now rising into gentle elevations at the outer edge of the picture, where the sky came down on the horizon, and a portion of a sunset heaven met a portion of a sunset earth in an amicable embrace, that suggested comparison rather than contrast. All was so still, so remote, so unlike the busy world of action in which our life is habitually

spent, that it was to be pardoned, as a kind of moral necessity, under the circumstances, if we bethought us of, and quoted the most appropriate elegy of Goldsmith's contemporary, Gray :—.

"Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

"The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed."

The remains of the church are the most uninteresting in the world; a small parallelogram of some forty feet by five-and-twenty, with the plain gable end of the east alone surviving, of the shape and size of an ordinary cottage. Whatever the Romish Church may have been, architecturally, in the second century preceding, the Protestant Church in the eighteenth century had dwindled down, in the style of its parochial buildings, to the meanest possible condition. It is probable the comfort was not wanting in this small parish church, of adequate pew accommodation, high-backed and exclusive, for its worshippers; but all the splendour that should have decorated the house of God, if taste and devotion had directed the application of worldly wealth to sacred purposes, was entirely wanting here. No chancel, no choir, no screen, no "long-drawn aisle or fretted vault," no clerestory or mullioned windows, no *triforia*, no stone pulpit, *miserere*, cloister, or font. We attach no moment to such things ourselves; we think Divine worship the better without distracting accessaries; but we cannot deny that the remains of such costly monuments as these add interest to an ecclesiastical ruin, and tell us tales of the liberality of a bygone age in its provision for the decoration of God's house, to which we always lend a willing ear. Here all was the reverse of this. The church had evidently borne resemblance to a barn, and that a very humble barn; and nothing but its situation in the midst of a rural burial-ground, its sacred uses, and its position on the side of a considerable hill, commanding an extensive view over a fine valley, could have commended it to the veneration of its congregation. Yet, such is the power of genius, that we felt the presence of Goldsmith as vividly here, as if all the wealth of Gothic architecture had enriched the walls within which he first held unconscious communion with the Church of God at the baptismal font. It was Goldsmith that brought us to Forgney, and not Forgney that reminded us of Goldsmith. The absence of every distraction which picturesque ruinhood might have furnished, only drew our regard more fixedly to him, to whom, in the all-wise arrangements of Providence, had been accorded

"A liberal nature, and a niggard doom,
A difficult journey to a splendid tomb."

As little significant of the greatness which was to follow, as the

unpretending village church itself, was the rite of dedication, whereby, somewhere about the Christmas-tide of 1728, a little, pale, ungainly baby was registered on the roll of the Church militant; his father Charles not very proud, perhaps, of the fourth recruit which his parsonage contributed to the ranks. If his four children cost him at the rate of ten pounds per annum each (a very moderate calculation for even the most slenderly endowed eating, drinking, and wearing machine), the fruitful mother and the frugal papa must have had very short commons indeed out of all that remained of his £40 a year. The widow of his son Henry, curate of the same parish, was glad to accept the post of matron of the Meath Infirmary, at Navan, some years afterwards. The harpies of care must have spoiled many a meal of the sorely-harassed householder and penniless divine: but Christian piety doubtless tempered the hardships of his lot, and shed the light of resignation and hopefulness over a rugged path. On the very spot where we now stand, stood the Rev. Charles Goldsmith—when, folding the little ugly mortal in his surplice, he commended him, by prayer, to the paternal care of the great Father and the tutelage of the Church, laying it in charge on the recipient of baptism, that he should yet prove "Christ's faithful soldier and servant" until life should end. It is pleasant to recall, after all the vicissitudes of his career and amid the startling profaneness of the times in which he lived, how the young child dedicated there never in his voluminous writings forgot the solemn vow and covenant made in his name, and that, like a brother poet, the Scottish bard of the "The Seasons," he left no line which, dying, he desired to blot. Goldsmith remembered that the Muses were chaste, and always treated them with maidenly reserve. Is it not to the everlasting credit of this harum-scarum layman, that he denounced, in no very squeamish age, the writings of Sterne as injurious to morality? How fine, too, is the strain of his dedication of "She Stoops to Conquer" to his old friend Johnson! "It may serve the interests of mankind, also, to inform them that the greatest wit may be found in a character, without impairing the most unaffected piety." But, whatever hopes or fears, joys or sorrows, attended the baptism of that country parson's son, it had been almost better for the unconscious imp himself if the font had proved his tomb; for a harder fate has rarely fallen to the lot of genius, learning, and generosity than that which entangled inextricably in its meshes the gifted and genial Oliver Goldsmith. His was a hard fate, even to the last. Necessity goading her unreluctant son to preternatural exertion, till the patient and willing beast of burden was prematurely worn down, and the light that had been unwisely fanned into brilliancy went out in darkness. Poor child! unlucky boy! ill-starred scholar! and unhappy man! Each advancing step was only a struggle in the mire, till at length he sank, and was swallowed up for ever in the slough of ominous name—Despond!

What a scramble was his life from first to last!—a scramble for bread, for fame, for enjoyment. His experience of human nature, of

the least attractive kind, and yet his *bonhomie* of spirit making everyone love human nature the better, for including amongst its happier specimens one genial Goldy. How he came by his name Oliver, is not clear. Perhaps after the *great* Oliver,—there is no mistaking whom we mean; for the parish of his birth is a colony of Cromwellians, who preserve to this day the traditions of their sires, and exult in their love of Protestant truth and civil freedom. Cromwell was no bad name-sire for our poetic hero, who had to fight a harder battle than England's noble protector. The schooling of the young Noll was a scramble, like everything else. At Lissoy, to which benefice his father was promoted two years after the birth of his boy, and which yielded the larger commissariat of £200 a year, his early indoctrination was entrusted to a military pensioner, the prototype of the immortal picture:—

> "The village all declared how much he knew—
> 'Twas certain he could write and cipher too."

But here, besides the birchings which he caught from the village Orbilius for neglected horn-book or forsaken school—"*I* knew him well, and *every truant* knew"—the young scapegrace, of the mature age of six, caught something worse—the frightful small-pox—which left its mark of disfigurement upon his face for ever thereafter, and made the wretched urchin an ill-favoured man. After this rough initiation into letters in a hedge school, we find him in a higher seminary (the diocesan academy of Elphin), where he climbed passably up the ladder of "Parnassus, by dint o'Greek," laughed at and plagued by the boys for his unhandsome phiz and quick resentments, yet kind and affectionate where reparation was made, and ever ready to forgive. The jests about his appearance he took ill from the first; for his sensibilities were quick as an uncovered nerve, and precocious in their openness to torture,—a lesson to many who, in their thoughtless frankness by allusions to bodily defects or other blemishes, inflict wounds upon the hearts of very young children, which these never forget. Goldsmith would not have strained his endeavours as he did to decorate his person with adventitious adornments—his plum-coloured coat lined with satin, and his bloom continuations—had he not through life been worried with the sense of his wanting Nature's own letter of introduction—a pleasant face and engaging person.

To three academies in succession, kept by reverend gentlemen, was Goldsmith sent; so that there can be no doubt he had formed a well-grounded acquaintance with the classics—his school period ranging from six to seventeen—his vacations being spent at home. The usual diversions of youth were his—the Fives' Court at Ballymahon, coursing, fishing, and the less excusable invasion of his neighbours' orchards. In such *délassemens* was a year consumed after his leaving school, and, we must suppose, in specific preparation to enter Trinity College, Dublin, as sizar. How the position aimed at in the University could have been considered a degradation, either by himself or his family, is

somewhat hard to understand. His brother Henry had entered as pensioner, paying of course the ordinary fees for his education; but it is a tribute to the ascertained ability of Oliver, even then, that a sizarship was proposed to him as his proper entrance into the temple of the Muses. As this post is only acquired by competitive examination of probably as many as a hundred candidates for ten vacancies, and the range of books examined in is extensive, success is creditable: nor were the conditions ever revolting. The education, the commons, and the chambers of the sizar were free, so that the advantage was considerable; and the only real wrong ever suffered by Goldsmith in connection with his sizarship arose from the brutality of his tutor, which probably suffered no slight provocation from the obstinate *insouciance* of his pupil. When Goldsmith should have been conning his problems for his tutor's daily lecture, he was sauntering about the College courts—a coarse, vulgar-looking, ill-dressed idler, ever on the look-out for fun, and ever ready to bear his part in any rebellion against authority. In pumping a bailiff under the College hydraulic machine within an ace of drowning, he bore so conspicuous a part on one occasion, that he was publicly "cautioned," as the term is, and narrowly escaped expulsion. A riot of Town and Gown followed this escapade, which issued in maiming and murder, in which our hero bore himself manfully, and we are sure not ferociously; nevertheless none can tell, when young blood is warmed in a scuffle, how near the brand of Cain may be to the brow. His next exploit is a dining party at his rooms—a sore breach of discipline if ladies had the *entrée*; for all the traditions of the Virgin Queen's foundation are of the monastic order, and breathe the spirit of St. Senanus's inquiry—

"Quid fœminis
Commune est cum monachis?"

This obtained him a pounding from the fists of his pugilistic tutor, who burst in upon the scene of riot, and led to his leaving College in disgust next day. A reconciliation, however, was patched up ere long; and we find the "Ne'er-do-weel" coming forth in the spring of 1749 from the walls of his Alma Mater with all the honours of a young Baccalaureate adorning his head. He had studied to some purpose sundry matters while there—notably the human heart and the phantasmagoria of life; had been learning, too, those lessons of the cheerful endurance of poverty which stood him in such stead afterwards; how a man might live three days upon a shilling, and yet violate no Tenth Commandment; but certainly the logic of Burgersdicius, and the subtlety of Pappus' problem, gained from him no further acquaintance than a distantly polite *congé*. Goldsmith had no mind for exact knowledge; his brains were too much allied to his haphazard life to be at the pains of that consecutive and exclusive attention which mathematics and close reasoning required. His random method of study

probably resembled less the zone-cinctured regularity of Minerva than the flowing gown of his native Nora—

"Which floats as wild as mountain breezes."

What Goldsmith wanted throughout his College career, and what he wanted all his life long, was the discipline of self-control—devotion to a purpose, and that a worthy purpose. As he sailed without Prudence for a helmsman, it is not to be wondered at that his barque often neared shipwreck on the shoals and the rocks. His very term of release from study was fraught with the utmost danger to his genius and prospects.

Undetermined about a profession, we find him, aged twenty-one, in the country, assisting his brother Henry in his school during the day-time, but indemnifying himself for the drudgery of drilling the *propria quæ maribus* in the morning by glorious symposia at the "Three Jolly Pigeons" at night. If he designed to enter the Church—a profession for which he owned himself entirely without a vocation—he must wait at least two years before he could be admitted to orders; and the interval would have to be spent somehow, and where better than under the roof of that dear delightful brother Henry, who, curate of Lissoy, eked out his stipend of £40 by a small classical school? It may safely be concluded, in common honesty, that Goldsmith never contemplated a clerical close to his career; but, like Micawber, in one of Dickens's stories, looked for something to "turn up" to provide him a more suitable calling. That his family should suggest it, however, was quite natural, for they were a Levitical race. There was a Dean Goldsmith then living, and the great-grandfather of the poet had been in all likelihood a Fellow of Trinity College, and certainly held a respectable benefice in the diocese of Meath. Indebted to his clerical brother for the time being for counsel, shelter, and occupation, well might the unforgotten obligation be repaid in after days by the dedication of his "Traveller," and that most "musical, most melancholy" quatrain, which breathes an affection beyond counterfeit, as it displays a poetic faculty past denial—

"Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart untravell'd fondly turns to thee;
Still to my brother turns with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain."

But the evil and the temptation of his present life were in the indulgence of those convivial habits which, in excess, ruin character and forfeit self-respect. At their club in Ballymahon, a mile distant, met duly the better class of tradesmen and the professionals of the town, to play whist, tell stories, sing songs, and drink punch. Oliver, then fresh from College, was full of classical lore, University wit, Dublin jackeenery (query, *chicanery?*), and a thousand humorous and pleasing traits derived from his superior education and residence in the metropolis, so

that he naturally took a leading part in their convivialities. Crushed and cowed elsewhere, he must have found himself a king amid the dull wits and petty celebrities of the country—admired for his frank bearing and neighbourly unreserve where he felt himself at home. There have been doubtless many deipnosophists more wise than the jovial bacchanals at George Conway's inn, but we much doubt if there ever were many merrier. The very knave of clubs must have often relaxed his grim solemnity of gaze into a smile no less grim over the wit and laughter, the quips and cranks of the young Collegian, now for the first time in his life launched upon the tide of unchecked and improvident enjoyment.

The two years' time come to an end. What to do now? Overpersuaded by his family, he posts to the Bishop of Elphin, to consult him about the matter of ordination; but comes ignominiously back, disappointed but not dejected; the Bishop, it is said, taking offence at the scarlet hue of his breeches. And so, well—so, best. The training Oliver had undergone was not the most eligible for the clerical office:—ducking duns and bonneting bailiffs in College courts; saturnalia in College chambers and amongst the gods in the playhouse; indiscriminate assault and battery of miserable watchmen, and the rescue from the clutches of police-officers of defaulting gownsmen; ballad-writing and singing; alternate beggary and feasting; and all this repeated again in many of its features of reckless revel in the country, so far as its comparative quiet admitted the enactment of such scenes. The church even then had its models widely different from all this, as Goldsmith's own exquisite picture of a country parson shows, and the respectable Bishop of Elphin who rejected him, and vindicated the rights of his cloth to an exterior more conformable to the requirements of evangelical propriety and the just expectations of the people. In making these moderate requisitions we only take the lowest ground, as, when we ascend to the more elevated region, we can admit of no inferior qualification than a new heart fashioned after the pattern of the Son of man:—

> "A heart in every thought renew'd,
> And fill'd with love divine."

Of this qualification Goldsmith had not at this time—perhaps never—any conception; and he was always deficient in what we cannot but hold to be a great virtue in a Christian evangelist—an economical management of his expenditure, so as to owe no man anything, and thus to set an example of a very commonplace but very essential piece of self-denial. Either in witless expenditure upon himself, or in uncalculating generosity toward others, he wasted the means which should have secured a respectable and useful position in society, exposed himself to a thousand humiliations, and rendered his extravagance an admonition to unthrift, rather than an incentive to imitation. The habit of profuse giving, something quite different from real charity—a mere weakness, if not a sin—he himself lived afterwards to condemn, saying of the

common training of the family by their parent:—"He wound us up to be mere machines of pity, and rendered us incapable of withstanding the slightest impulse made either by real or fictitious distress; in a word, we were perfectly instructed in the art of giving away thousands, before we were taught the more necessary qualifications of getting a farthing."

A year of tuition after this leaves him £30 in his pocket, which he spent in six weeks; £50 furnished by his kind uncle Contarine, to enable him to eat his dinners for the bar at the Dublin inns of court, are lost forthwith at play, shutting against him the door of the law for ever; and thus only at the end of three years after graduating does he find his way to Edinburgh, to become a student of medicine. It is very curious to observe that, after trying to get into every profession by turns, and succeeding at least in the case of one, even this was not pursued by him with success for his livelihood; but a divinity shaped his course into the profession of literature—the most distasteful, precarious, laborious, and ill-paid of the whole. Its irregularity, after all, is what alone Goldsmith was fit for—impulsive labour by fits and starts, occasional gluts of money followed up by the direst dearth, and vicissitudes of feeling which can be reflected on the susceptible page.

After a couple of years' study at Edinburgh, behold him engage a passage to Leyden, in Holland, in a vessel bound to Bourdeaux! After a year devoted to physic in Holland, see him leave with a bunch of tulip roots, bought for kind uncle Contarine with a *borrowed* guinea; and mark the *philosophical vagabond* set off on the grand tour of Europe, with his own stout legs for chariot wheels—his wardrobe, the dress in which he stood, and his tongue and flute his only bread winners. The Netherlands, Flanders, France, Switzerland, Italy, and Germany, were traversed in turn, with such experiences as he implies in the pithy sentence: "A man who is whirled through Europe in a post-chaise, and the pilgrim who walks the grand tour on foot, will form very different conclusions. *Haud inexpertus loquor.*" In three years his wanderings abroad were completed, together with that medical education which formed the pretext of his later wanderings, and once more he finds himself on British ground, houseless, friendless, penniless,—

"Lord of himself, that heritage of woe."

Apothecaries' drudge, starveling usher, physician of the poor, with greater assiduity than fees, patched velvets, soiled linen, all these resources and sordid shifts, could not keep him above the level of the beggars in Axe Lane, with whom he was forced, in direst straits, to herd. Matters improve when he becomes reader in Richardson's printing office, tutor in the private academy at Peckham, literary jobber under the iron rule of Griffiths of the "Monthly Review;" but the improvement is slight. It is the difference between sapping the fortress of life and storming it; life might ooze away as effectually through a slow and gradual orifice, as through a gaping wide-lipped

wound. The process was slow, but it killed him in the long run—not the first, not the last martyr of science,—the holocaust gilded by the glory, as he calls it, of pursuing "a track which Dryden and Otway trod before me." In a garret in Paternoster-row was the first experience of Goldsmith of the drudgery of literature; but in five months we find him afloat again, charging his inhospitable hosts, the man with impertinence, the woman with niggardliness, and both with altering his contributions to the "Monthly Review,"—papers which, even as they stand, breathe the admirable style and pleasant vivacity of the man. He is now without a home,—his letters are left for him at the Temple Exchange coffee-house. Brief glimpse of his habitation afterwards shows him in a garret in Salisbury-square, solacing himself, with his ordinary playfulness, with the observation: "Addison, let me tell you, wrote his poem of *The Campaign* in a garret three storeys high; and I am not come to that yet, for I have only got to a second storey." But Goldy had to mount higher yet, being as he says of himself, "without friends, recommendations, money, or impudence;" yet adding, with that fine practical morality which shines through all his works, "Many in such circumstances would have had recourse to the friar's rope, or suicide's halter. But, with all my follies, I had principle to resist the one, and resolution to combat the other." Unable to get bread of the coarsest, scantiest kind by writing for the press, behold him driven back again to the miserable harbour of the Peckham academy—welcome there his genial smile and ascertained capacity, notwithstanding the amusement caused by his simplicity. But even this shelter gives way under stress of circumstances; yet not till hopes of an appointment to the coast of Coromandel arise through the interest of his friend and employer. The appointment comes in 1758, but the imposibility of procuring the most modest outfit, dooms him to the obscure drudgery of his London life;—and now he is submerged for a time—lost to sight under the overwhelming wave of adversity, and only looming up in an occasional characteristic glimpse—playing his flute for the ragged urchins of Green Arbour Court; popped in upon by the Rector of Eastern Mauduit, afterwards Bishop Percy, "in a miserable dirty-looking room, in which there was but one chair,"—where, poor as he was, Goldsmith could still find means to be charitable, for he sends away happy the poor child that drops in unseasonably while Percy was there, with the request, "My mamma sends her compliments, and begs the favour of you to lend her a potful of coals."

On this lowest round of Fortune's wheel, there is even there much which is characteristic of the man; the very assiduity that ferreted out these trivial and painful details, furnishing evidence of the fascinating interest of Goldsmith and his writings. But our thoughts start off, by dint of contrast, to fancy the possibilities of the half-starved doctor's history, had he gone to India in pursuance of his appointment. In that land of pagodas and gold mohurs, he would have saved the resident's life by his medical skill, and the grateful governor in return would have

recommended him for knighthood—Sir Oliver Goldsmith! a most pleasant tag to his delighted ear. A poet he would still have been, and surpassed John Leyden in his pictures of oriental life; the loves of *Edwin and Angelina* would have been displaced by some Indian *Chrishna and Mootee*, or Persian *Anallah and Shilloom;* and he would have returned to England after thirty years' residence in the East, a marvellous pundit in linguistic lore, with enlarged liver owing to his indulgence in hot curries, mulligatawny, and arrack punch; and a wealthy nawaub for his industry in getting, and care in keeping the rupees. But this last supposition dashes to pieces the frail edifice of our phantasmagoria. No supposition was ever more baseless than that Goldy could have been rich; he wanted the bump of accumulation, as he wanted the instinct of cruelty. He could no more hoard a guinea than cut a throat. Goldy might have heard, after any amount of Indian experience, Sheridan's denunciation of a Warren Hastings without a blush or self-conscious sigh. There lived not that human being whom he would have wronged of a stiver for all the treasures of the Great Mogul. Better starve on eighteenpence a day—the sum he allots an author for living "in London, without being contemptible." Nay, better starve right out, than turn a deaf ear to clamorous misery, or misappropriate the means of others. We may have lost whole gorgeous *Vatheks* from his not having visited the region of oriental fiction, or the waggeries of a new *Heetopadesh;* but no bloated sensualist have we lost, no extortionate nabob, no millionnaire enriched at the expense of blood and tears of suffering thousands.

Obscure and unfriended, Goldsmith toils at his "Inquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning in Europe;" a work which, for its comprehensive views, few but Goldsmith could have written; himself the while the most vivid illustration of the hardships he describes. What he published in 1759, on the miserable condition of an author, was a prophecy to some extent of his shortened career. "His simplicity exposes him to all the insidious approaches of cunning, his sensibility to the slightest invasions of contempt. Though possessed of fortitude to stand unmoved the expected bursts of an earthquake, yet of feelings so exquisitely poignant as to agonize under the slightest disappointment. Broken rest, tasteless meals, and causeless anxieties, shorten his life, or render it unfit for active employment; prolonged vigils and intense application still further contract his span, and make his time glide insensibly away." That his career did not take a more tragic and desperate turn, was only owing to the sunniness of his soul, and his larger measure of self-respect; for, alas! many have fallen as he describes them: "schooled by continual adversity into a hatred of their kind; flying from thought to drunkenness; yielding to the united pressure of labour, penury, and sorrow; sinking unheeded, without one friend to drop a tear on their unattended obsequies; and indebted to charity for a grave."

But with this extract we must bid adieu to the night of weeping, for the dawn of success was at hand. The toils of his genial soul

were always unduly severe, and to the last gasp ill-requited; but his toil was not so hopeless as before, nor his soul so filled with the contempt of his beggarly employers. His merits began to be ascertained, and publishers were emulous to secure his co-operation, so that he could fix a more adequate price on his compositions, and live on better fare, and sport a peach-coloured livery now and then, and deceive himself into the idea that he was a beau and a member of the *monde*. His turning point was the Essay, wherewith he had solaced his spider-garnished garret and his loathly labours as usher in the school, published by Dodsley, in 1759. This led the way to papers in *The Bee*, a journal relying mainly on his contributions for success; on which, however, the gods did not smile, for it died eight weeks after its birth. But there were other magazines a host, and then, as now, these furnished a livelihood to scores of scribblers, gifted or dull, as the case might be—there being very small fry as well as very respectable sturgeons of literature at all times. So well did his papers in *The Bee* tell on publishers and brother authors, though not on the general public, that they secured him two or three engagements at once,—a wonderful and pleasing success for a person in desperate straits up to this crisis of his history. Those delightful magazine essays of his, which are brimful of such genial humour, and sparkle with so brilliant a style, were paid for by the munificent sum of one guinea each. Smollett's *British Magazine* and Newberry's *Public Ledger*,—the one a monthly periodical, the other a daily paper,—engaged his services; and in the pages of the latter came out in successive papers those delightful whims afterwards called "The Citizen of the World," but known on their first appearance as "Chinese Letters." There was more than humour in these light satires, there was deep-seated philanthropy, and an exposure of the abuses of that age, many of which have remained for the present one to correct. He saw with prophetic eye that America would be lost to us; denounced Justices' justice in certain adjudications; the sordid pennies of Deans and Chapters obtained by showing their cathedrals; shedding of blood in causeless wars, and pecuniary fines in seduction cases. Quackery, fashion, and the cant of criticism, came under his lash; together with all the abuses of ecclesiastical patronage and the clerical profession. Lawyers were potted by him as freely as the members of any other calling, for hampering justice with tedious processes, perplexing forms and terms, and needless expense; while he raised his voice much in advance of his day against the frequency of death punishments. Thus it will be seen that the heart of this good man guided his head, and that that head itself was kneaded of such serviceable stuff, that it could always advance sufficient reasons to justify the promptings of the heart. In Wine Office Court, in Fleet Street, he is now enabled to occupy what were called respectable lodgings. There first that not less noble soul visited him,—a learned, honourable, and scarcely less suffering member of the literary craft—the great Samuel Johnson; a man whose prejudices, which he called principles, were immovable as a

rock, but whose heart all the while was tender as a child's. "Johnson," said Goldy, when he heard him called Ursa Major, "has nothing of the bear but his skin." To Goldsmith he acted the part of a great, kind, patronizing brother, half sharing and half censuring the weaknesses of Goldsmith, but evidently loving him with all his soul. Peace be with their manes! Light rest the mould upon their heads! Long may their influence survive in our literature! Never be their names mentioned apart—*par nobile fratrum!* Johnson and Goldsmith, Goldsmith and Johnson, were far more akin by the gifts of their genius and the necessities of their position, than Johnson and Boswell could ever be. For a Scotch laird, Bozzy was a prodigy of "wut," or of something like it, but not to be named in the same breath with either the noble Englishman or the sweet-natured Hibernian. Bozzy was a kind of wise fool, for his very dafthood had a quality of thrift in it without parallel elsewhere; a vain coxcomb, and unredeemed natural, but for his homage to learning and worth in the person of his distinguished friend.

Come we now to the period of the immortal "Vicar," conceived and brought forth in "Merrie Islington;" that classic locality to which the genius of Cowper has given perpetual renown in the lay of the "London Mercer" (hight Gilpin), hero of the unlucky progress. Here, as a publisher's hack, we find Goldsmith lodged and boarded in comparative splendour for £50 a-year, an immense stride in social comfort, in possession, moreover, of pure suburban air, and of the sight of green fields, and visited by and entertaining friends. At this time begins his connection with Reynolds's Literary Club—one of the most boasted distinctions of his life, coupled with the chagrins, nevertheless, which all changes bring with them. No change brings all the happiness to its subject which is expected. No one circumstance on earth is all good. So, beyond the harass of narrow circumstances, Goldy had annoyances and ruffle enough in his intercourse with his best and even admiring friends. He pays them off, indeed, in their own coin, in his poem of "Retaliation," but their causeless provocation called it forth. Poverty, however, had not quite relaxed her clutch of her son; for, about to be arrested for debt at the suit of his landlady, Goldsmith produced to his friend Johnson the manuscript of the "Vicar of Wakefield," which the latter forthwith sold for £60, and obtained at once present relief and undying fame for his friend,—that charming tale which Goethe in his extreme old age (an octogenarian) read over "again, from beginning to end, not a little affected by the lively recollection" how it had absorbed and instructed his youth.

Encouraged at this time to resume his medical profession at the suggestion of Reynolds, the successful painter, who made his £6000 a-year more easily than the man of letters did £60, we find our Goldy bursting out into the full bloom of "purple silk small-clothes, and a scarlet roquelaur buttoned up to the chin, with full-dress wig, sword, and gold-headed cane." But nobody would consent to be either killed or cured by him; so that Goldsmith was forced to remain what des-

tiny intended him for—a writer of books. The world would not accept him in the double capacity of herald of the Muses and minister of Æsculapius. His calling as a minstrel was recognized in his "Traveller," which won all suffrages by its fine social philosophy; but his diploma as a member of the College of Physicians, whether in London, or elsewhere, was worth to him the price of the parchment, and no more. Ever fond of the theatre, as might be expected from his lonely condition in great London—his chief resource from absolute solitude in many a dull evening of a hard-worked day—and stimulated by the hope of its larger rewards, Goldsmith brought out on the stage his comedy of the "Good-Natured Man," a sketch, the original for which was evidently himself. The vexations that preceded its appearance were of the most harassing kind, his experience of "the ills that flesh is heir to" in the region of stage authordom being the counterpart of poor Kitty Clive's, who writes thus to a friend, in faulty orthography, but with genuine feeling: "The vexation and fretting in a theater are the foundation of all Billous complaints. I speak by expearіance. I have been fretted by managers till my gaul has overflow'd like the river Nile." Less susceptible than this *billous* lady, Goldsmith mastered his chagrins, and pocketed the few hundred pounds which rewarded his labours. The world probably was as much surprised at the genius displayed in his comedy, which enriched the stage with some fresh characters, as it had been by his "Traveller, of which one of his candid club-mates said: "I do believe that he wrote this poem himself; and let me tell you that is believing a great deal." The fact is, Goldsmith was great with his pen, but his utterances were not profound. His jokes were often spoiled in the telling. Hearing Topham Beauclerc recommend sending a dish of boiled pease of indescribable colour to Hammersmith, as the way to Turnham Green, —Goldy, repeating it as his own afterwards, is said to have floundered out, "That that was the way to *make 'em* green." This certainly was not a bright sally, if it be true. Johnson was great with both tongue and pen; but Johnson, in many respects, stands alone—a more learned and many-sided man—as the Eton master once distinguished them, Dr. *Major* and Dr. *Minor;* a distinction at which Goldy gnashed his teeth, and said, "Now that fellow is enough to make one commit suicide."

On the strength of his successful play, Goldsmith took chambers, one storey lower down, in the Temple, and committed strange extravagances in furniture and dress for one so lightly burthened with resources for payment. One of his tailor's bills records, among three suits supplied just after his comedy was acted, "One of Tyrian bloom, satin grain, and garter-blue silk breeches;" the incongruity of these with his known circumstances being the wonder of his style of costume; as we presume, that in other respects, it was common with gentlemen of that day. His chambers were often scenes of uproarious fun, as poor Mr. Blackstone, who lived just beneath, complained, while compiling his "Commentaries." The merriment of his domestic saturnalia

was interchanged with what he called a "Shoemaker's Holiday;" or, a walk to Highbury Barn, across the fields, and a dinner at that cheap ordinary. By unwonted extravagance, and a more than usual number of such holidays, the poor scribe began to feel embarrassed again; borrowed money from a fellow Templar, and once more had to enter the harness of hard work for the booksellers. His occasional retreat from duns and the enticements of pleasure was found at a cottage eight miles up the Edgware Road. The "Deserted Village" and the "Roman History" were finished here. His friend Johnson put him in the first class of historians, on account of the merit of the latter work, preferring him to "the verbiage of Robertson and the foppery of Dalrymple. . . . . He has the art of compiling and saying everything he has to say in a pleasing manner. He is now writing a Natural History, and will make it as interesting as a Persian tale." This was in 1768—9. He had the honour of being appointed about this time Professor of Ancient History to the Royal Academy, through the friendship of Reynolds, but without salary; and he himself says of his penniless preferment, "Honours to one in my situation are something like ruffles to one that wants a shirt." Of like unprofitable character was that Oxford *ad eundem*, said to have been procured for him by his friend Johnson in the spring of 1769. All this time he was living thoughtlessly on advances from the booksellers for quires of MS. to be yet furnished at the cost of wearisome toil by day and night, or never to be furnished at all. By 1772 he had received and expended the whole eight hundred guineas promised to him for his "Animated Nature," while upwards of a third of that large compilation was still incomplete. It was duly finished, however; for Goldsmith was a man of honour, so far as intentions and possibility of performance went. If he died at last £2000 in debt, the credit given him bespeaks the confidence which publishers had, both in his principles of integrity and powers of composition. That he was so largely trusted in the notorious emptiness of his purse is, so far, proof that he was deemed worthy of trust. "Oh, sir," said two sister milliners, who were his creditors to some amount, with a generosity more common amongst women than the sterner sex; "sooner persuade him to let us work for him gratis, than suffer him to apply to any other. *We are sure that he will pay us if he can.*"

We cannot help regretting, nevertheless, that the better company which his increased reputation enabled him to keep, should have involved him in expenses that harassed his peace, and worked him to death. Cards were always played at the houses he frequented; and Goldy not only played, but invariably lost;—others the impalers, and he the hapless fly which buzzed around the pin. As long as the money lasted for this or any other expenditure, all was well; but the torment of impecuniosity took ample revenge on him afterwards for the thoughtless folly of his wastefulness. In such moods he penned—

> "I lay down my stake, apparently cool,
> While the harpies about me all pocket the pool."

The open-handed generosity of the bard, exemplifying all that he had ever written in commendation of unworldly simplicity of action contributed to strip him of his last sixpence, and left him a prey to constant annoyance. His pocket was never buttoned, his purse never clasped. When he died, half a long bill of £80 due to his tailor was for clothes supplied to a thoughtless nephew, who lived in London for years on his resources. The helpless, the wretched, the vicious, the impoverished, the improvident, found in Goldsmith a too sympathizing patron and friend: he relieved their miseries, but he could not—perhaps he did not seek to—cure their faults.

Woe-worn, way-worn, work-worn, see him at last lie down to die in the spring of 1774. He had only reached middle age (his forty-fifth year); and though he had done within this interval more than most men, and might fairly look to do much more, his sedentary habits had induced disease, and this drew on fever, and death. When asked by his physician, who found his complaint obstinately resist treatment and complicated with unusual features, "Is your mind at ease?" the wretched invalid, on the borders of another world, could only reply, "No, it is not:" a painful revelation of what was passing within, and of two-fold significance. It probably bespoke reflection on thoughtless folly in past years, or bewailed the soil of sin upon a soul that felt keenly, in that hour of imminent danger, how God had not been in all its thoughts, as well as dread of pecuniary liabilities staring him in the face, should he recover. Few death-beds could be more deplorable than the lonely departure of this most social and kindly-natured of human beings, and yet few were visited, when the last scene was over, with more genuine regret. The poor and disreputable—the classes whom fashion ignores, and the eye of detective justice watches—crowded the stairs of his chambers, and wailed aloud their hopeless grief. With him failed the crust that stayed many a wretch's hunger, and with him died the voice that ever pleaded for humanity to the criminal. Learned Friendship penned that graceful tribute which is every way worthy of Goldsmith:—

"QUI NULLUM FERE SCRIBENDI GENUS
NON TETIGIT
NULLUM QUOD TETIGIT NON ORNAVIT,"

but we greatly question whether a more noble epitaph did not fall from his own pen in his plea for mercy to guilty convicts—that the shambles of the public executioner might run less profusely with human gore:—"As their faces are like ours, their hearts are so too: few minds are so base as that perseverance cannot amend. A man may see his last crime without dying for it, and very little blood will serve to cement our security."

Poor Goldy—humanest and gentlest of the sons of men; wise, too, with a wisdom beyond his generation, if love be wisdom—died, thus early, of a broken heart. He hoped and hoped, and hoped and hoped, to the last moment, till hope itself broke down, and then he died.

None of his great friends came to the rescue—none held out a helping hand. No pension, no laureateship, no sinecure, filled his purse, and adorned his brow, nor spared his toil, while mediocrity clutched the prizes around him at will. It is a standing disgrace to the men of his time, the English Court that knew his merit, the Irish aristocracy to whose soil he gave renown, that no permanent provision was made for the struggling man of letters. But posterity has made him such reparation as is in its power, and recognizes in this literary galley-slave who perished at the oar, the author of the sweetest poem ("The Deserted Village"), the purest novel ("The Vicar of Wakefield"), the most musical ballad ("Edwin and Emma"), the most humorous comedy ("She Stoops to Conquer") of the eighteenth century. Further, he who sleeps without a memorial in the Temple burial-ground will, ere long, stand in marble in the grounds of Dublin University, this sculptured monument promoted by the present Viceroy of Ireland, the amiable and accomplished Earl of Carlisle. But, monument or none, so long as the English language lives—nay, so long as human nature lives with its "praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles,"—so long may we predict the immortality of Dr. OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

We may not even yet leave the Goldy country, though we have followed the career of our hero to the last scene of his uneventful history, without a glance at another of Goldsmith's early haunts. Off to Abbey Shrule! the day divine, the sun in the ascendant, the drive delightful, the spot itself the perfection of lowland beauty. Our course takes us along the demesne wall of Newcastle, while on every side the country smiles with the riches of corn and potato, fine pastures and well-bred cattle, sweetest clover and fragrant bean. Over the lovely Inney (fairest of trout-streams!) make we our way, by its capital bridge of ten arches, and then on our left a stile takes us straight into the old abbey burial-ground, where graves, new as well as old, still proclaim the dominion of King Death. Gently rising from the river, at a distance of fifty yards from its bank, stands all that remains of the quadrangular conventual buildings, a square tower and the old chapel being the parts in best preservation. But cattle now shelter from the noontide heat where once ascetic piety offered its devotions,—a desecration which we, all unecclesiastical as we are in our tastes and tendencies, do not regard without pain; for

> "Even the faintest relics of a shrine
> Of any worship waken thoughts divine."

Up the tower we scrambled, and were rewarded with a charming lowland view, in which the serpentining Inney formed the leading feature far as the eye could see, showing the sheen of its silver scales in the convolutions of its flashing course. A broad, slightly undulating valley filled the field of vision, green hedgerows divided the fields, abundant trees grew up amid the whitethorn and hazel of the fences, and the whole formed a wreath of greenery that few spots outside the Emerald Isle could show. Skirting the champaign through which the

river disported in its winding progress, were golden corn-fields with their ripening grain—a brilliant frame to a quiet picture. The village was near enough to be a prominent object in the scene, but not too near to intrude upon the repose of man's last resting-place (κοιμητήριον), the cemetery of the old Cistercians. And the sun shone down upon that open rural depository of the dead, as if death were nowhere in the world.

Here doubtless the infant Goldsmith often played "hide and seek" about the tombstones and the walls of the ancient abbey; here shied his "duck and drake" on the surface of the placid stream; here, a little later, enacted the "gay deceiver" to credulous trout, and pike, and eels, whom with their finny compeers he tempted to their undoing; here, perhaps, solaced the pangs of his early loves for rustic belles with the plaintive pipings of his flute; and here he should have reposed in death. Such would have been the poet's choice, had his fortunes allowed it; for strange it is to mark how instinctively, as the hare winds round to its form in its distress, man, as he grows older, turns his thoughts and natural longings toward the home of his infancy, and would leave life on the spot where he entered it. But we practise a terrible deception on ourselves when we hope to recall in advanced years the thoughtless joyance of youth which gives this particular locality its remembered charm; for, alas! the charm is gone, although the place remains. In vain we cry, "Give me back, give me back the wild freshness of morning!" for the age of miracles is over, and the degrees go not back on the dial any more. Only four years before his death, Goldsmith expresses his longing for home: "*If good things at last arrive, I hope one day to return.*" He would not go back a disappointed pauper—displumed and disconsolate—dependent upon charity for crumbs; but if he could fly back to his perch—full-feathered at least, if not finely feathered—then is there no spot on earth he would prefer to quiet Abbey-Shrule, to dull and distant Ballymahon, prosaic Lissoy, and economical Pallas. But it was not so written in the book of Infinite Wisdom and Goodness, and

"Before the Chastener humbly let us bow."

Melancholy, however, is not our cue, although resignation to the behests of Heaven is ever seasonable. Who can be sad under such a sky, in such a tranquil scene as this? Shelley's sentimental trash in the Campo Cestio at Rome acquires a glimmering of sense here, from its applicability to this unpretending sleeping-place of the dead, where the plash of streams, the low of cattle, the sigh of the breeze through the ruins, and the chirp of the robin, are the sole violators of the solitude: "It might make one in love with death, to think that one should be buried in so sweet a place." But Goldsmith wished for this seclusion to live, not die in; his mind was of too healthy a cast to own a sympathy with the morbid pulings of unbelief. And like the cheerful creed of Goldy is our own—to work while it is called to-day, and leave

the hour and the place of rest to the appointment of that Heaven which doeth "all things well."

From sparkling Inney to kingly Lough Ree on the Shannon, is but a step; a few Irish miles, it is true, in the language of prose—but our mood is not prosaic now. Out spreads this noble sheet of water, with its laughing wavelets and its hundred isles—fishermen trawling their nets, pleasure parties courting health on the dancing ripple. Embattled keeps of the olden time guard the flood, seated in handsome parks, converted into modern drawing-rooms—nobler uses, to embellish life, than afford covert for rebellion, or protect feudal oppression from reprisals! Polish, and civilization, and law is here; yet here still, in those rocky islets, the distiller of poteen whisky eludes the vigilance of the revenue officer, and All Saints (one of the most considerable *aits*) contributes its του στω to the brewers of sinners' drink. The delicate confessions there anent of our beardless boatmen were made under the seal of secrecy; hence our revelations on this topic can be neither free nor full. Our benevolent wish in reply to their candour was, that the whole apparatus of temptation—pots, worms, wash, and malt—were down ten fathoms deep at the bottom of the lake; whereat our Palinurus stared, wondering how Irishmen could deem lightly of the merits of poteen.

But time flies, and necessity calls for our speedy return from this most pleasant spot, where, beyond question, Goldsmith the youngster often rambled, and mused, and angled. Learned professors had to lecture, in obedience to Government calls, to the rural aristocracy of Ballymahon on the wonders of natural science; and when Government calls, loyal interpreters of its will obey. England to the rescue of Longford ignorance!—and England lectured not in vain: Ireland, if somewhat restive under its chain, had that night at least the satisfaction of learning how it was made, from the smelting of the ore to the welding of the link. But ere this consummation of the day's delights in the evening lecture-room could be gained, we must land from our cock-boat on Lough Ree. Our boatmen are youngsters, but our party men. The margin of the lake is shallow, and our keel deep: how land with unwetted feet? A problem as hard of solution as the quadrature of the circle. This is effected, nevertheless, by a moderate leap of the lighter of the party, aided by the shoulders of the boy-boatmen, to the shore; and now comes the tug of war—the landing of the ponderous and elephantine third. With stalwart arm he leans upon the youngsters' shoulders, and sprang as though he would shoot the Atlantic; but spring and weight—momentum and impulse—were too much for his light supporters, and, lo! all are soused in the shallow water—a rhantism that excited universal laughter, rather than an immersion waking either fear or serious discomfort. "Ah! your honour," said one of the young boatmen, wiping his face with his cap, which he had just recovered from the water, "'*When you are good you are too good*,' as Paddy Blake said to the Virgin." "And what made Paddy Blake say that to the Virgin?" is the rejoinder. "Why, you see, your honour,

Paddy lived hereabouts, and he was fond of a drop, and this Lough Ree water is mighty strong entirely when there's a sup of poteen in it; and once upon a time, when he went to the fair of Athlone, it fairly took the sense away from him. Well, it so happened that he made his way nearly home safely enough, when he got down to have a drop or two more at a decent shebeen by the road-side; but somehow or other he couldn't get up again, when he wanted to mount. There was a spell on him anyhow, and there can be no doubt the fairies was in it, for he said so himself to his dying day. He could not see the horse at times, and when he saw him he couldn't hold the bridle; and when he held the bridle, he couldn't put his foot in the stirrup; and when he did put his foot in the stirrup, it was the right foot in the wrong stirrup, that brought his face to the crayture's tail. Never was such a hullaballoo as Paddy made about it, for he knew he was bewitched. Well, your honour, what does he do, but, like a good son of the church, he knelt down in the mud, and said his rosary to the Virgin, and axed her Ladyship's help; and then he got up, and attacked the stirrups again as bold as a lion, and signs on, but she did help him then, for up he got, but came bang down on the other side. 'O holy Virgin!' cries he, when out of the mud—'O Vessel of mercy and Queen of heaven, *if you'd only help me half way!* but when you're good you're too good!' So you see, your honour, half your spring would have done; but the whole, though it's all good, is too good for such gossoons as us." An extra shilling settled the account on pleasant terms with the youngsters, and left both parties with sunny recollections of a day on Lough Ree.

Home as we sped, in the very region of Auburn, it being a holiday (St. Peter's), it was an appropriate chance to light upon a country dance at a cross-road, just as it happened a hundred years ago, when he who looked upon it with immortal eyes described—

> "The dancing pair that simply sought renown,
> By holding out to tire each other down."

The squeaking droning pipes were the primitive ministers of Terpsichore on the occasion—the true music was in the hearts of the happy swains, whose jig was as rational as a polka, while their enjoyment was more innocent and sincere than that tasted in the ball-room of fashion. All this added to the *vraisemblance* of the region around, and rendered it more easy to identify the country of Goldsmith, and recal his genius on the spot. Surely, while truth, beauty, and purity of composition remain on earth—and sympathy, kindness, and brotherhood reign in human hearts—that genius will never be, and ought not to be, forgotten. We repeat the vaticination to mark the emphasis of our conviction, and the sincerity of our love—

> "Scindentur vestes, gemmæ frangentur et aurum:—
> Carmina, quam tribuent, fama perennis erit."

V.

"OLD-WORLD STORIES."

READER, do you ever look back to those pleasant "pinafore days," when, seated on the low stool before the parlour fire, you turned over your *own* book—testified as yours, and yours only, by Christian and surname written in large hand on the title-page?—that book, so gay with its bright cover, so attractive with its marvellous pictures on every page, but far more attractive in its witching contents. Those merry stories of the old dame, and her toilsome journey after perverse piggy; that of "Cock Robin" and his death and funeral, at which almost all the inhabitants of the farmyard assisted; or those more wondrous stories—"Puss in Boots," marching so stately before his master's carriage, "Jack" and his adventurous journey up the bean-stalk, or "Cinderella" (we prefer the homelier German name, "Ashputtel") with the pumpkin for her coach, and the "six cock-tailed mice" for horses. Well, good reader, if you look back with pleasant reminiscences to those all-wondering, all-believing days, you will rejoice that right learned men have "stooped," as pragmatical folks would say, to child-lore, and bent deep attention to those stories which have brought Fairy-land so near to the childhood of many a generation; and you will heartily thank Grimm and his brothers, and the subsequent labourers in the same field, who have "raised what had come to be looked upon as mere nursery fiction and old wives' fables, to be a study fit for the energies of grown men, and to all the dignity of a science."

"The dignity of a science! nursery tales, and learned men as their expositors!" cry formal matter-of-fact people, who patronize 'Pinnock's Catechisms,' and the 'Five hundred ways to make learning uneasy,'—"and so, after all our advances in learning and science, we are told to turn our attention to children's stories!" Well, it is certainly very astounding to find advocates among learned men of those dear old tales that deal in such outrageous marvels; that in these days of steam and the rail, scholars should edit tales about cars drawn by swans, or a long, long journey, on the wings of "the old bald-headed eagle," when we can go twenty miles for a shilling, and be blown up too, without any additional charge. And very shocking is it to read about birds, and beasts, and fishes, talking and doing helpful service like human beings at bidding, when we all know that mice never rise into the dignity of carriage-horses, and that "puss," notwithstanding the gentlest coaxing, will not march even before a perambulator. Still, we would say, let the old marvellous tales of an unknown antiquity hold their rightful place, a place neither low nor mean. Childhood, like the poet, has a land of its own, a peculiar heritage, a kingdom wide enough for all the marvels of fairy-land, without ever pass-

ing the boundary that separates it from this rude and working-day world.

And nearer are the fairy-lands of the poet and the child than dim-sighted, matter-of-fact folk imagine; and more venerable for their high antiquity the tales listened to at the nurse's knee, than the classic fables taught in later years. And, therefore, an especial welcome to the latest labourer in the field of child-lore and ancientest folk-lore—to Dr. Dasent, who brings us, in his "Tales from the Norse," a thick volume full of "old-world stories," and tells them with the heartiest good will, in delightfully simple English, too, and who, in his admirable introduction, teaches us to reverence those old fragments of a pre-historic past,—those echoes of that far-off time, when the human race, cradled on the plains of Shinar, dwelt together as one large family.

From the time that these old-world stories first attracted the notice of learned men, the great similarity of many, and the actual identity of some, awakened no little surprise. Here were tales, not preserved in books, but told by the old nurse or the village crone, identical with the stories which the traveller had listened to in the Arab tent, or on the plains of Hindostan. Not only, too, did the same marvellous adventures delight the English, the German, the Swedish child, but along Southern Europe the same adventures, with slight modifications, were repeated; and even in distant Tartary, more than one hero of the English Nursery tale has been found! How was this? "From the East came our ancestors," replies Dr. Dasent; "in the days of immemorial antiquity, in the grey dawn of time, of which all our early songs and lays have told us, but of which it is impossible to fix the data." A division were they of that mighty Aryan race which began its westward wandering only to be stayed by the wide Atlantic; and who, as Celts, Greeks, Romans, Teutons, fill so many a page in the world's history. Later in time another mighty wave turned eastward, crossed the plain of the five rivers, and descended upon India. But how different has been the destiny of these two great migrations! "The western," as Max Müller says, "have been the prominent actors in the great drama of history; they have perfected society and morals. In continual struggle with each other, and with Semitic and Mongolian races, these Aryan nations have become the rulers of history, and it seems to be their mission to link all parts of the world together by the chains of civilization, commerce, and religion." Such has been the lot of the western branch, while the eastern Aryans have stagnated almost from that long-past day to this, immovable, unprogressive, still dreaming the vague dreams of more than three thousand years ago,—ever dreaming instead of doing.

Thus—derived from one common stock, having dwelt together as brethren, veritable "kith and kin," on the wide plains of Iran, during the pre-historic period—the tales of the eastern and western nations had one common origin, although, in the case of the farther travelled, and more energetic—probably, too, more imaginative—division, "certain

traditions," as Dr. Dasent remarks, "of the yet earlier race driven out by them, might have been caught up and adopted." In pointing out the similarity of many of these tales, he shows us how the main incidents of the story called here "The Master Thief," a rather intricate narrative of the schemes of a robber, the chief of which is the stealing a dead body and substituting it for himself, have been found in Herodotus, and in more ancient Sanscrit, as well in the German and Italian popular tales. Thus, too,—and this has excited the bitterest wrath of the Swiss against Dr. Dasent—he shows us that the story of William Tell was told many hundred years before he was born, and among people to whom the very name of Switzerland was unknown. It is told in Norse of Eindredi, in the Wilkina Saga of Egil, a mythic hero; it is told, too, in our old ballad of William of Cloudeslye; certainly in its *present* form as old as the days of Tell; and it may be also found among the Turks and the Samoyeds. The tale of Gellert, the faithful hound,—to whose grave some of our readers during the past summer may have gone on pilgrimage—is also the legend of a time far anterior to that of the oldest Welsh prince. It is told in Pilpay's fables, in the Arabian original of the "Seven Wise Masters," in northern legends, and in that pleasant storehouse of mediæval tales, the "Gesta Romanorum." The minor variations of this tale afford curious illustrations how the same story becomes adapted to the people among whom it is told. Thus, in India, the foe killed by the faithful dog is a serpent; in the Norse version it is a bear; while in the Welsh it is the huge wolf. And longer stories, too, and more intricate in their construction, we shall find in countries far apart, handed down as national stories, but which really belong to the common stock of the wide-spreading Aryan race.

In regard to this collection of old Norse tales, Dr. Dasent claims especial attention to them, inasmuch as "whatever disputes may have existed as to the mythology of other branches of the Teutonic subdivision of the Aryan race, about the Norsemen there can be no difficulty. From their settlement in Iceland, which preserved their language and literature incorrupt, and, from their late conversion to Christianity, these tales were more likely to be handed down unmixed with other legendary matter; while, from the secluded character of the people, they have in all probability been preserved with fewer interpolations from extraneous sources than other collections, for even now the Dalemen of Norway and Sweden may be reckoned among the most primitive examples left of peasant life." Transmitted by oral tradition, too, never having been collected, or reduced to writing till within the last few years, there is less likelihood that the tales have been "improved," as too many of our old-world tales have been, by writers who, while they attempted to soften down extravagances, or to reconcile fancied discrepancies, wholly forgot that they were depriving the story of that which chiefly rendered it valuable—its rude peculiarities.

From the title, the reader might suppose that this was a collection of tales founded on the mythology of the Eddas, but neither Woden,

Thor, or Freya once appear. We have not one allusion to Valhalla, or to the mighty ash, Ygdrasil, or to the fair Valkyrier. Nor have the half-mythic heroes of Scandinavian legend—Vodlund, Egil, Sigur—a place here; for long ere Woden led his followers from Asia, these tales had been told. The first point that strikes us in this venerable collection is, the completely *un*-mythical character of the whole. Although abounding in the supernatural, we never meet with beings actually superior to man. Many of the actors possess supernatural powers, many possess supernatural gifts, but none occupy a place similar to the gods of eastern, or of classical story. There is nothing, too, in the least allusive to any kind of worship; one incident which represents the enchanted princess entering a church, being evidently a later interpolation, like the conclusion of many of the stories—"so they went to *church*, and were married." But with these exceptions, which, like one or two of the anachronisms, such as the queen sitting over a cup of tea, and the old witch joyfully receiving a pinch of snuff, may be easily accounted for, we have no indication whatever to show what the original belief of the original relators of these stories might be. None of these tales could ever have formed part of a popular faith; none, not even the wildest, could ever have been sung at solemn religious celebrations, or told at sacred festivals. They are the pleasant tales, rather, which amused the household during the long nights of winter, or which added zest to the mead cup at the merry gatherings of Yuletide. In this respect they struck us as being very similar to the "Arabian Nights," where, as the reader doubtless is aware, every allusion to Mohammedanism might be blotted out without the least injury to the stories; sure proof that those tales must be assigned to a far earlier date than the Hegira.

But although neither god nor goddess appears in these curious Norse stories, there is no lack of the supernatural; while transformations are as abundant as in classical story: for "the belief of men transformed into animals is primæval, and the traditions of every race can tell of such." Did this belief take its origin from the very ancient doctrine of metempsychosis, or did that doctrine take its rise from this widely-spread belief? A curious and interesting inquiry might this be.

In some instances here, as in Eastern story, the wise man or the magician has power rapidly to turn himself at will into a variety of shapes. Thus, "Farmer Weathersky," a being who, notwithstanding his homely name, seems more of a mythic character than any other, pursues the boy, who is turned into a fish, as a pike; the boy changes into a dove, and his foeman now follows him as a hawk; the boy next changes into a gold ring, which the princess drops among the ashes; Weathersky then quickly changes himself into a cock, and begins scratching about for it, when the boy changes to a fox, and snaps off his head! It is curious to find a story so identical in its marvellous transformations with the story of the "Second Callender" in the "Arabian Nights," told by the Norwegian border. In the same story

we have the same incident which Apuleius relates in his "Golden Ass." The boy "Jack"—a very common name this, for those adventurous young heroes—has the power of turning himself into a horse, and the power also of regaining his natural form when his father puts on his head-stall. Twice he transforms himself, and is sold, and twice the father restores him to human shape; but the third time the father forgets to keep the head-stall, and Jack is led away into hopeless captivity.

Horses play a very important part in these tales; more important, indeed, than even the white bear. We have several tales of horses who are enchanted princes, and whose release is effected only by the head being cut off, when the prince resumes his human form. But there are others which greatly resemble the tales of demon-steeds, of middle age and Celtic story. One tale in this collection reads like a Breton lay, or a story from venerable Gervase of Tilbury's celebrated storehouse of wonders. A man has a remarkably fine meadow, but when just ready for the scythe, he always finds it cropped. His youngest son watches, and on St. John's eve,—that mystic night among the earliest nations of antiquity—he perceives a noble steed, with a suit of brass armour lying beside him, eating away with a "twenty-horse power." The young man, nothing daunted, throws a *steel* over him, and the steed quietly follows him to the stable. The next year he again watches on this mystic night, and again a yet nobler steed appears in the field, with a suit of silver armour lying beside him. Again the steel anticipates Mr. Rarey's plan, and the second horse follows his master quietly to the stable. On the third year, the same watch is kept, and behold a still nobler steed, and a suit of *gold* armour. The young man leads the third rejoicingly home, and by the aid of the three good steeds, and the three suits of armour, he wins and marries "the Princess of the Glass hill." Another story gives supernatural wisdom, as well as speech, to the horse. "Dapplegrim" is a beautiful colt, found in a field among the brood mares. He has the gift of speech, and he tells the youngest son that, if properly fed, he will soon surpass every other, and bring him to high honour. So Dapplegrim grows so tall, that the lad can scarcely mount him. He then rides to the king's court, and after many adventures, in which Dapplegrim is the counsellor, he rescues the king's daughter from a Troll, finds another steed as noble and as gifted as the first, and at length, after a trial of skill, in which he is winner, becomes the king's son-in-law.

But other animals play their part. In the tale of "Lord Peter" we have, there is little doubt, the "old original" of that favorite fairy tale "Puss in Boots." Puss, however, here is a lady, and thus the story is complete. Three boys are left orphans, and all their property is a porridge pot, a griddle, and a cat. The eldest chooses the porridge pot, the next the griddle, while the third, Peter, has no choice but the cat. He, however, kindly says he should not like to leave her to starve, so he takes her with him. Puss has the gift of speech, so she tells him he shall not go unrewarded, and the next day she brings a

reindeer to him, "sitting between its horns." She bids him take it to the king, and say, "Lord Peter sent it." He does so, and the next day she brings him a red-deer, and bids him do the same. The third day she brings an elk, and this also is taken to the king, who, delighted with this liberal supply of venison, invites "lord Peter" to his table. Again Puss stands his friend; she provides him fine clothes and a fine equipage, "so off he sets, and the cat runs along by his side." The king, struck with the splendour of the young man's appearance, inquires where he lives, and Peter invites the king to visit him. Faithful puss leads the way to a sumptuous palace which belonged to a Troll, who was absent. While the king and lord Peter were feasting, the Troll returns. Puss, however, holds him in converse until the sun is about to rise; "O do look behind you," she said, "and see such a lovely lady." The stupid Troll turns his head. "and of course as soon as he saw the sun, he burst! Now all this is yours, said the cat to lord Peter," and great were his thanks. But she now demands one thing in return, and that is, that he cuts off her head! Lord Peter is sorely distressed, and again and again refuses; but her threats at last prevail. He turns his head away, strikes the blow, and behold! the most beautiful of princesses, who, of course, becomes his wife.

The Trolls, of whom we find mention in the foregoing tale, demand an especial word of notice. They make their appearance frequently in this volume, and always are characterized by great wealth, great strength, and a size superior to ordinary mortals, but as invariably by a gross stupidity, that renders them an easy prey to even a boy of ordinary cunning. These peculiarities, as the reader will probably remember, are also those of the giants of our popular nursery tales, and we find the same characteristics, too, in the Welsh tales; while in Eastern fiction, the giant, when introduced, which is but rarely, is a most powerful and malignant demon. No notion of this kind ever seems to have entered the minds of the tellers of these stories. Although spiteful enough, the stupidity of the Troll always brings down punishment on his own head; and although possessor of hoards of untold gold, some unlucky boast is sure to betray its "whereabouts," and transfer it into the hands of the more acute adventurer. Now there seems little doubt that these Trolls historically represent "the old aboriginal races, who retired into the mountain fastnesses, and whose strength was exaggerated, because the intercourse between the races was small." But even the greater size and strength of these aborigines might not be the mere exaggerations of a wondering age. Human bones of huge size have been discovered in many parts of northern Europe—the remains of that earliest race whose gradual disappearance before their more energetic invaders may be obscurely traced, although all record of them, save perhaps in these wild stories, is utterly lost.

But while the Trolls may be considered as belonging exclusively to the fictions of the western migration, all the other marvels are identical with those of eastern story. Thus the wild dream of alchemy

seems to have been an almost primæval belief; and here, as in eastern tales, we have stories of gold and silver being produced in magical caldrons, apparently from nothing. The little birds in their song give counsel to the young northern maiden, even as they did to the eastern sages. The sole condition upon which the tempted one can keep free from enchantment, is the same in the Hindu, and in the Norse tale—abstinence from all food. Indeed, in one of the tales before us, the coincidence of eastern and western belief is most striking. A prince, who has been rescued from a dragon by a maiden who is the companion of his flight, desires to pay a visit to his father's court. She prays him not to take any kind of food during his sojourn, for fear of enchantment, and this he solemnly promises. He goes, and steadfastly refuses to partake of any food, when an apple is put into his hand. He takes one bite ere he is aware, and immediately the recollection of his promise to return to the maiden, and of his own past history vanishes, and he remains spellbound, until set free at length by a stronger spell. The reader's recollection will at once refer to the similar story in the "Arabian Nights;" and the classical fable, too, of Proserpine, who might have been restored to earth again, had she not eaten a portion of the pomegranate.

In these Norse tales we meet with other incidents, which remind us of classical story. The graceful tale of "Cupid and Psyche," which under various modifications may be found among both old English and German popular tales, is found also here. It is entitled, "East of the Sun and West of the Moon;" and tells how a poor husbandman, with a large family, is asked by a white bear for his beautiful youngest daughter, and how at length, urged by distress, the father consents, and the maiden is carried away, none know whither. The story now continues just as in the version of Apuleius. She finds herself in a splendid palace, duteously waited on by unseen hands, and surrounded in a moment by whatever she can wish for, save living beings. She urges her invisible husband to let her pay a short visit to her mother, and after solemnly forewarning her of danger, he at length consents. The visit to the mother, now in prosperity, her successful awakening of her daughter's fear,—in this version of the story, it is lest she should have married a Troll—her gift of "a piece of candle," and the fatal result, are told almost in the same words in all these versions. Too late the daughter discovers that it is no monster, but a prince of dazzling beauty whom she has married, and he awakens only to reproach her curiosity, and tell her that he is bewitched by a Troll, and that now he must return to the place of his enchantment, "East of the Sun, and West of the Moon," and, what is worse, marry a bride "with a nose three ells long!" The homeliness of this illustration of female ugliness, is, after all, to us proof of the high antiquity of the story; a more modern tale would have made her a Lamia, or at least a personage less ludicrously deformed. It is a curious fact, however, that noses of tremendous length and size are always assigned, in northern popular tales, to demons, or goblins; indeed, from the

peculiar shape and size of his nose, we are greatly inclined to believe that our ancient acquaintance, Punch himself, if due inquiry were made into his early history, would be found to belong to them too.—But to return to our heroine. The prince and the castle vanish away, and, like Psyche, she finds herself in the midst of a desolate wood. Here her long search begins; but unlike Lily in the German version of the same story, no white dove hovers near her, dropping from time to time the one feather to guide her in her wanderings; nor do the sun and moon give her the magic caskets; but she meets with friendly old women, who give her homelier gifts, and each of the four winds—rough, kind-hearted fellows are they in Norse story—helps her onward. She arrives at the enchanted castle, meets the huge-nosed bride, and by the gift of a golden apple obtains admittance to the prince, and, like Lily, keeps watch all night beside him in vain. Ere the third and last night, the prince is warned; he pours the sleeping draught over his shoulder, and recognizes his long-lost bride. The conclusion of the Norse story is, however, homely enough, although curious, as Dr. Dasent remarks, for the proof it gives that the Trolls were the rude and less civilized race. The prince declares that she who "shall wash the three drops of tallow that had fallen on his shirt shall be his wife." This the Longnose gladly attempts, "but she made it worse and worse, for washing is a work for Christian folk." The true bride now tries; she succeeds of course, and the old Troll—the mother—bursts on the spot with vexation, and the Longnose very kindly does so too.

In another tale, in which the king has, owing to enchantment, married the wrong maiden, the concluding incidents seem to have the echo of the most venerable antiquity. Each night the forsaken maiden appears, singing a wild rhyme, and combing her golden hair, until her little dog brings her word that the dawn is at hand; and each night the "Bushy Bride chanted and sang till his eyes closed;" and thus the king lay in magic slumber until daybreak. Two nights this was repeated, and then the maiden sang "Now I come once more, but never again." The king, who has been told of this mysterious visitant, directs "two men to hold him, that he may not sleep;" but again "Bushy Bride" sings her magical lay, and the king yields to its potency. So the maiden came again, and combed her hair, and waited, and sent her little dog to look for the dawn, and "it began to get grey in the east." Then, after having sung her lament for the last time, she turned sadly toward the door. But as she was going, the two men who had tried in vain to awaken the king, "clenched his hands and put a knife into his grasp, so that he cut her on the little finger and drew blood." Immediately the king awoke, the maiden was freed from her spell, and the loathsome bride, her step-sister, received due punishment. The beginning of this very curious tale, is that of our quaint old popular story, "The Three Heads at the Well," where the kind-hearted maiden does the bidding of the three goblin heads that rise from the wellspring, and receives in return the gift of combing gold from her hair; and in

that which we are inclined to believe is the oldest version, the pretty added boon, that from those lips on which so much kindliness dwelt, a pearl, or a precious stone should fall with each word. How far back into the mists of earliest antiquity does this incident of the goblin heads lead us? Such a head Woden possessed, "and he sang incantations over it, and it spoke to him;" and such are found, long ere Woden, in both Hindu and Persian story, even in Jewish legend.

We have seen how prominent a part various animals play in these old-world stories, just as they do throughout the wide range of Eastern fiction, and in most instances they are the same. The horse, so important an agent in many of these tales, was viewed as a sacred animal, endowed with supernatural powers, by the wandering tribes of Asia from the earliest times; and Persian and Arabian fiction, too recognized the same belief. The wolf, although less prominent, holds a place in Eastern fiction; and from the East undoubtedly came that wild story, so frequent in mediæval legend, and evidently so firmly believed, of the power possessed by some men of turning themselves into wolves. Few of our readers, probably, have ever discovered that the tale of "Little Red Riding Hood" is a genuine "wehr-wolf" story, and that the cruel wolf, who so cunningly entraps the poor little maiden, and so remorselessly eats her up, is really one of that class whose existence was unfalteringly believed in for many generations, and which is still, even now, an article of faith among the peasantry of the Limousin. The lion's place in these Norse tales seems to have been usurped, in the long course of tradition, by the far better known white bear; but the eagle, wise, bald-headed with age, and full of that oracular wisdom which, in past times, was always believed to dwell alone with the old, often appears.

Of supernatural animals—or, shall we not rather say, supposed supernatural animals—these tales, in comparison with Eastern fiction, supply us with but few. One, however, is prominent—indeed, in what cyclus of fiction, so called, is he not?—the dragon. In these tales his appearance is not very frequent; but, when introduced, there he is, true to the universal belief, huge of wing, enormous in size, tremendous in strength, with murderous teeth and claws, and armed with those mysterious powers which render the anomalous monster, alike in eastern and western story, an object of solemn dread. What a world-wide belief is this of the dragon; how consentaneous too, as to its general characteristics—whether the description be in Scandinavian saga or classical fable, whether in Eastern tale or mediæval legend, still we meet the same monster, even in its minutest details,—always of surpassing strength and size, winged for flight, and toothed for combat; always ferocious and tameless, always inhabiting watery wastes and desolate moors. Is not there some foundation for truth? Can this consentaneous belief have arisen from the mere wild fancies of some dreaming tale-teller of the olden times? Let the reader only visit the gallery of the extinct animals in the British Museum, and mark the huge alligator head, and horrid claw, and wide expanse of

wing of these monsters, and he will find the type of as fearful a "fire-drake" as Beowolf overcame on the sedgy marsh,—of as monstrous a dragon as that which Sigurd slew on Gnita Heath, is bodily before him. Who, indeed, shall now say that even the most revolting "dragon" of popular story is a mere myth? when Professor Owen, not three months since, at the meeting of the British Association, described and classified them in all their nightmare deformity. The horrid "Ramphorynchus," not only toothed and clawed, but "the forepart of whose jaw may have been encased by a horny beak;" or the terrible "Pterodactyle," with its bat-like wings, twenty feet in expanse! Many a marvel of old-world tradition has been scornfully flung aside as a mere nursery tale, which modern discovery has yet proved true. How many are the legends of animals of surpassing size and strength, creatures beside whose enormous bulk man was the merest pigmy? "Mere stupid exaggeration," cried scientific men. But at length the glacier in Siberia slowly dissolved, and the huge monster floated down the river, and scientific men from afar came to gaze upon the enormous mammoth. And Sinbad the sailor, among other eastern extravagances, told of a gigantic bird that could lift an elephant. What silly nonsense! But bones of a gigantic bird have been found, fully equalling in size the far-famed "Roc;" and Mr. Major, in a late publication of the "Hakluyt Society," has proved that such birds were evidently in existence little more than three hundred years ago. Is it too great a stretch of faith, then, to believe that in those early days, when the scattered tribes went forth to people the earth, some one of these huge-winged monsters might have his lone dwelling-place beside the marshy lake, or upon the treacherous morass?

But while, as we have seen, the coincidence of these stories, both of the eastern and western migration, is most striking, the characters of the actors in these stories is as widely distinct as is the character of the eastern and western nations. The more energetic race, which pressed onward to the utmost boundaries of Europe, impressed their own energetic character on their popular tales; and thus, as Dr. Dasent remarks, it is the spirited and enterprising brother who always obtains the prize. The story of "Boots and his Brothers," indeed, might be taken as the earliest illustration of Mrs. Barbauld's excellent story of "Eyes and no Eyes." While the elder brothers think it sufficient to go plodding on, Jack, the younger, is always looking about him. He goes into the wood, and hears the sound of wood-cutting, so he determines to see what it is. He there finds a magic axe cutting away of itself, and he takes possession of it. He next hears a sound of digging, and sorely to the displeasure of his elder brothers, sets off to see what that is. He now finds a magic spade, which he also takes possession of. Lastly, there is a faint sound of trickling water, and for the third time, in spite of his brothers' threats, he goes to see. He finds a huge walnut, from whence trickles a stream of pure water; he takes possession of this also, and then, amidst the jeers of his brothers and neighbours, sets out with his prizes to the king's court. But behold!

the magic axe cuts down the oak-tree which the strongest arm could not hew down; the magic spade digs the well which no mortal man could dig; and the magic walnut fills the well with pure and never-failing water. Jack of course rises high in favour with the king, who gives him his daughter. "So every one said, Well, Jack was not much out of his mind when he took to wandering."

Pleasant, too, for their kindly feeling are these old Norse tales. The more fortunate brothers or sisters never forget their poorer kindred, and the son willingly turns out to seek his fortune, rather than be a burthen upon his parents. Indeed, we cannot fail to see that these stories could only belong to a race among whom all the domestic affections were cherished. But the kindly feelings of the Teutonic race—and how marked is the difference in this, between the warm-hearted western migration and the cold-hearted, cruel eastern tribes!—went forth beyond the circle of the domestic charities, even toward every living thing. There are many tales that pleasantly tell how kindness to the dumb creatures is sure to bring a reward. We have seen how "Peter" refused to leave his cat to starve, and the wonderful good fortune she brought him; and, in another story, the kind-hearted maiden, who gently shears the sheep, and carefully milks the cow, and gives the little birds "a sup of milk," receives help from them all; even the apple tree, whose overladen boughs she has relieved, bending lower to shelter her from the vengeance of the pursuing Troll. In that strangely wild tale, "The Giant who had no Heart in his Body," the young adventurer who gives part of his scanty food to the starving raven, stops on his journey to help the salmon cast on the sand, into the water again, and provides a meal for the famished wolf, receives aid in his need from all the three, and thus is enabled to gain the princess, and disenchant his three brothers. And a kindly feeling is evinced, too, by the brute creation toward man. The bear, the wolf, the fox, and the hare, "who had come to keep St. John's Eve under the tree," help the good and truthful brother in his destitution, while the cruel and untruthful one is punished.

Such are these venerable tales; like the people among whom they have been so long preserved,—"hearty, outspoken, humorous, making the best of everything, and keeping a good face to the foe," displaying all the love of adventure, the contempt of danger, the straightforwardness of the northern character; but still in the groundwork of the tales, and in the agencies employed, bearing clear evidence of an antiquity stretching far beyond the earliest historic records. And how curious, and how suggestive, are these relics of universal popular story. We have been told that man, a miserable savage, rose by slow degrees from almost bestial degradation to the benefits of civilized life. But while the *savan* in his study may say so, tradition from the east, the west, the north, and the south, utterly ignores the debasing belief, and tells of the human race as dwelling in regular communities, acquainted with tillage, with spinning and weaving, with the smelting of metals, even as possessing some knowledge of the arts from the earliest times.

How is this? The Norwegian bonder never saw the palace gleaming from afar with its golden ornaments, but stories that told of gorgeous buildings have been handed down to him from an unknown antiquity. The precious metals and precious stones were scarce enough among the Celtic tribes of Britain; but while the Welsh bard in the sixth century could sing, as of a most valuable gift, "the horn, not sparingly adorned with gold," the far older tales revelled in gems and gold, like a story from the "Arabian Nights." Both the Teutonic and Celtic tribes were comparatively few in number, and, under the rule of their petty chieftains, scattered over a wide extent of territory; but in Teutonic and Celtic fiction alike, the story tells of cities, walled and guarded, of powerful kings, of mighty men, and of a vast population.

Whence could such traditions have come? From whence, save from the East?—the fragmentary portions of the history of a race which had dwelt on the plains of Shinar, and to whom the last landmark on which their eyes rested as they journeyed onward to the Far West, may have been that mighty Tower which their fathers so vainly strove to rear up even to heaven. Very suggestive are the thoughts awakened by these venerable stories, very important, too; but the subject is too extensive to be more than indicated here. Would that Dr. Dasent himself would undertake it! Meanwhile, we again heartily thank him for the pleasant and instructive addition which, in these "Tales from the Norse," he has made to our stores of ancient popular literature.

VI.

THE PRESENT STATE OF THE CHURCH-RATE QUESTION.

ALTHOUGH the Church-rate question has been discussed for more than a quarter of a century, the only point respecting which there is general agreement is, that the existing state of the law is bad, and ought to be altered. But as to the direction, as well as the extent, of the alteration there is the widest possible diversity of sentiment.

On the one side are the abolitionists—organized as well as earnest, and possessing the inestimable advantages of well-defined aims, and a practical measure for their realization. The strength of their position may be gauged by the amount of support which they have secured and retained in the House of Commons; their majorities having risen from 28 in 1855, to 74 in 1859. These

successes have been obtained under the leadership of private members, and in spite of the opposition, or of the treacherous friendship, of both Liberal and Conservative administrations. Lord Palmerston, Lord John Russell, and Sir George Grey, have, it is true, recently announced themselves to be reluctant, as well as late converts; but it will long be remembered to their disparagement, that a Bill for the extinction of Church-rates passed right through the House of Commons without the aid of the professed leaders of the Liberal party. If it be the fact, as has been asserted, that the majorities for abolition in 1858 were "the result of the hasty manner in which candidates proceeded to the general election in 1857,"* it has been shown that the constituencies deliberately adhered in 1859 to the electoral decision of the earlier period. Nor is it unimportant that Lord Derby's government, which possessed peculiar facilities for carrying a compromise through the Upper House, were defeated by the large majority of 84 votes, in making, what was emphatically declared to be, a last attempt to stave off total abolition, by the passing of a less drastic measure.

The party in question further occupies the felicitous position of being able to secure by degrees, what the Legislature delays to concede in the mass; and can work as hard, and as successfully, in the parishes in the recess, as they are wont to do in Parliament during the session. "The glorious uncertainty of the law," which palsies the hands of ecclesiastical functionaries, serves as a whetstone to sharpen the wits of their opponents. The churchwardens of a twelvemonth prove to be no match for agitators who draw on the experience of years, and who, through a vigilant centralized agency, sweep the kingdom for legal facts and for astute suggestions. Incumbents, also, who are unwise enough to join in these parochial frays, find pitfalls ready dug for them, in the stringency of the legal rules they are bound to observe, and not unfrequently act in a spirit of partizanship which blinds them to the only paths of safety. As the result, rates are not only discontinued by the fiat of undoubted majorities, but are, in an increasing number of cases, lost for all practical purposes, as being of too doubtful validity to be enforced by honorary officials, unwilling to incur popular odium, and weary of a system which brings with it nothing but difficulty and dissension. Hence it is, that the amount annually raised by means of Church-rates, which in 1827 was reckoned at £519,000, had in 1858 fallen to £261,000, —a diminution of £258,000, or nearly one-half, within the experience of the present generation. The "robbery" and "spolia-

* Committee of Laymen.

tion" said to be involved in Church-rate abolition is, therefore, after all, a crime in which Parliament can only be a participator with parochial offenders, who have already familiarized us with its enormity.

Turning to the opposite political, or ecclesiastical, camp, we find all these conditions reversed. There is neither good leadership in the House of Commons, nor effective organization out of it. The anti-abolitionists are not only without a measure to put in competition with that of Sir John Trelawny, but are hopelessly disagreed in respect to both principles and details—to the precise object of their desires, and to the arguments on which such desires are professedly based. They concur in voting against total abolition, but can, unitedly, supply nothing in its place. In this respect the Select Committee of the House of Lords, lately appointed to inquire into the operation of the law, have left matters precisely where they found them; the wisdom of nearly a score of witnesses, and the categorical force of two thousand questions, having failed to bring the controversy one inch nearer to the particular point aimed at by the originators of the inquiry. As a stout defender of the coercive system is obliged to admit, "all the witnesses agree as to the inapplicable state of the law as it stands, on account alike of its vague and antiquated character, and of the cumbrousness of its provisions for the assessment and collection of the rates. But supposing the law to be fundamentally altered, scarcely two of them are agreed in their opinion as to what would be a satisfactory settlement."*

Nevertheless, the upholders of Church-rates would now seem to be split into two tolerably well defined sections. One of these undisguisedly hoists the flag "No Surrender;" while the other would be glad to accept almost any compromise which would save their dignity, and leave them a shred of their cherished principle.

The first of these expend all their energies in vilifying, and in underrating the strength, of their opponents. "Robbers in disguise," and "the greatest curse of the country,"† are the latest epithets flung at the heads of the friends of willinghood. The Legislature is exhorted not to listen to "senseless and unmeaning clamour,"‡ or to give heed to alleged grievances, which are "only commonplaces used to gain votes at the hustings, and to excite party feeling."§ Laborious efforts are made to prove that "no more than about five per cent. of the parishes of England and Wales have had recourse to a different system from that of compulsory Church-rates," and that "in many, if not in most, even

* "Record." ‡ Mr. Henry Hoare.
† Committee of Laymen. § Archdeacon Hale.

of these, the object has merely been to avoid the stirring up of ill will; and the suspension of the Church-rate has been altogether against the wishes of the churchwardens and of a majority of the rate-payers."* These reckless leaders of a forlorn hope "do not suggest any compromise;"† but, regarding objectors to the tax as simply "seditious," "rebellious," and "contumacious," they would "strengthen the law," and not only conserve, but even extend the application, of the "sacred principle" of coercion. Dissent, in their estimation, is an "accident of our system," and "not only should the fabrics of the Established Church be maintained, and the things ordinarily necessary be provided, but something should be done by similar means for the furtherance of an active ministry."‡ Notwithstanding all appearances to the contrary, public opinion, it is contended, is on their side; and that Parliament is not so likewise is attributed solely to the misleading power of the "Liberation Society," which, it is supposed, cannot long outlive the discovery of the latent fact, that it has ulterior aims, broader and more far-reaching than the extinction of a parochial impost.

We should deem it an absolute waste of our own space, and a tax on our readers' patience, to expose in detail the fallacy of such assertions, and the falsity of such hopes and expectations. It is enough to say of this attempted reactionary movement, that it is a sure sign of the weakness of a cause which it will render still weaker; because it will furnish to Episcopalians who are open to the influence of logic and experience a decent pretext for joining the ranks of the abolitionists, as the only mode of escape from discreditable, as well as utter, discomfiture.

But we do not deem it equally useless to examine with care some of those schemes for the settlement of this question, which have recently been proposed with a sincere desire to maintain unimpaired the political prestige and the pecuniary resources of the Establishment, and, at the same time, to remove the well-founded objections of those who are without its pale. Nothing will sooner reconcile candid Churchmen to exclusive reliance on the principles of Voluntaryism than the conviction, that the entire catalogue of expedients to avert such an issue has been exhausted. The recently published "Blue Book" also furnishes an opportunity for pursuing such an investigation; because, while it is characterized, in an eminent degree, by discursiveness and irrelevancy, it contains some curious and suggestive matter, and embodies everything in the shape of compromise which the liberality or ingenuity of a yielding party can be expected to devise.

* Committee of Laymen.
† Archdeacons of England and Wales.
‡ Committee of Laymen.

It is surely singular that, while solicitude for the safety of our parish churches is the motive most commonly urged for the retention of Church-rates, and while it is the expenditure for other purposes which chiefly evokes the popular feeling, so little disposition is shown to limit the rate to the mere maintenance and decoration of the fabrics. Two only, out of fourteen, episcopalian witnesses examined by the Committee, suggest such a limitation. The Hon. and Rev. G. M. Yorke thinks that "if some competent body made estimates, from time to time, of the repairs necessary, an order might be made for the payment of the required amount, either upon the County-rate or upon the Poor-rate, without exciting any remark, or giving rise to any trouble at all." For he think that Dissenters "object to the name more than anything else," and that "a conscientious Dissenter would be very glad of any excuse to pay the rate, if it did not come under the name of a Church-rate." Mr. Bracebridge, also, is of opinion that the levying of a fabric-rate "would remove nearly all the objections of Dissenters," but this opinion is based on nothing more conclusive than the fact that at Atherstone, while an ordinary rate has been refused, a rate for the building is granted with unanimity; the other expenses being defrayed by voluntary subscription. He is also obliged to admit that such a change would not suffice in large towns, where rates have been totally abolished; and, therefore, he is induced to supplement the proposal with another, the effect of which would be to abolish even the fabric-rate, wherever rates have ceased to be levied for ten years, as well as wherever they may lapse for five years in future. He pays the Dissenters of the towns the compliment of supposing that they are influenced by principles, rather than by names, to a greater extent than their rural brethren. But we opine that another witness—the Rev. Dr. Miller, of Birmingham—much more accurately estimates the views of Dissenters, of all kinds, when he says, "I think that perhaps twenty or twenty-five years ago, if Churchmen had been wise in time, they might have got a fabric-rate, but I believe it would be quite impossible now. I think we should have nearly as much opposition to a fabric-rate as we should have for the other." He also assents to the suggestion, that one effect of such a plan would be, that it would "precipitate" the question, whether Churchmen should have the exclusive use of buildings maintained at the expense of the public generally? Were the question at issue simply a financial one, the relief afforded by the non-appropriation of the rate to the expenses of divine worship would not be inconsiderable; seeing that, out of a total expenditure of £560,000 per annum, £253,000 is applied to the expenses of

worship and other purposes than repairs.* But, as a matter of principle, there is not an argument directed against the present law which would not be brought to bear with equal force against such a modification. He who is compelled, for the benefit of others, to keep in repair a religious edifice which he does not, and perhaps cannot conscientiously, frequent, is thereby as much injured in feeling, though less in pocket, as though he were bound also to share in the expenses of Divine worship. It is no sufficient answer to him that the building is national property, because, from changed circumstances, it is now applied only to a sectarian use; and it is hard enough that one body should have the privilege of occupation rent-free, without there being imposed on all the others the burden of helping to keep it tenantable. As Dr. Miller admits, when speaking of a fabric-rate merely, "the day has gone by for that."

And the same thing may, we think, be said of the proposal to "allow all tenants to recover the payment of Church-rates from their landlords;" for it assumes that dissent has no existence among the landlord class. It involves a still greater absurdity; seeing that it would practically exempt from payment the episcopalian tenant, and throw the burden on the dissenting landlord! For Mr. Bracebridge, who has "much considered that point," would not allow the tenant to plead the nonconformity of his landlord; contending that "the churchwarden cannot go two deep: he comes to the man upon the ground, and that man passes the payment on to somebody else." There would, further, exist this other element of irrationality, that the occupiers would have the power of expenditure, while the burden of payment would fall on other shoulders than their own. There is, moreover, this objection, *in limine*, that such a change would entirely alter the character of the impost, which, notwithstanding all assertions to the contrary, is *in personam*, and "was never a charge upon land." Dr. Lushington's evidence on this point coincides with the views of other legal authorities, and he thinks it impossible "to make it a charge upon land in these days." Were it attempted, we should confidently look for the opposition of the landlords, as a body, who would, in that case, quickly gainsay the assertion, now so frequently made, that Church-rates are but a portion of a tenant's rent, which is regulated by its existence and amount.

The most plausible of these new Church-rate theories is that which would wholly exempt Dissenters from payment; and this solution of existing difficulties is supported by the authority of

* See Mr. Walpole's return.

witnesses of such weight as Dr. Miller, Dr. Lushington, and Mr. Sotheron Estcourt, M.P. The first of these "would not inquire whether the man supported any other place of worship or not. I think there would be something inquisitorial in that which our people would not bear; but if he is prepared to say, 'I, as a Nonconformist, declare that I am not in communion with the Church of England,' I would exempt him in the most inoffensive way possible." With a degree of practical wisdom, which appears in conspicuous contrast with the want of it displayed by some other witnesses, he would not, as a consequence, abridge any of the parochial rights of Dissenters, except as regards the making and expenditure of the rate; for he "would not think it wise to carry out strictly and harshly towards Dissenters everything that might follow logically from their being exempted from Church-rates."

Dr. Miller, however—and we assume that he represents the views of most of those who favour the exemption scheme—would take no cognizance of any objection, conscientious or otherwise, urged by members of the Church of England, or by those who cannot declare themselves to be Nonconformists. He avows frankly that he is for "a compulsory rate upon Churchmen," by means of which, he says, "we should get a great deal of money from those unworthy Churchmen who call themselves Churchmen but never give us anything. I think one great mischief of the present system is this, that everything we get is got from some few hundreds of persons, and that the great majority of those who belong to us give nothing, so that in that way I think if we had a law to oblige all Churchmen to pay, we should be very much better off."

Mr. Sotheron Estcourt goes much further than this, for he "has brought his own mind to this:"—"so great is my aversion, and, I believe, the aversion of the English, to anything which shall bear even the appearance of religious persecution, that I am quite willing that any person who can assign that reason for non-payment of any sum which may be required of him by means of a general assessment, shall be exempt. Therefore, for some time past, I have been perfectly ready to exempt Dissenters, or those who profess themselves to have any religious scruple, from the payment of Church-rates."

The rate would, in that case, as he admits, be, not a parochial but an individual, assessment, and he has outlined a mode by which only those who are willing to assess themselves would have any legal power in the matter.

Of this suggested voluntary rating Dr. Miller says, and, as we believe, truly, that it would be "an entire failure;" for the meshes

of the net would be so large as to allow of the escape of so numerous a class, that the residuum would soon ridicule the idea of employing cumbrous legal machinery, for compassing an object which could be as well secured by modes of action exclusively voluntary. No scheme of exemption would be thought by Churchmen to be worth having which extended beyond avowed Dissenters from the Church of England; and that would still leave exposed to the operation of an unjust law two classes of the community, whose existence cannot be ignored in the consideration of this question.

It is idle to attempt to father upon Dissenters exclusively the resistance which has, as we have seen, already made such havoc with Church-rates. "Truth compels" even the *Record* to admit that "opposition has been greatly strengthened and encouraged by Churchmen who declare themselves sincerely anxious for the prosperity of the Church." Some of these have, no doubt, been influenced chiefly by anxiety to put an end to what they deem the great evil of vestry contests; and some have closed their purse-strings by way of protest against semi-papistical services, and to put a check on the caprices of erratic spiritual guides. Others there are, however —and they are, we hope and believe, a continually growing body— who have ceased to regard the employment of coercion for the maintenance of Christian ordinances as God's method of upholding divine truth, and who think that the Church of England will become stronger and stronger in proportion as it places implicit confidence in the love, the liberality, and the enterprise of its own adherents. With what stinging reproaches might not these assail the Nonconformist body, should it ever rest content with the exemption from payment of its own members only! The bitter taunt, that a conscientious scruple is a device to save the pocket, would then find a justification, and Dissenters would stand convicted before the world, of making their principles but stalking-horses for assailing only that which is detrimental to their own personal interests.

Respecting the influence which such a measure would exercise on the Church Establishment, we entertain no doubt. It would do more than draw a sharper line between Churchmen and Dissenters: it would start inquiries in thousands of minds, at present undetermined in relation to points at issue between the two bodies. Nominal Churchmen would be tempted to exchange their nominal Churchmanship for, at least, nominal dissent, and it would lead to new parochial struggles, which would be all the fiercer for being carried on within a narrower area, and between members of the same community.

We have said members of the same community, but, in fact, the

issue would be determined by another class than avowed Church of England men—by those who are not so much Dissenters as *absenters*, and are either indifferent about, or hostile to, religion. Acquiescent as many of these may now be, when the ecclesiastical tax is levied impartially on all, there would inevitably be a strong revulsion of feeling were they required to make up the deficiency which would be occasioned by the release of Dissenters from the pecuniary obligations at present imposed upon them. A sudden doubling of rates would have a wonderfully quickening influence; and such an increase must needs be the result of throwing the numerous new district churches upon the Church-rate fund. It would be absolutely necessary to give these churches the benefit of the rate, to meet the present objections of many Churchmen; and, so it would be brought about, that hundreds of edifices built, and at present maintained, by means of Voluntaryism, would necessitate an extension of the opposite principle of compulsory taxation!

We are aware that Dissenters are alleged to have no *locus standi*, in urging such objections; inasmuch as the relief proposed to be afforded to them deprives them of the right of opposition or of criticism. Dr. Hume, of Liverpool, in his evidence, expresses the opinion that it "would be very extraordinary indeed that Dissenters should object to Churchmen paying Church-rates, if they think proper;" forgetting that it is proposed to enforce payment, whether Churchmen think it proper or not. The Duke of Marlborough and the Bishop of London, as members of the Committee, intimated pretty plainly to the Dissenting witnesses their opinion, that the objection to the continuance of a rate in any form was unreasonable and factious. The former inquired how Dissenters "could in any way be injured by a payment which they are not called upon to make?" and suggested that it was "no longer their business to meddle with a payment imposed upon Churchmen." The Bishop of London could scarcely restrain his petulance at his inability to convince Mr. Morley of the utter untenableness of his position. "Then it is thought to be the duty of Dissenters to provide for the consciences of other people as well as their own," was his sarcastic deduction; while he further inquired, if it were "consistent with the principles of civil and religious liberty for one part of the community who entertain one view, to force that view upon another portion who do not entertain it?"

There is a confusion of thought, and a looseness of expression, in such suggestions, which shows that the zeal of the Churchman had obscured the perception of the legislator, in the persons of the noble duke and the right reverend lord. When Churchmen talk

of "their own Establishment," and of "taxing themselves," we crave to know whether they have definitely settled in their own minds the position in which the Episcopalian Church is henceforth to stand, in relation to other bodies and to the country at large? Is the idea of nationality to be abandoned, and that Church simply to take its place among, what are sometimes contemptuously termed, "the sects"? If the reply be an emphatic negative, on what ground can it be pleaded that an institution which exists in virtue of, and is governed by, public law, should be regarded as beyond the control of a large section of the community? In a legal and political sense, there are no such persons as Dissenters; and the members of the Church of *England*—using the term membership in an ecclesiastical sense—can no more claim that Church as their heritage exclusively, than can the Army and Navy insist that the machinery of the two services cannot rightfully be touched by the civilians who have called it into existence. When dealing with the State-Church, as such, the Nonconformist is lost in the citizen. As he is responsible for the working of laws in the framing of which he has a share of influence, he is no impertinent meddler, but discharges a duty of citizenship, in urging, in a constitutional way, that his own views on any matter of legislation should be adopted as the soundest or most expedient. To speak, in such a case, of his "forcing his view upon another portion of the community who do not entertain it," is to condemn, by implication, all the agitation and political action of the last fifty years, which have eliminated from our legislation some of its most vicious elements, and banished, or mitigated, some of the greatest evils by which society has been afflicted. Unable as some of those who differ from them may be to appreciate the unselfishness of their aims, history may be appealed to in proof of the fact, that Nonconformists have been accustomed to base their political action on broad principles; which, whether rightly or erroneously, they have conscientiously believed would promote, not merely their own, but the general well-being of the community. Strenuously as they may have asserted their own personal rights, they have always pleaded, and we believe truthfully, as the motive most powerfully influencing them, their higher regard for the rights of the Christian Church's supreme Lord—rights of the existence of which the members of the Lords' Committee appear to have no conception.

Even were it possible to concede the dualistic principle, which would ensure to the Church of England both the privileges of a national body and the immunities of a purely voluntary community, there would still remain the formidable inquiry—why it should be permitted to exercise a legal authority which, we presume, would not be conceded to all other religious denominations? If the

Episcopalian may call in the aid of the public tax-gatherer to maintain the edifices in which he worships, may not the Congregationist, if he be so minded, collect pew-rents by force of law, and meet "incidental expenses" by "a voluntary rate," which the shabby members of *his* body could not evade? If the Ecclesiastical Courts may evoke the power of the Court of Chancery, to maintain the discipline of the Church, Presbyterians of all shades may substitute for the obedience now voluntarily rendered, the enforced obedience yielded only to statute law. If the rector, or vicar, may have recourse to the magistrate and broker, to recover "Easter Dues," the Wesleyan preacher may, with equal reason, collect the weekly pennies of his congregation by legal process. Yet were such claims set up, or conceded, who would accuse the members of other denominations, or even the men who are of no denomination, of meddlesomeness and of intolerance, for objecting to such an employment of our legal machinery, or so misdirected an application of the coercive power wielded by the State? The argument of such reasoners as the bishop and the duke breaks down by its own weight, and, by proving too much, is destructive to their case.

If the views we have endeavoured to enforce be correct, the supporters of Church-rates, feeling the insecurity of their present moorings, are slipping from them in quest of a still more dangerous anchorage-ground. That the Church is a national Church, and that, therefore, the entire nation should support it, is an intelligible and consistent proposition. So, also, if it be actually the case, that the Church-rate is an incumbrance on property which cannot honourably be evaded, it may be contended that its payment should be compulsory and general. But if men's individual opinions, and ecclesiastical position, are to decide whether or not the demand shall be pressed, the argument based on the principle of nationality vanishes from the field of debate. In the same way, it is as much "confiscation" and "robbery" to exempt all who choose to call themselves Dissenters, as to exempt the public at large; while, on the plea of the liability of property, to compel one half of the people to pay the amount from which the other half have been relieved, is really to confiscate the property of those on whom the new burden falls.

Looking at the matter from what point of view we may, we arrive at the conclusion that the difficulties in the way of any Church-rate measures which stop short of abolition are insuperable. But we put it to candid Churchmen, whether the difficulties in the way of abolition itself are equally so.

It would probably be acknowledged by most, that the funds required to supply the deficit occasioned by the loss of rates, would

be forthcoming before the want of them had occasioned serious mischief. The real obstacle to be encountered is, confessedly, that there is a principle at stake. Those who are so strenuously striving to extinguish Church-rates will, it is urged, not be content with success on so limited a scale, but will follow it up with other measures, having in view the total destruction of the Establishment. And, as the battle must be fought at some stage, it is urged that it had better be at this.

We think it would be easy to show that this seeming wisdom betrays a singular want of it. We are certain that such a demurrer will furnish an utterly insufficient leverage to move the House of Commons. English legislators are usually practical men, who deal with measures according to their merits, rather than from a regard to the motives of their promoters. If an unmistakable case of grievance is forced upon them, they, sooner or later, grant redress, with but little reference to logical consequences. They yield to the reasonable pressure of to-day, in the belief that they shall, for that very reason, be able to resist the unreasonable pressure of to-morrow. For them, "sufficient for the day is the evil thereof."

If Church-rates were the life-blood of the Establishment, or the continuance of the existing agitation were less dangerous to the Church than its termination by means of their abolition, the attitude now assumed by so many Churchmen would command respect. But it is notorious that the foes of the Establishment, while unswerving in their hostility to Church-rates, consider the prolongation of the Church-rate system as in the highest degree favourable to their designs. The Church-rate is almost the only concrete form of the Establishment principle with which parishes, as such, can authoritatively deal; and, were it abolished, parochial agitators must remit to Parliament the disposal of all the higher and larger questions involved in the existing relationship between Church and State. Were the rate quickly abolished, ecclesiastical agitation would, in many a parish, languish for want of a practical grievance; while its long continuance will train for the future work of the "Liberation Society" young minds who would otherwise long remain beyond the reach of its influence.

Looking to the position now occupied by the episcopalian body, in relation to the spiritual culture of the people—to their abounding liberality—their enterprising spirit, and their far-reaching activity, we think we discern the possibility of securing for itself a glorious place in the future religious history of the country. In the learning and the piety of its ministers—in the intellectual acquirements and the social position of many of its members—in its historical associations, and in the adaptation of certain features

of its constitution to English tastes and habits, it has resources which would make it a formidable rival to all religious communities, either singly or combined. But, not content with these advantages, it clings to a political position which prejudices its work, and tenaciously insists on the exercise of powers which stir up feelings of antagonism fatal to the extension of its influence. To perpetuate Church-rates in a new form would be to repeat the grave mistakes of centuries, the history of which teaches a wiser lesson; but, happily for the English Church, neither Parliament nor the people are likely to fall into the error.

VII.

ISLAMISM.

Ishmael; or, a Natural History of Islamism, and its Relation to Christianity. By the Rev. Dr. J. MUEHLEISEN ARNOLD, formerly Church Missionary in Asia and Africa. London: Rivingtons, 1859.

UNDER the walls of Damietta the armies of Western Christendom were once more marshalled, resolved to break the Mohammedan power in its great stronghold. Already had they, by dint of ingenuity and bravery, possessed themselves of its strong citadel, and were now preparing to lay siege to the city itself, when amidst them appeared another combatant, carrying weapons very different from theirs. The novel ascetism, the simple faith, and the burning zeal of Francis of Assisi had evoked throughout Europe the wail of penitence, and even threatened to depopulate whole cities by swelling the ranks of his Order. Accompanied by twelve of these "brethren," he now arrived in the camp of the Crusaders. If he despaired of the success of arms wielded by a host so turbulent and unspiritual, his confidence in the reality of his own mission was all the more strong. Leaving the ranks of the Christians, the Saint presented himself before the Sultan of Cairo; and, when arguments failed to convince the unbeliever, offered to prove the truth of the Gospel by undergoing the ordeal of fire. Melic-Kamel dismissed the enthusiast; eventually this crusade, as those which preceded and followed it, led to no lasting result; and to this day has the sway and the creed of Mohammed not only continued, but spread and extended. Unaccountable as to some

the proposed argumentation of St. Francis may appear, it was but an application of a principle very commonly entertained—that of determining the reality of a cause by outward results; perhaps not quite so irrationally as is sometimes done, since in this case the issue was cast directly upon the Great Arbiter Himself. By the side of this Apostle of Mediævalism, and his appeal to Heaven through palpable results, we are tempted to place another and seemingly different mode of argumentation. A sway continued for twelve centuries, and over one hundred and eighty millions of men, "made by God as well as we"—such is the basis on which one of the ablest of our contemporaries has mainly rested the claims of Mohammed to be ranked with the prophets. As if the appeal to Heaven could be determined according to such outward successes, or the truth and reality of a cause depended on the number of its adherents or the period of its continuance.

Yet, under another aspect, such "popularity" is a sign, full of importance to the thoughtful on-looker. Not that whatever is, and for a time continues and prospers, deserves to be or is genuine and real, but that it has proved itself akin to some of the deepest feelings and sympathies of our nature. That a religion issuing from the deserts of Arabia—from among an untutored and nomadic race—should well nigh have made the conquest of the world; that in the brief space of eighty years it extended its sway over more countries and nations than were ever subject to Imperial Rome; that not only Palestine, Syria, Asia Minor, India, and Africa should have received the Korân, but within this incredibly short period the claims of the false prophet were owned "from the walls of China to the pillars of Hercules, and from the Caspian to the Niger;" that Islamism swept away the Greek Empire, and seated itself not only on the "Holy Places" of the Christians, but in the capital of Constantine; that it overran Spain, Italy, Hungary, and for centuries constituted the dreaded danger of Germany; that it rolled back the tide of eight crusades; that while to this day Christianity travels so slowly, and almost imperceptibly, it should have continued to add entire tribes to its professors;—these are some of the facts which make Mohammedanism a unique phenomenon in history. To explain them, we need not have recourse to either of the extreme theories of vindicating the prophetic mission of Mohammed and the superiority of the Korân, or of supposing the author of Islam to have "commenced his work under the immediate control of Satanic agency." Subordinate to that Divine arrangement of Providence in which, by a kind of moral elasticity, judgments rebound on nations and countries as well as on individuals, and all that is unreal or untrue is consumed, there were causes at work, and Islamism evoked feelings and powers

which in our view sufficiently account even for its unparalleled spread and its continued existence. What these were, will best appear from a brief review of the life of Mohammed, of the leading characteristics of his doctrine, and of the history of its extension.

Abul Kasem Mohammed was born about the year 571, in a country, among a people, and at a period which equally deserve our notice. The poverty of the land, and the roving habits of the people, proved the bulwark of national independence. Neither the armies of Egypt, of Persia, and of Abyssinia, nor even the indomitable legions of Rome, could convert the stern wildnesses and the lonely deserts of Arabia into "a province." The petty and hostile races which peopled the Peninsula have been generally ranged into *Beduins*, or wandering tribes, and *Hadesi*, or stationary inhabitants, who settled chiefly in Yemen. Divided into a multitude of separate states—if such they may be called—they followed various religions. The kingdom of Yemen was sometimes ruled by Christian, but chiefly by Jewish princes. Mecca was from A.D. 464 held by the Koreishites, a Pagan family; while the ancient creed of the people seems to have degenerated from a primitive—perhaps traditional—Monotheism to the worship of the heavenly bodies, and the service of the 360 deities which tenanted the *Kaaba*, or great national sanctuary of the Arabs at Mecca. From this family of priest-kings, the Koreishites—rulers of the holy city, Mecca, and guardians of the Kaaba, with its black stone, descended from heaven—sprang the prophet of Islam. His grandfather, Abd-el-Motalleb, had in 570 saved both the town and the temple from Christian conquest by an Abyssinian host. At the time of which we write, the whirlwind that swept over the ancient world, of which Rome had so long been the capital, had in great part done its work of destruction. The Western Empire existed no longer; the Eastern was falling into manifest and irremediable decay; Persia was torn by internal conflicts; the nations of Europe, to whom the future of history was entrusted, were only awakening to political, intellectual, and spiritual life. The religious direction of the East was naturally committed to the Byzantine Church. In its deep degradation, its rancorous controversialism, and hollow, lifeless formalities, the other Oriental Christian communities were also involved; yet, shortly before the appearance of Mohammed, it seemed as if Arabia would adopt the religion of Jesus. From an early period it had possessed many bishoprics, and the number of native Christians and converts was swelled by continual accessions from persecuted, fugitive sectarians, who in these solitudes found a safe retreat. About forty years before the birth of Mohammed, when the Jewish kingdom of Yemen gave place to a Christian monarchy, a church was built in Sana which in splen-

dour is said to have greatly surpassed even the far-famed Kaaba. A more interesting and hopeful indication, about the same time, was the conference of four of the leading Koreishites on the subject of religion, which resulted in the rejection of the idolatry of their tribe, and the resolve to quit their country in search of the ancestral pure religion of Abraham. Of these inquirers, three embraced Christianity; the fourth continued to pray for light in the Kaaba. In his wanderings he heard of Mohammed, whom he was prepared to hail as the native prophet, but was murdered before again reaching Mecca.

Passing over the legends with which Arab fancy or superstition has adorned the history of their prophet, we collect the leading events of his life. Mohammed was early deprived of his parents. His father, Abdallah, left him an infant, only two months old; his mother, Amena, died when he was six years of age. Thence the child successively passed to the care of his grandfather, and of his uncle, Abu Talib, in whose company he undertook, in his ninth or twelfth year, a mercantile journey. On this first expedition, how many new objects must have opened on the deeply thoughtful and highly imaginative child. The caravan was hospitably entertained by a Christian monk—by some supposed to have been a convert from Judaism, by others a Nestorian—and the conversations on religious subjects, almost natural to an Oriental, to which it is not unreasonable to suppose he then listened, enlarged his horizon beyond the narrow tribal superstitions to which he had hitherto been accustomed. Other mercantile undertakings, a warlike expedition, and some years spent as a shepherd, fill up the interval between youth and manhood. In his twenty-fifth year, Chadijah, a wealthy widow considerably his senior, bestowed her hand upon one who had so faithfully conducted her mercantile affairs. Though success no longer attended his commercial undertakings, uprightness of character and unflinching honesty secured his position among friends and clansmen. Thus other fifteen years elapsed; the period of early warmth had passed by, and Mohammed has entered on a new stage of life. It is a common error to suppose that enthusiasm burns most fiercely in the heart of youth. Withdrawn from the all-absorbing interest of the objective, which, by a wise provision in our constitution, ever impels the inexperienced youth towards that which is without, the man of maturer years turns inwards. The season of strongest and quickest impulse is indeed that of youth; but the period of deepest and longest ardour, that of ripened manhood. In his frequent journeys, the mind of Mohammed had been enlarged beyond the boundaries of Arabia, its people, and creed: in years of lonely musings at

home, his heart had kindled into hottest enthusiasm. All contributed to excite an imagination naturally so vivid. The bright eastern sky, the deserts all around, the remembrance of past scenes, even the nervous disease under which he laboured, and the practice of religious retirement in which his tribe and family indulged, gave bodily shape and a new existence to what he had seen or heard. Mohammed was entirely unlettered. He had never seen and could not read the sacred books of the Jews or Christians, but he had frequently and familiarly mixed with them, and from their lips gathered the religious facts and tenets cherished by them —not, indeed, in their pure simplicity, but in the peculiar drapery with which Talmudic legend and apocryphal gospels had adorned, or rather disguised, these blessed realities. The fundamental truth of the unity of God—dear to him even as ancestral, Abrahamic article of belief—appealed to his reason and sank into his heart: this fact alone could he comprehend, and cordially receive with unshaken belief. Heaven and earth, history and tradition, heart and head, returned a loud "*Amen*" to this primary truth. All the rest either appealed to his imagination only, or was subjected in his mind to a rationalistic process. His was not to be a new religion; Moses, the prophets, and Jesus, had all, with progressive clearness, taught the same truths concerning the great God. Their contemporaries had misunderstood, and their successors misrepresented them; hence the need of more pointed revelations in the course of time. Himself was only the last, and therefore the greatest of the prophets.

Such appears to us the fundamental character of Mohammedanism, as it first shaped itself in the mind of its apostle. Acquainted with revealed religion only through the impure channels of eastern legends and tradition, a keen rationalistic process and a fervent imagination supplied whatever were the distinctive or the novel elements of Islamism.

During four months of the year, the feuds of Arab tribes ceased by mutual consent, and universal peace reigned throughout the Peninsula. One of these holy seasons was always spent in solemn meditation, amidst some rocky retreat. It was while thus engaged in religious contemplation, in deepest introspection, in the caves of Mount Hara, that the visions of Mohammed assumed a tangible form. Then of a sudden what seemed to him the angel Gabriel summoned him to the prophetic office. Everything now spake in the language of Heaven. By day, the very stones and clods saluted him; by night, the angel held converse with his spirit. Fearful convulsive fits preceded or accompanied these supposed revelations. "Sometimes an angel appears, in the form of a man (generally of some friend), and speaks to him. Sometimes he hears sounds

like those of a bell. Then he becomes very bad; and when the angel leaves him, he has received the revelation." Were these fits the manifestation of an evil spirit which possessed him, or had imagination, peopling night with visions and rendering all nature vocal, driven reason from its throne? Such were the questions and doubts which at first perplexed the prophet. It could not be an evil spirit, Chadijah argued; Mohammed was too good, too honest, and kind to be the victim of a demon. Nay, to place it beyond doubt, had not the angel proved himself chaste and pure, when he immediately disappeared, as Chadijah, in his presence, removed her veil? Nor could insanity have seized the prophet, —the visions were too frequent, and their effects too manifest, to be a delusion. Mohammed accordingly obeyed the call of Gabriel: "Arise, and preach!" and Chadijah, his faithful wife, became "the first believer." But, despite frequent visions, the religion of the new prophet spread slowly; and during the first three years, scarcely forty proselytes had been added,—among them, however, Abubeker, Othman, and Ali, future caliphs. This, the first stage of his mission, comprises the period when Mohammed aimed only to be the prophet of his family and kinsmen; and the Suras, or portions of the Korân then composed, correspond with this more limited object. In the fourth or fifth year, the apostle of Islam sought to establish himself as the prophet of his tribe and city. But his appeals to the Koreishites were either received as the extravagances of a madman, or resisted as the claims of a dangerous rival, the enemy of the gods and of their appointed guardians. Plots now thickened around him. Some of his followers had to fly into Abyssinia—others followed their prophet in his wanderings. A price was set upon his head; and although the intending murderer, Omar, suddenly adopted the new creed, Mohammed had to leave Mecca. The fortified castle of Abu Talib, who, while continuing to disbelieve the new teaching, extended his protection to his nephew, could scarcely shelter him from the relentless animosity of the Koreishites. At the end of three years the interdict was removed, and Mohammed allowed to return to Mecca; but his trusty defender, Abu Talib, and Chadijah, his faithful wife, had been removed from his side by the hand of death. The conspiracies now increased to such an extent that Mecca and its neighbourhood could no longer shelter the apostle. Happily, an asylum had been provided. During the annual concourse of pilgrims in the Kaaba, Mohammed had gained converts among the leading citizens of Yathrib or Medina. No less than seventy-three proselytes from that city offered him a safe residence, and entered into an offensive and defensive treaty with their spiritual chief and his other adherents. The 19th April, the 18th

June, or the 20th September, are variously stated to mark the period of Mohammed's flight to Medina—the so-called *Hegira* (or flight) which forms the commencement of the Moslem Era.

In Medina the first mosque arose—a simple structure, which the devotion of later caliphs has converted into a gorgeous structure. Mohammed still continued in Arab simplicity; but he was already the political chief, and the apostle of a numerous and fanatical band. True, his own wedding breakfast, on the occasion of his nuptials with Ayesha, the daughter of Abubeker, consisted of only a cup of milk, and the dowry of his daughter of the most necessary Arab outfit—her bridal-bed a sheep-skin, the wedding feast a dish of dates and olives,—but even before his arrival in Medina he had exacted from his followers an oath of fealty, and engaged them to sacred warfare, on promise of Paradise to those who should fall in the cause. Mohammed is no longer the prophet of his family or city; he aspires to be that of Arabia, of Asia—nay, of the world. Unable, or perhaps unwilling, as yet to employ armed force, his first overtures were to the Jews, who lived in considerable number, and apparently in tribes like the Arabs, in the neighbourhood of Medina. His claims were rejected, and the warfare which commenced against them was proportionate in severity and cruelty to the liberal overtures and concessions he had made in the hope of conciliating them. Jerusalem would have become the centre of Moslem worship instead of Mecca, had the stubborn Israelites owned him their long-expected Messiah. These hostile expeditions against the race whom he accused of having falsified their Scriptures in order to keep his claims out of view, resulted in the gratification of his vengeance, the training of his warriors, the acquisition of plunder, and the increase of his adherents. The Koreishites also were the object of his attacks. Unable to meet them in regular warfare, he molested their caravans, and on one occasion, with inferior numbers, discomfited an army sent for their protection. But victory was not always granted to the "true believers." Mohammed sustained a severe defeat, and was almost slain; and nothing but the cowardice or division of the besieging army could have saved Medina itself from the fury of the Koreishites. So long as Mecca and the Kaaba were in their hands, his claims, even as a national prophet, were open to dispute. Accordingly he sought admittance, first as a pilgrim and under humiliating conditions, to the Arab sanctuary, and when sufficiently strong to defy his enemies, advanced, at the head of 10,000 men, against Mecca, and received its submission. The Koreishites implored and obtained pardon; the Kaaba was purged of its 360 idols, and henceforth became the centre of Moslem devotion. Tribe after tribe now gave in their adherence,

or was conquered. Already he had, though unsuccessfuly, invaded Syria, and sent missions to neighbouring nations and princes, demanding their homage, when death arrested his further career, and the guidance of the Moslem hosts devolved on those better able to direct them than the prophet himself.

With all his supposed or real virtues and austerities, Mohammed was vain, voluptuous, and even cowardly. An imposing appearance, dark lustrous eyes, a noble bearing, a vivid imagination, undoubted eloquence, frankness, honesty, and a moral purpose,—such were the qualifications by which he won his Arab followers. Before his death, he challenged all whom he had wronged, or to whom he owed anything, to come forward. "It is better to blush in this world than in the world to come," were the words with which he repaid three denars to the solitary claimant who responded to his appeal. Mohammed expired in the arms of Ayesha, A.D. 632, with words of mingled entreaty and anticipation of Paradise on his lips. A burning fever, which he traced to poisoned food given him by a Jewess some years before, had consumed him. His remains were for some days uninterred. His most ardent followers would not believe in the possibility of his death, till Abubeker, his friend and successor, restrained them by recalling to their minds that they worshipped not Mohammed, but the God of Mohammed, and that the apostle was but a mortal like themselves.

This brief sketch—from which we have purposely omitted those incidents with which every reader must be familiar—is merely intended to afford a view of the inner history of Mohammed, and of his work. The three stages of his prophetic career mark so many modifications of his claims and policy. From the most ample toleration, the Korân gradually progresses to the fiercest and cruelest fanaticism, dooming not only idolaters to extermination, but denouncing in similar terms both Jews and Christians. Their wives and daughters were surrendered to Moslem lust, their treasures to Arab rapacity; while rewards most tempting to Eastern sensuous imagination are held out to those who perish in such warfare. The Korân almost concludes with this terrible injunction: "O true believers! wage war against such of the infidels as are near you, and let them find severity in you, and know that God is with them that fear him." In examining the doctrines of the Korân, we have to distinguish the three elements of rationalistic Monotheism, of legendary embellishments of revealed truth, and of purely personal extravagances. The great and fundamental principle of Islam is the belief in *one God*,—but of the properties of the Deity, only those of omnipotence, omnipresence, and mercy are brought in the foreground. The Divine truthful-

ness, holiness, and justice are almost entirely ignored. The *morale* of Mohammed was exceedingly low, and he shaped his theology in accordance with his experience. Pure rationality was the highest characteristic of his teaching; the transcendent properties of the God of Scripture, and the deep experience of the Christian heart, were alike unknown to him. The wild fanaticism, the stoic fatalism, the want of truth, and the unbridled licentiousness of Mohammed and of his followers, were the consequences of what they received, and of what they rejected or ignored. Even on the supposition that the apostle himself believed in the reality of every revelation which he proclaimed, and that (as we are inclined to surmise) he had not deemed himself entitled, in virtue of his general prophetic office, to invest his personal opinions or wishes with the authority of a Divine message, those Suras or chapters in the Korân which contain the grossest contradictions, or sanction the most selfish and lawless proceedings, can scarcely surprise us. A man and his religion are always singularly like each other. But the rigid, rationalistic Monotheism of Mohammed would scarcely have gained or satisfied his Arab proselytes without those Oriental embellishments which directly appealed to their imagination. Accordingly, on the basis of Scriptural teaching and history, he raised a framework of the most extravagant legends, derived from the Jewish Talmud and apocryphal Gospels. While accusing the Jews of having falsified the Scriptures, of obstinately refusing credence of his claims, and of worshipping Ezra as the Son of God, he was largely indebted to them. His descriptions of Creation, of Eden, of heaven, of hell, of the last judgment and the resurrection, are borrowed mainly from their traditions; he adopted their demonology, their peculiar moral precepts, and the stories with which they had embellished the lives of Old Testament worthies. All this is thrown together with such utter disregard of chronological order, as to convince us that Mohammed had received his information at different times, and from different persons. The Korân accuses Christians of believing in three Gods—the Father, Jesus, and the Virgin Mary; manifestly an erroneous inference drawn from the superstition of the Christian sects around. It charges them with perversion of the teaching of Jesus, who, it is asserted, had never claimed Divine honours, and with denying the fulfilment of the promise concerning the Paraclete in Mohammed. The New Testament facts which are recorded are also grossly perverted or distorted. Thus the reality of Christ's crucifixion is denied, while many apocryphal stories are related about the early history of Mary and the childhood of Jesus. Among other extravagances which the Korân contains, we reckon the demand of Mohammed to recognition as the highest

of prophets, the communications received from the angel Gabriel, his mysterious flight to Jerusalem, the revelations made for his own personal advantage or gratification, and, in short, all those distinctive elements of doctrine or precept which cannot be traced back to a Scriptural or traditionary source. The great articles in the faith of Islam are belief in God, in His angels, in His revelation, in His prophets—especially in Mohammed,—in the resurrection, and in His absolute predetermination of all that occurred. The main injunctions of a practical character consisted in the ordinances of ablutions and prayers twice a day with the face towards Mecca; of charity, especially almsgiving; of fasting during the season of *Ramadan*, the day being always devoted to sleep and mortification, and the night to feasting and excess; and of prilgrimage to the sacred cities of Mecca and Medina. Such are the great outlines of that collection of 116 Suras or chapters made after the death of Mohammed, and gathered without either critical judgment or regard to chronological order, which bears the name of Korân. It remains only to be added, that the apostle rested the claims of the Suras to general reception, neither on his gift of prophecy, nor on his power of working miracles—both of which he emphatically disclaimed—but on the inherent beauty of these productions, and on their absolute truth.

We have already adverted to the circumstance that, even before the death of Mohammed, neighbouring potentates had been called upon to recognize the truth of the Korân. This summons was variously received. The governor of Egypt returned a respectful answer, and with other presents sent two fair slaves, of whom one, Mary, caused not a little jealousy in the harem of the prophet. The king of Bahrein and his people adopted Islamism. The two Great Powers of the East, Persia and the Roman Empire, were engaged in war, and before the death of Mohammed, the Emperor Heraclius reconquered Syria and Palestine from the Persian monarch, who had contemptuously torn in pieces the letter of the apostle. Rome was, therefore, the first antagonist whom the Arab armies had to encounter. The result of the early expeditions had, indeed, been far from encouraging. But the fanatical devotion of the warriors of the Crescent was soon to be seconded by the incapacity, the cowardice, and treachery of the degenerate representatives of the Cæsars. Next to the discomfiture of Moseilama, the rival prophet, who for a time seemed to dispute the paramount authority of Mohammed, the most important expedition was that against Syria and Palestine, which Abubeker entrusted to Abu Obeidah, and Khaled "the sword of God." The Korân, tribute or death, such were the alternatives to be presented to "the unbelievers." With the war-

cry, "Paradise is before, death and hell behind you," the leaders urged on the Moslems, who imagined they saw "the black-eyed girls looking down, one of whom, if she should appear in this world, all mankind would die for love of her; and in the hand of one of them a handkerchief of green silk, and a cap made of precious stones, and she beckons and calls out, Come hither quickly, I love thee." Bosrah, the key of trans-Jordanic Palestine, fell by the valour of Khaled, but chiefly by the treachery of the apostate governor Romanus, who opened to the Moslems a subterranean passage into the city. From Bosrah a march of four days brought the victorious forces to Damascus. But before taking that capital, they had to encounter a Byzantine army of 70,000 men, under the leadership of *Werdan*, drawn up in the plains of Adjnadein. Once more Khaled carried the day, and (in the language of Gibbon) "the death of four hundred and seventy Moslems was compensated by the opinion that they had sent to hell above fifty thousand of the infidels." Against such an host, the garrison of Damascus, although admirably commanded by Thomas, could not long hold out. After a siege of seventy days the city capitulated. Heliopolis and Emesa fell next, and, after a resistance of four months, the patriarch Sophronius had to surrender Jerusalem itself to Kaliph Omar, who had arrived from Medina on purpose to conclude the treaty. Indeed the battle of Jarmuk, near lake Genesareth, had decided the fate of Syria and Palestine; the Roman armies were everywhere withdrawn, and the Saracens swept over Asia Minor, penetrating even to the neighbourhood of Constantinople. A similar success had attended the Moslem arms in Persia. Already, in the first year of the first kaliph, Khaled had led his victorious legions into the dominions of those who had lately scorned the summons of the prophet. But the "Sword of God" was soon afterwards required in Syria. Four years later, however, the defeat of Cadesia, by which the Moslems became masters of Assyria, virtually put an end to the Persian monarchy. The splendid palace of Ctesiphon, with its untold treasures, was sacked by the Moslems; gradually they approached towards the Caspian Sea; Armenia and Mesopotamia became theirs; the standard of the Crescent waved over the walls of Heerat, Merou, and Balch, and the last of the Sassanide kings fled beyond the Oxus, to solicit the aid of the king of Samarcand, of the wild Turkish tribes, and of the Emperor of China. But even these limits confined not the Saracen conquerors. During a later kaliphate, and while the Moslem arms were carried to the banks of the Indus, Catibah took the country between the Oxus, the Iaxartes, and the Caspian Sea; the Turks were driven back to their native deserts, and the

Emperors of China courted the friendship of the Arabs. Of still greater importance—at least so far as the safety of Europe was concerned—was the progress of the Saracens in Africa. From Palestine Amrou had marched into Egypt, at the head of an apparently insufficient force. The command of the kaliph to halt if he had not yet crossed the boundary of the country, could not arrest the zeal of his lieutenant. The letter was read in public only after the Moslem tents were pitched in the ancient land of the Pharaohs. Here also treachery opened the way to conquest. The Christian world had long been torn by theological controversies, which increased in bitterness in measure as the combatants declined in spirituality. The so-called Monophysite discussion which concerned the two-fold nature of the Son of God, had issued in complete estrangement between the Egyptians who were Monophysites, and the Byzantine Church, which had espoused Diophysite views. The oppressions and persecutions which now ensued, disposed the native Egyptians to welcome the Saracens as deliverers from Greek sway and bigotry. Aided by such allies, Amrou passed victorious through the country, and after a siege of fourteen months, took Alexandria, "the great city of the West, with its 4000 palaces, 4000 baths, 400 theatres, 12,000 shops for the sale of vegetable food, and 40,000 tributary Jews,"—above all, with its splendid library, which, according to a story, rightly questioned in our own days, was destroyed by order of the kaliph. It required longer time and greater exertions, till the rest of Africa was subjugated; half a century elapsed before Carthage, so celebrated in Roman and in Christian history, experienced the destroying power of the Moslems, and even after the Greeks were finally expelled the country, the resistance of the Moors or Berbers continued, till they also embraced Islamism, and the creed of Mohammed became dominant to the shores of the Atlantic.

It will not be expected that, within the limits necessarily assigned to us, we should trace the further conquests of the kaliphs—their successions and dissensions, the division of the kaliphate into three independent sovereignties, or the wars by which they had afterwards to defend their possessions against the attacks of Western Christendom. A notice, however brief, must suffice of their progress in Europe. At the commencement of the eighth century, the revenge and treachery of Count Julian, a noble Spaniard, procured for the Moslems easy access to Spain. Thither Musa, the Governor of Africa, despatched Tarik, his intrepid lieutenant, who, with only 5000 volunteers, landed on the rock of Gibraltar (Gebel-al-Tarik), where he laid the foundation of those fortifications which, not impossibly, it may be ours

soon to defend against hostile forces. The Gothic monarchy, established in Spain, had long declined in vigour. At the time of the Saracen invasion the sceptre was held by Roderic, one of the weakest and most licentious of princes. The Gothic army, computed at not less than 100,000 men, might easily have resisted the inferior forces of the Saracens; but the degenerate successor of Alaric appeared on the battle-field of Xeres wearing a diadem of pearls, a flowing robe of gold and silken embroidery, and reclining on an ivory car, drawn by two white mules. The treachery and the cowardice of the Christians once more ensured the victory of Tarik. In the decisive moment, two royal princes, the Archbishop of Toledo, and many others, deserted the standard of a sovereign whom they hated; 16,000 bodies of Christians covered the field; Roderic was drowned in his precipitate flight; and within a brief period all Spain was subject to Saracen domination. Envious at the success of his subordinate, Musa advanced from Africa to complete the subjugation of the country. In Spain the rule of the Arabs was gentle, and in some respects even beneficial to the country. Never has that land attained to such a high state of cultivation, never did commerce, arts, or sciences flourish, as when the Spanish kaliphs held court in Cordova—that royal city with its 600 mosques, 900 baths, and 200,000 houses. Peace and protection were extended to the Christians, on the payment of a tribute, which under the first of the Ommiades amounted to 10,000 ounces of gold and of silver, with an equal number of horses and mules. Such was the prosperity of the country that, under the most powerful of his successors, it rose to about £6,000,000 of our money—a sum probably greater than all the revenues of the monarchs of Europe at the time. The defenders of national independence and Christianity in Spain retired to the mountains, whence gradually gathering strength they issued into the plains, and, driving the degenerate successors of Tarik before them, they reconquered the country, till under the reign of the Catholic monarchs, Ferdinand and Isabella, Granada, their last stronghold, was surrendered, and the Moors, with their ancient allies the Jews, were expelled from the Peninsula. Long before that time their further progress over the Pyrenees, and through France, had been checked by the decisive victory of Charles Martel on the plains of Tours. Eastwards also the Saracens penetrated into Europe. At one time they not only occupied Sicily, but even threatened Rome. So soon as forty-six years after the Hegira, the Moslems had appeared before Constantinople, and for six successive summers continued their attacks, till obliged for a time to withdraw from so costly an enterprise. Equally unsuccessful was another siege from 716 to 718. In both cases the city was largely in-

debted for its safety to the use of the so-called Greek fire, which the besieged poured with unerring accuracy on their defenceless assailants. But though centuries elapsed before the capital fell into the hands of the successors of Mohammed, the effete Eastern Empire was incapable of resisting the onset of the Moslems, restored from apparent decay by the accession of the Ottomans, or Turks, a wild highland tribe, originally inhabiting the mountain recesses of Asia. Amurath made Adrianople his capital; and although Sultan Bajazet was defeated by Tamerlane—that scourge of Asia—the check was only temporary. A mournful interest attaches to the last siege of Constantinople under Mohammed II. Cruel, bloodthirsty, and licentious as that prince was, the conquest of the Eastern capital amounted almost to a passion with him. An apostate engineer furnished him with artillery of tremendous calibre. The siege began on the 6th of April, 1453. Within the city the courage of despair prevailed. Palæologus, the last of the Constantines, for a time rose to the dignity of his situation. But against such tremendous odds, the devices of art and the determination of bravery were equally unavailing. The final assault took place on the 29th of May, by a host which for closeness and continuity has been compared to a twined or twisted thread. The undisciplined multitude of stragglers was first brought forward to exhaust the resources and the strength of the garrison. At each foremost place of danger the Emperor himself was found, rallying his soldiers by word and example. But the defection of the wounded Genoese commander of the city, and after him of most of his Italian countrymen, speedily decided the fate of the day. Palæologus found a soldier's death. Constantinople was surrendered to the lust of the soldiery, and the church of St. Sophia, in which fervent preachers had so oft poured forth their warnings and admonitions, became the cathedral of Mohammedanism. From Turkey the Sultans continued to menace and molest Austria and Germany by inroads into Hungary, till their power was finally broken under the walls of Vienna by John Sobieski, the heroic Polish leader.

It is another and a more difficult task to indicate the means by which the Saracens were enabled to preserve their rule in so many and widely distant countries. While devoutly acknowledging that these providential judgments upon the Eastern Empire were caused by the unfaithfulness of the Church and the sins of the people, and while acknowledging that by abolishing many a long cherished system of idolatry, the Korân may, in a certain sense, prove a schoolmaster unto Christ, the historian feels that a more accurate analysis of the secondary causes of so strange a phenomenon is requisite. Without doubt, the nominal Christians of the

Greek empire had, in great measure, lost all that entitled them to the name of a church. The profligacy and dissoluteness of the people, the ambition, disputatiousness, and servility of the clergy, the dead formalism and vain wrangling which they introduced, had long deprived the salt of all its savour. They had not vigour to oppose the martial ardour of the Arabs, nor conviction to resist the burning fanaticism of the Moslems. To many of these religionists it was but the change of a mysterious symbol for a creed, in most respects, of cold rationality; but which, instead of fasts and abstinences, indulged its adherents with every sensual gratification. If to them the alternative was presented of martyrdom, or even persecution, and Islamism, with all its advantages, the choice would, in few instances, be difficult. Besides, every person dissatisfied from any cause, would naturally join the Moslems; while the numerous progeny of Saracens, by Christian mothers, espoused the creed of their fathers. It must always be borne in mind that the religion of the Mohammedans formed, if not the motive, at least the pretext of their expeditions, and that thus each acquisition made was, in reality, a politico-religious conquest. The sword and the Korân went together; and while other creeds were, indeed, tolerated on payment of tribute, the communities adhering to them were despised and oppressed. Thus each province gained was bound to the throne of the caliphs by the strongest of all ties—that of a common religion, of the most fanatical and exclusive character. But the reasoning which we have just employed will scarcely explain the fact, that to this day Mohammedanism is quietly, but rapidly, spreading by peaceful means, especially in regions distant, and not much known to Europeans. In the East, the Malay race has adopted the Korân within the last few centuries. Borneo is intensely Mohammedan, and Moslem missions are said to be established even in China. But it is chiefly in the interior of Africa, in Soodan and Hussa, the great kingdom of the Felatahs, and in the kingdoms of Ghana, Tokrur Bussa, Berissa, Wawa, and Kiama, that Mohammedanism has made its latest acquisitions. It is the religion of Timbuctoo. A century ago a few Mohammedans settled in Mandingoland; and by dint of schools and preaching, the whole country has become theirs. Ever and again our scientific and religious missions are brought into contact with this Moslem propaganda: every year, fresh pagan tribes in the interior of Africa are added to the disciples of the prophet. The Ghala tribes are gradually converted, and in Malabar the Korân is rapidly spreading. These results can only be attributed, humanly speaking, to the zeal of the Arab missionaries, and to the inherent superiority of Islam over the pagan abominations

which it displaces. But on these progresses of Mohammedanism we probably require yet more ample and detailed data to enable us to draw satisfactory inferences.

From this we turn to another and very different picture. While Mohammedanism is extending to distant provinces, the Euphrates is undoubtedly drying up at its sources. The story of the sick man is, after all, not so much of a parable. With almost boundless resources at its disposal, with provinces which properly cultivated, would yield inexhaustible wealth; with an ample seaboard, and the finest harbour in the world; with all the advantages of European and Asiatic possession, of soil and climate, the Turkish Empire is rapidly decaying. In Europe its sovereignty over rebellious tribes is, to say the least, very precarious. In Asia it is only strong enough to render improvement impossible, but not to resist even those marauding Beduins, who are rapidly depopulating Palestine, and whom a comparatively small number of soldiers might easily control. The internal feuds, the financial difficulties, and the utter impotence of the government, are rapidly destroying the remaining vitality of the Empire. We speak not from hearsay, but from personal observation, when we state it as our conviction that the revival or continuance of the Moslem power is an impossibility. We are aware that, under proper leaders, the Turkish army has in the late war sustained the onset of their Muscovite opponents; but to judge from the defence of a fortress, or from a few well devised strategic movements, the state of these forces were an utter fallacy. We know that the army is entirely demoralized, that it is badly disciplined, worse officered, and still worse spirited; and that in open and fair fight it would never stand against even a much inferior foe. A similar remark applies to all the other branches of the public service; corruption, venality, bigotry, ignorance, and incapacity reign supreme. The Turkish Empire could only be saved by a revival of the spirit in which it first originated. Nor is any progress towards European civilization or improvement—at least, of a genuine and lasting character—conceivable. Modern inventions, arrangements, and manners may be imported, but Islamism is of purely native growth,—a thing entirely *sui generis*, and resistance to all that is without is one of its leading characteristics. If European civilization became naturalized in Turkey, the Empire would necessarily cease to be Mohammedan. Nor does the prospect of transferring the rule to the Christian populations in European Turkey, inspire us with greater hope. For the most part, these races are equally if not more degenerate than their Turkish rulers. Dark as is the future of that country, we feel as if

Turkey would go down suddenly amidst the convulsion of nations; it cannot be reformed, and it may not be partitioned—at least, till it has become the battle-field of peoples.

But while the political prospects of the country are thus unpromising, happy and successful efforts have of late been made to introduce the light of a pure Christianity among the various races of that empire. A chain of missions extends from its northernmost boundary through Wallachia, Bulgaria, Roumelia, to Asia Minor, Palestine, Syria, and the ancient capital of Haroun-al-Rashid. The highlanders of Khurdistan, the inhabitants of Armenia, and the settlers in Ur of the Chaldees, have again the Gospel brought to them; native churches are being planted, native ministers ordained, schools founded, and printing-presses introduced. These successes are mainly due to the indefatigable zeal and self-denying labours of those best of modern missionaries —the Americans. From the latest report of the Aid Society established in this country, we learn that the number of their missionaries amounts to 140, that of native assistants to 264, that of stations to 111, of churches to 42, of nominal Protestants to 6958, of church members to 1586, and of day-scholars to 4500. From every station considerable progress is reported. A work of thorough reformation is progressing with great rapidity in the Nestorian, the Armenian, and the Greek churches; while of late the Mohammedan population itself has also been reached. If we may venture to take in its literality one of these accounts, a whole town near Trebizond, with a population of 40,000 males, has cast off the Mohammedan faith, which for centuries was unwillingly held, and returned to the religion of their forefathers. But be this as it may, no doubt can be entertained that there is a number of Christian converts among the Moslems, that the Bible is increasingly circulating amongst them, and that many have rejected the Korân who have not yet learned to understand or to receive Christianity. Our hopes of the continued progress of this work are in great measure bound up with the Hatti Humaioun, or charter of religious liberty, lately granted by the Sultan. We are inclined to believe that this will not be a dead letter, but that its power and influence will be increasingly felt. For this inestimable boon, not too dearly purchased even by the blood and treasure spent in the late war, Europe is mainly indebted to Lord Stratford de Redcliffe. Foreign jealousy and domestic ignorance may have conspired in his detractation, but every unprejudiced person acquainted with the political, social, and religious state of Turkey will admit that in him England possessed one of her most sagacious statesmen, and Turkey one of her wisest and best friends.

The mention of American missions leads us to notice—perhaps somewhat tardily—the work which we have placed at the head of this article. Its main object is to delineate the rise and character of Mohammedanism. With considerable learning Dr. Arnold traces the Korân to its origin in Jewish and Christian legends, explains and refutes its teaching, and vindicates Christian truth and dogma from the objections and aspersions of the Moslems. In some respects, however, the book is open to criticism, especially from the want of what we might call a sufficient grasp of the subject. To deny every thing good and great about Mohammedanism, to slight or ignore its culture, to connect it with earlier Christian heresies, and to ascribe the utterances of Mohammed to direct satanic agency, are, in our opinion, mistakes in a treatise which we would gladly see placed in the hands of educated Mohammedan youths, especially in India. We have also felt a certain want of arrangement which may render it difficult for persons unacquainted with Mohammedanism to gain a consecutive historical view of its state and tenets from these pages. From one so able as our author we should gladly have heard more about the different sects of Islam. To occasional slips of the pen we will not advert, satisfied that these will, on revision, readily occur to the learned author himself. Of Dr. Arnold's proposal to establish a Missionary Society for propagating the Gospel among the Mohammedans we can only say it has our cordial sympathy, provided it is not intended in any way to supersede or interfere with the labours of our American friends. Surely the 15,000,000 of our Moslem fellow-subjects in India, and the recent events in that country, constitute a loud call upon the Churches of Britain to address themselves to this work. Some such undertaking as that which presently engages the attention of the two English Universities, prayerfully commenced and believingly sustained, might prove a source of incalculable blessing. We close this volume, from which we have derived not a little information, and which we have perused with no small interest, with the recommendation to our readers speedily to make themselves acquainted with its valuable contents.

Errata in NOVEMBER *Number.*

Page 537, line 5, *erase*, "For ourselves we cordially approve of a proposition so judicious."
And in line 8, *for* agreed *read* argued.

Brief Notices.

PEDEN THE PROPHET: A tale of the Covenanters. Founded on Fact. By the Rev. A. Morton Brown, LL.D, Cheltenham. Author of "Evenings with the Prophets," "Salvation and the way to secure it," etc. London: John Snow, Paternoster-row. 1859.

IT is impossible to speak of the Covenanters, "whose religious convictions moved them to the very depth of their interior being, and whose sacrifices in the cause of truth and of freedom rose into the sublime, without being stirred in spirit, and doing homage to the majesty of moral principle. The Covenanters were men whose lofty spirit "neither defeat nor punishment could subdue." Though "hunted down like wild beasts, tortured till their bones were beaten flat, imprisoned by hundreds, hanged by scores, exposed at one time to the license of soldiers from England, abandoned at another time to the mercy of bands of marauders from the Highlands, they still stood at bay in a mood so fixed and firm rather than savage, that the boldest and mightiest oppression could not but dread the audacity of their despair."

It was the persevering and determined effort of James and Charles to introduce Episcopacy into the Scottish Church, which gave birth to those scenes of persecution and of suffering that darken and degrade the history of the seventeenth century. If the Reformation in Scotland was chiefly indebted to Knox as its prime mover, the people were all but prepared for the same mighty movement. Whatever may be ascribed to the energy of his will, character, and eloquence, he could have achieved but little without their concurrence and co-operation. To the true Scot, his spiritual liberty has ever been as dear as his national independence, and the same sentiment as nerved the arm of Wallace to his deeds of daring, fired the soul of the Covenanter in his grander struggle for freedom of conscience. Knox left behind him men who were faithful to their God and devoted to their country. The people became imbued with their spirit — with their love of liberty and of truth, and hence the earnestness with which they continued to struggle for a pure church and a free constitution. The Reformation had raised religion from the tomb of decay, and endued it with renovated life and glory. Its lessons had been accepted with a fervour corresponding to their magnitude and their importance. In thousands of good and honest hearts, it was not simply a fact believed—it was a power felt. It acted with all the energy of a spiritual force, which exalted and strengthened men for deeds of daring and of glory. Christianity is essentially heoric. It teaches its disciples to add fortitude to their faith; and there are times of conflict which challenge all the fortitude and all the heroism that the soul can exhibit.

But for what did these men struggle, and suffer, and die? Was it for anything less or for anything lower than principle? Grant that the principle was not a broad one—that it was neither so wide nor so comprehensive as to meet our ideas—still "they had principle, and they kept by it." They were wrong in seeking to subordinate the State to the Church, but not less wrong were the ruling authorities in seeking to make the Church the creature of the State. Of all despotisms, the ecclesiastical is the most crushing and the

most destructive; and therefore it was well that the men of the Covenant did not gain the ascendancy, though they were fully justified in resisting the encroachments of the civil power on their spiritual domain.

The story of these noble men is told by our author with masterly skill and tact. The tale, which is founded in fact, is rich in incident and spirit-stirring in tone. To the faithfulness of history there is added the fascination of romance. A few of the characters are perhaps overdrawn, but, as a general rule, the portraits are life-like and true. If "a writer of history must be a man of warm sympathies, he must, too, be a man familiar with the world; a man of great observation;—if fame must not be his motive at all, but rather the pleasure of his work—for unless the work be a pleasure to the author, it will not be a pleasure to the reader—if he must be patient and scrupulous, yet easy; critical, yet eloquent; full, yet simple and clear;" then firm is the ground on which Dr. Brown can rest his claim. Most heartily has he entered into his task, and successfully has he achieved it.

Not only has he given worthy information in terse and lucid language: but he *has* touched and kindled those "first affections" of Duty and Piety,

> Which, be they what they may,
> Are yet the fountain-light of all our day.

Peden the Prophet was a man of rare mould. Strong and calm in faith, he was no less strong and quick in action. Dark and rugged as was the path which he was called to tread, there was no halt in his step, no hesitation in his course. He stood erect in the most crooked and perverse generation, and facing every form and every variety of antagonism he was valiant for God and for truth. He lifted no broken shield, and turned not away from the thickest of the fight.

Peden was first and pre-eminent of the Covenanting host. For the freedom of his and his country's church he not only lived and suffered, but was willing to die.

Our author has done no injustice to the other noble men who stood side by side with Peden in his glorious struggle. He is not exalted that they may be lowered and depreciated, but they are grouped around him as the central figure, that in connection with him they may appear all the more conspicuous and all the more illustrious. While he was allowed to lay himself down and die in peace, not a few of them were called to seal their testimony with their blood, and to find in the fire and flame that chariot

> "Whose drivers are angels on horses of whiteness,
> And whose burning wheels turn upon axles of brightness."

It was to assert and render certain our claim "to feed upon immortal truth" that they counted not their lives dear unto them; and to them we owe it, that while in the ark of their covenant, they laid up the charter of our liberty, they laid up in the ark of the same covenant that manna on which we their children might feed. In the wilderness they spread that table at which we are now seated, and there drank to its lowest dregs the cup of suffering, that they might pass to us the cup of richer, mightier blessing.

But we must pause. There are a few inaccuracies in the volume, which we trust will cease to be the errata, because they have been the emendations of a second edition; but these and some other slight defects, are not to be named in comparison with the general merits of the work. These merits are very high, and entitle Dr. Brown to no common place among our best descriptive writers. Whoever takes up the book and begins to read, will be most reluctant to lay it down till he has read it through. For young men, this coming Christmas-time, we especially recommend it. The interest is sustained to the last, and the reader, like the reviewer, will take leave of his author with a farewell of respect and regret.

A MEMOIR OF THE LIFE AND LABOURS OF THE REV. WILLIAM HENDRY STOWELL, D.D. Edited by William Stowell, B.A. Judd and Glass, Hamilton and Adams.

THIS book claims attention as the memoirs of one who was for a time connected with this publication as a contributor, and then as joint-editor. It is besides an account of the life and labours of a man of great ability, varied accomplishments, and considerable eminence as a pastor, tutor, and writer. Assuming that good ends may be secured by publishing memoirs of *every* man who has distinguished himself in any of these capacities, and especially if in all of them; and allowing that a son or daughter is a fit person to prepare them for the press, we must accord to this work a cordial expression of approval. The memoir is eulogistic; but who would wish a son's estimate to be otherwise? There is some indiscrimate praise, but we should not expect a son's judgment to be as astute as a critic's, and we would not have enjoyed the memoir so much as we do, but for the warm *nature* that gives bright colouring to a father's portrait. There is, however, a pervading apologetic and somewhat defiant tone, as if to ward off any possible accusation, or to defend from some undefined and unexpected charge, which we do not altogether like. A high appreciation of the real excellencies of Dr. Stowell, a loving and reverential regard for him as a father, a grateful remembrance of his ministry, which was most judicious, devout, and impressive; a keen feeling of disappointment and sorrow that he was not more *truly* known, led us to wish for a frank acknowledgment of imperfections and errors. The reputation of Dr. Stowell would not have suffered by the fullest admissions of this kind that truth and justice could demand, whilst his real worth would have come at length to be duly appreciated.

Mr. Stowell's book, however, is skilfully constructed, and cleverly written. The son plainly inherits the father's gifts. We might quote passages of exceeding beauty of composition. It is divided into four books. Book I. consists of an introduction, and describes the boyhood, early education, conversion, and college life of Dr. Stowell. Book II. is an account of the North Shields period, and includes his early ministry and pastoral character. Book III. is the Rotherham period, during which Dr. Stowell was both pastor and tutor at Rotherham, and enters largely into his labours in these departments. Book IV. describes his life at Cheshunt as tutor only, and concludes with an affecting account of his last days, and their closing scene.

With the thread of the narrative are interwoven some beautiful letters and valuable extracts from discourses and college prelections—most of his published works are analysed as described. There is an appendix of twelve sermons. We have read the book with deep interest. Dr. Stowell was a peer among a band of *great* men, in the Independent denomination, of which few remain. Ely, Hamilton, Stowell: their names often rang together while they lived, and now are they mourned as the names of the dead.

We trust that this volume will stimulate younger men to imitate the tireless energy of Dr. Stowell, that they may fulfil the work he and his contemporaries have left undone.

CHRISTIAN ORATORY. An Inquiry into its History during the first five centuries. By Horace M. Moule, of Queen's College, Cambridge. McMillan and Co., Cambridge.

A SPLENDID theme is announced in the title of this book, in the elaboration of which the profoundest learning should have mingled with lofty spiritual sympathies and graceful eloquence. We regret to say the grandeur of the theme has attracted no one in possession of these qualities in Cambridge. Mr. Moule's volume is for the most part a reproduction of accepted criticisms, from a few of our well-known Church historians, especi-

ally Neander and Dean Milman, which, though well-worn from their popular currency, yet have the clear golden ring in them which contrasts strikingly with the tin-like chink of those passages which have Mr. Moule's own superscription. The subject is one which many recent events, such as the publication of Bunsen's Hyppolytus, "Tracts for the Times," and other books, which have thrown dim light upon the early patristic literature, serving only to unsettle and confound our antique notions of it, to awaken fierce and yet unalloyed controversy, and made it peremptory for any one who undertook such an inquiry as is announced in the title page of this book, to show the results of much patient research, and of candid judgment founded on the original materials at his disposal; but Mr. Moule is devoid even of the semblance of scholarship, and his criticisms are quotations.

Occasionally, indeed, are we favoured with *some* such meagre and insipid bit of criticism as the following—the schoolboy's tameness and simplicity has carried us back to long bygone days—when in leanest, pithless phrase the weekly theme was concocted. Mr. Moule has evidently not outgrown the influence of Dr. Syntax, or forgotten the benefits of his instruction when he writes thus in the nineteenth century from the University of Cambridge upon the famous Origen.

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We can well understand that the youth of the university should be stimulated to enter on such inquiries as the History of Early Christian Oratory; and the Hulsean prize may be the crown to excite strenuous rivally, and reward successful competition; but in this diluvian age of books, we might suggest that these crude and tentative efforts should be confined to the schools, and burked when they are born. They have served their educational purpose when the prize is won; and we must protest even against the will of good John Hulse, that infliction might be spared both the critic and the public of the annual publication of essays which recite the most commonplace information mixed with innocuous effusions of juvenile criticism, which tantalize and provoke the reader by the unworthy handling of important subjects, and needlessly bring the name of the University and of England into discredit. We can say, and willingly do so, that this book discovers a creditable amount of reading for a young student, and an innate sincerity of purpose. It is a fair college exercise; but having said so much, we have exhausted our charity; and regret that it is not now lying in Mr. Moule's desk to be fondly treasured, and often thumbed as his first ambitious literary effort, instead of becoming the butt of critics and the drug of the book market.

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Adventures of a Mounted Trooper in the Australian Constabulary. By Wm. Burrows. London: Routledge, Warne, and Routledge.

Annual Report of the London Diocesan Church Building Society, and Metropolis Church Fund. London: 79 Pall-mall.

Baptist Magazine. London: Pewtress and Co.

Beacon—Leicestershire Mercury—Jewish Chronicle

Bibliotheca Sacra and Biblical Repository. London: Trübner and Co.

British Spiritual Telegraph. London: F. Pitman.

British Quarterly Review. London: Jackson and Walford.

British Novelists and their Styles. By David Masson, M.A. Cambridge: Macmillan and Co.

Campaigning Experiences in Rajpootana and Central India during the Suppression of the Mutiny, 1857-1858. By Mrs. Henry Duberly, author of "A Journal kept during the Russian War." London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

Cassell's Popular Natural History. London: Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.

Cassell's Illustrated Family Paper. with Map of Italy. London: Cassell, Petter and Galpin.

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Commentary on the Book of Psalms (A). By Dr. Burgh. Dublin: Hodges, Smith, and Co.

Constitutional Press. London: Saunders, Otley, and Co.

Continental Europe, from 1792-1859. By J. W. King, author of the "Biography of Gavazzi." London: Knight and Son.

Convalescent: His Rambles and Adventures. By N. Parker Willis. London: Henry G. Bohn.

Cousin Stella: or Conflict. 3 vols. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

Educator (The). London: Ward and Co.

Essay on the Sceptical Tendency of Butler's Analogy. By S. S. Hennell. London: John Chapman.

Family Treasury of Sabbath Reading. London: Nelson and Sons.

Fool of Quality (The): or the History of Henry Earl of Moreland. 2 vols. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

Glossarial Index to the Printed English Literature of the 13th Century. By Herbert Coleridge. London: Trübner and Co.

H.R.H. Prince Albert and the Apollo and Marsyas by Raphael. By Morris Moore. Paris: Renon et Maulde.

Idylls of the King. By Alfred Tennyson, D.C.L. London: Edw. Moxon and Co.

Journal of Psycological Medicine and Mental Pathology. Edited by Forbes Winslow, D.D., D.C.L. (New Series.) No. 15. London: Churchill

Journal of Sacred Literature and Biblical Record. London: Alex. Heylin.

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Poems of Heine (The) Complete. By Alfred Bowring. London: Longman[illegible] Green, and Longman.

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Revolutions in English History. By [illegible] Vaughan, D.D. Vol. 1. London: J. W[illegible] and Son.

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Baker (Daniel), Life and Labours of. Third Edition. By his son, Rev. W. M. Baker. London: James Nisbet and Co.

Baptist Magazine. London: Pewtress and Co.

Beacon.

Beginnings of a Great Revival—The Awakening in Ulster, Connor. By William Arthur, A.M. London: Hamilton. Adams, and Co.

Bohn's Illustrated Library—Paris and its Environs. By Thomas Forester. London: Henry G. Bohn.

Bohn's Illustrated Library—The Young Lady's Book London: Henry G. Bohn.

Bulwark (The). August.

Cassell's Illustrated Family Paper. Part 20. London: Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.

Cassell's Illustrated Family Bible. Part 3. London: Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.

Cassell's Popular Natural History. Part 5. London: Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.

Christian Guest (The). Part 7. Edinburgh: Alexander Strahan and Co.

Christian Review (The). No. 96. New York: Sheldon and Co.

Commentaries on the Laws of the Ancient Hebrews. By E. C. Wines, D.D. London: James Nisbet and Co.

Constitutional Press. London: Saunders, Ottley, and Co.

Dennes of Danndelyon (The). By Mrs. Charles J. Proby. In 3 vols. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

Diamond and the Pearl (The). A Novel. By Mrs. Gore. London: Knight and Son.

Diocesan Synod (The). Important Debate on Christian Union,

Evangelical Christendom. July and August.

Family Treasury of Sunday Reading. August. London: Thomas Nelson and Sons.

Four Temperaments (The). By Frederick Arndt. London: Thickbroom Brothers.

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Gospel Thoughts: or, Christ in the Prayer Book. By the Rev. William Trevor Nicholson, B.A. London: Judd and Glass.

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Immigration to the British West Indies: Is it the Slave-trade revived or not? By the Rev. Wm. Garland Barrett. London: A. W. Bennett.

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Parents' Cabinet of Amusement and Instruction. Vol. 9. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

Payson (Rev. Edward, D.D.), The Complete Works of. In 3 Vols. By Rev. Asa Cummings. Philadelphia. London: James Nisbet and Co.

Peerage of Poverty: or, Learners and Workers in Fields, Farms, and Factories. By the Rev. Edwin Paxton Hood. London: Judd and Glass.

Phases and Fallacies of Society as it is. By the Author of "The Mind: its Sustenance and Solace." London: Judd and Glass.

Poems. By Lieut. Colonel Wm. Read. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

Protestant Bible Truth and Gospel Advertising Association. Papers 1 to 8. London: Partridge and Co.

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Revival in Ulster: Ahoghill and Ballymena. By William Arthur, A.M. London: Hamilton. Adams, and Co.

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BOOKS RECEIVED.

Another Treaty with China, but not Another Chinese War. By T. Chisholm Anstey, Esq. London: James Allen.

Atonement (The). Its Relation to Pardon. An Argument and a Defence. By the Rev. E. Mellor, M.A. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

Beacon (The).

Baptist Magazine (The). London: Pewtress and Co.

Cassell's Illustrated Family Bible. Part IV. London: Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.

Cassell's Illustrated Family Paper. Part XXI. London: Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.

Cassell's Illustrated Popular Natural History. Part VI. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.

Children of Summerbrook. By Mrs. Sewell. London: Jarrold and Sons.

Christianity in its Antagonism to Drunkenness. London: Partridge and Co.

Christian Duties and Cautions, relating to the Holy Estate of Matrimony. By William Coe, Jun. London: Arthur Hall, Virtue and Co.

Christian Ministry a Stewardship. By Wm. S. M. Aitchison. London: J. Heaton and Son.

Church Distinguished (The); or the Christian Community in its Relation to the World. By Caleb Webb. London: Houlston and Wright.

Commentary on the Book of Psalms. By William De Burgh, D.D. Part X. Dublin: Hodges, Smith, and Co.

Congregational Church Music. Enlarged Edition. London: Ward and Co.

Constitutional Press (The). London: Saunders Otley, and Co.

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Domestic Stories. By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." New Edition. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

Edith Grey; or, Ten Years Ago. By Charlotte Bonomi.

Evangelical Christendom. London: 7 Adam-st., Strand.

Evangelical Magazine (The). September. London: Ward and Co.

Family Treasury of Sunday Reading. September. London: Thomas Nelson and Sons.

Future of France and the World (The). London: Hatchard and Co.

Glaucus; or, The Wonders of the Shore. By Charles Kingsley, F.S.A., F.L.S., &c. 4th Edition. London: Macmillan and Co.

Grammar of the New Testament Diction. By Dr. George Benedict Winer. Translated by Edward Masson, M.A. Vol. II. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

Handbook of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. By Mrs. Wm. Fison. London: Longman and Co.

Homilist (The). September. London: Ward and Co.

India and Christian Missions. By the Rev. Edward Storrow, of the London Missionary Society, Calcutta. London: John Snow.

Ladies' Treasury (The). September. London: Ward and Lock.

Leisure Hour (The). Part XCII. London: Religious Tract Society.

Liberator (The). No. LII. London: 2 Serjeants' Inn.

Manliness: Hints to Young Men. By J. Brookes. London: James Blackwood.

Muse in India (The). By Indicus. Calcutta: G. P. Ray and Co.

New Exegesis of Shakespeare. Interpretation of his Principal Characters and Plays on the principle of Races. Edinburgh: A. and C. Black.

Orphan Working School, Haverstock Hill. Annual Report.

Our World. Its Books and Fossils. By Mrs. Wright. London: Jarrold and Sons.

Parent's Cabinet of Amusement and Instruction. Part X. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

Personal Visit to the Chief Scenes of the Recent Revivals in the North of Ireland. By J. Grant, Editor of the "Morning Advertiser." London: John Snow.

Priesthood of the Lord Jesus Christ, and of the Community. By Dr. F. Mallet. Manchester: Wm. Bremner.

Quakers (The) or Friends: Their Rise and Decline. London: Sampson Low, Son, and Co.

Satan Restored. A Poem. By W. Cox. London: Saunders, Otley, and Co.

School Series. Edited by the Rev. G. R. Gleig, M.A., Chaplain-General to Her Majesty's Forces. "Natural History for Beginners." By James Owen. Parts I. and II. London: Longman & Co.

Sermons. By the Rev. E. Paxton Hood. London: Judd and Glass.

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The Two Homes. By Wm. Mathews, Author of "The Heir of Vallis." In 3 Vols. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

Through Norway with a Knapsack. By W. Mattieu Williams. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

Tuscany in 1849 and 1859. By T. Adolphus Trollope. London: Chapman and Hall.

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BOOKS RECEIVED.

Above Her Station. A Story of a Young Woman's Life. By Mrs. Herman Philip. Edinburgh: Alexander Strahan and Co.

Angel of the Iceberg, and other Stories, illustrating Great Truths. By the Rev. John Todd, D.D. London: Knight and Son.

Baptist Magazine (The). Oct. Pewtress and Co.

Bow of Promise (The). London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

Camp (The) and the Sanctuary. A Memoir of Thomas Hasker. By James Everett. Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

Cassell's Illustrated Family Bible: London: Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.

Cassell's Illustrated Family Paper. London: Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.

Cassell's Popular Natural History: London: Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.

Christian Treasury. Oct. Edinburgh: Johnstone, Hunter, and Co.

Chariot of Israel (The) and the Horsemen Thereof. A Sermon, by the Rev. Alexander Raleigh, on the Death of the Rev. John Angell James. London: John Snow.

Christ in the Covenant. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

Commentary on the Book of Psalms. By William De Burgh, D.D. Parts 11, 12, 13. Dublin: Hodges, Smith, and Co.

Crucifixion of Christ (The). By Daniel H. Hill. Philadelphia: W. S. & A. Martien.

Educator (The). Oct. London: Ward and Co.

Evangelical Christendom. Oct. London: Ward and Co.

Evangelical Magazine. Oct. London: Ward and Co.

Extremes. By Emma Willsher Atkinson. 2 vols. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

Family Treasury of Sunday Reading. Part 3. Vol 2. London: Thomas Nelson and Sons.

Foreigner's Evidence (A) on the China Question. London: Smith Elder, and Co.

Friends, Foes, and Adventures of Lady Morgan. By William John Fitzpatrick. Dublin: W. B. Kelly.

Gleanings from Gospel Story: with Preface by Rev. W. B. Mackenzie, M.A. London: Knight and Son.

Heavenly Aspirations. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

Homilist (The). Oct. London: Ward and Co.

Inspiration: How is it Related to Revelation and the Reason? London: Trübner and Co.

Ishmael; or, A Natural History of Islamism, and its Relation to Christianity. By the Rev. Dr. J. Muehleisen Arnold. London: Rivingtons.

Journal of Psychological Medicine and Mental Pathology. No. 16, New Series. London: John Churchill.

Journal of Sacred Literature. No. 19. London: Alexander Heylin.

Ladies' Treasury (The). London: Ward and Lock.

Leighton and Rutherford. London: A. W. Bennett.

Leisure Hour. Part 93. London: Religious Tract Society.

Light in the Cloud. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

Manual (A) of the Inspiration of Scripture. By the Rev. Charles Dallas Marston, M.A. London: Knight and Son.

Meliora. No. 7. London: Partridge and Co.

Minister's Wooing (The). By Mrs. H. B. Stowe. London: Sampson Low, Son, and Co.

Ditto, cheap edition.

My Earnings; or, The Story of Ann Ellison's Life. Edited by the Author of "Jessie Hampton's Home." London: Knight and Son.

National Review. No. 18. London: Chapman and Hall.

Parents' Cabinet of Amusement and Instruction. Part 11. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

Revue Indépendante. London: W. Jeffs.

Scottish Review. London: Houlston and Wright.

Sermons. By Henry Ward Beecher. No. 1. "The Corner-Stone—Elect—Precious." No. 2. "Man's True Dignity." London: J. Heaton and Son.

Sermons. By the late James Henderson, D.D., of Galashiels. With Memoir, by John Cairns, D.D. Edinburgh: Thomas Constable and Co.

Soldier Spiritualised (The). Second Edition. With a Sketch of the Eventful Life of the Author, the late Mr. John Manse. London: Partridge and Co.

Spenser's Poetical Works. With Memoir and Critical Dissertations, by the Rev. George Gilfillan. Vol. 5. Edinburgh: James Nichol.

Stilicho; or, The Impending Fall of Rome. An Historical Tragedy. By George Mallam. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

Sunday at Home. Part 65. London: Religious Tract Society.

Ten Years of Preacher-Life: Chapters from an Autobiography. By William Henry Milburn. With Introduction, by the Rev. William Arthur, A.M. London: Sampson Low, Son, and Co.

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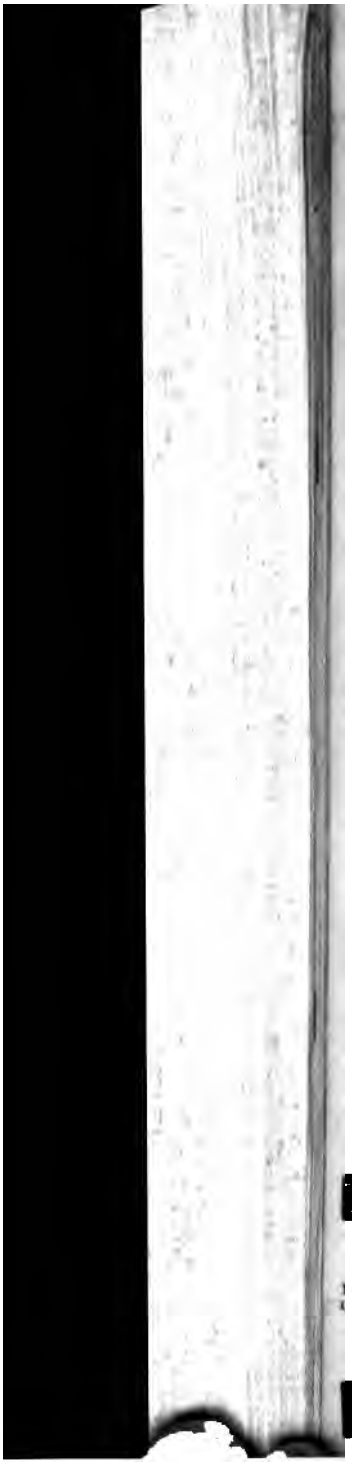

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